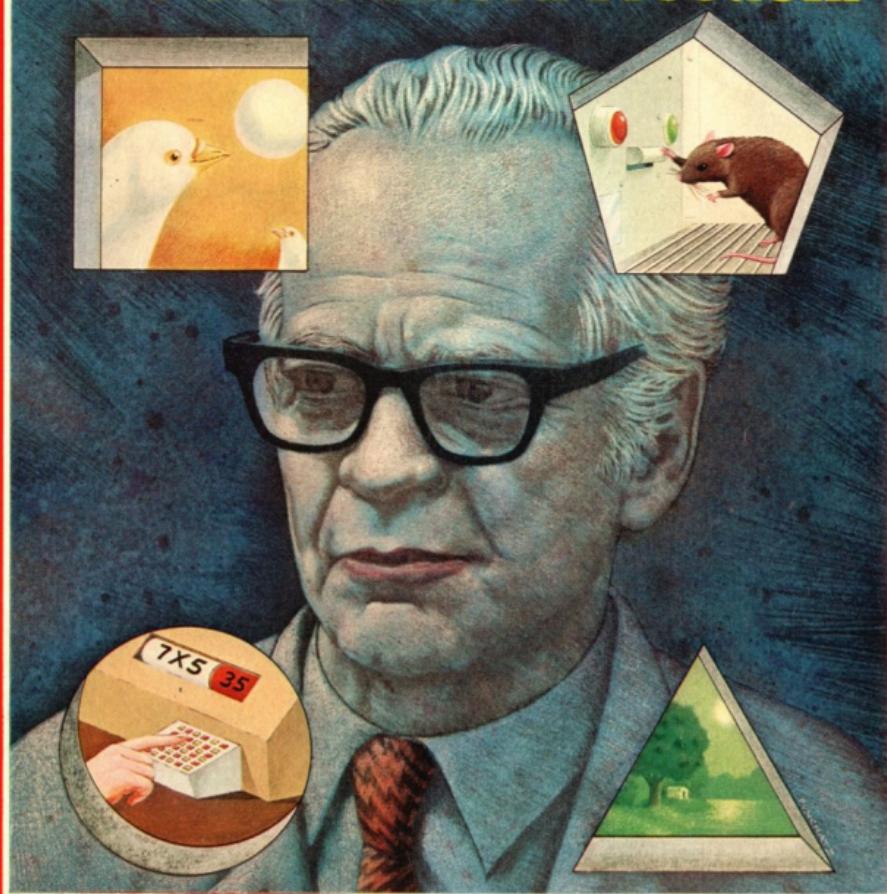


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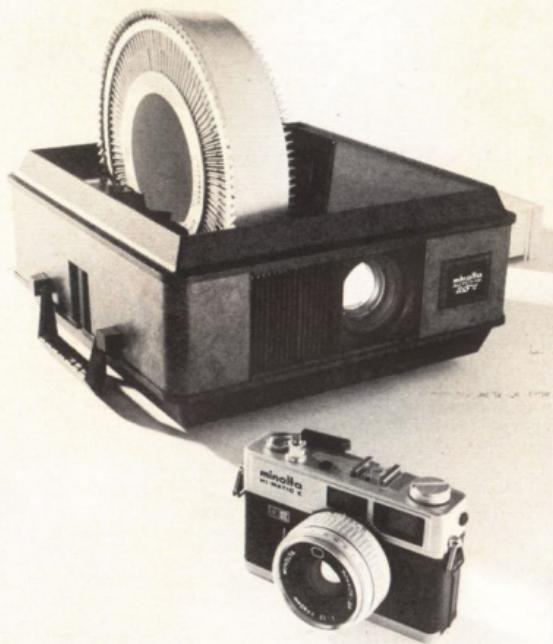
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LETTERS

Judaism Scarred?

Sir: Your article on the Jewish Defense League's military-style training camp [Aug. 30] is only another sad commentary on how the "American way of life," with its emphasis on guns, defense, and hatred, is scarring Judaism. I wonder how long it will take these young men and women to realize, as many other young Jews have, that our only liberation lies in moving to and settling in our homeland of Israel, that the only place really worth "fighting for Jews" is in the Jewish state.

Laura Brown
Cleveland

Sir: As a member of the J.D.L., I know what it is like. You should not put us under the category of "militants." We should be under the heading of "Jewish survival." The J.D.L. is not a militant group but a group of Jews attempting to put an end to this anti-Semitism. We've been used as scapegoats for thousands of years. We are trying to prevent another Hitler, and damn it, we're gonna make it! In my opinion every Jew and any Jew should be a member of the Jewish Defense League.

Philip B. Birnbaum
Far Rockaway, N.Y.

Sir: Maybe we should ask where the J.D.L. intends to use these newly acquired skills. If they intend to tear my country apart, I am concerned. If they intend to protect the home they stole from the Arab, they should be training on that ground.

Joseph J. Straub
Rochester

Sir: I am a black American and I want to express my anger about the militant Jewish Zionist camp in the Catskills. It is indeed hypocritical that the so-called democratic leaders in our land and state permit such camps. Hitler called them youth camps; what does the J.D.L. call them? To say the Jews do not enjoy full equality would be a base lie, as they control the economy. Do these cubs intend to bomb Christian homes? Just what is the real purpose? If anti-Semitism becomes active, then the actions of the Jewish Zionists are the cause, and they must assume the full responsibility.

Doris Brown
New York City

Viet Nam Election

Sir: Contrary to your implication, it wasn't Tricky Thieu or Big Minh [Aug. 30] but Henry Kissinger who splattered Vietnamese election egg over the face of America.

Following a private meeting with General Minh several months ago, I tried to tell Mr. Kissinger what he should have known anyway: that Minh would not accept his assigned role in a Kissinger-produced, Ellsworth Bunker-directed charade. Minh happens to be an honest man as torn inwardly as his country is torn outwardly by an endless, American-made war. Mr. Kissinger and Ambassador Bunker bear full responsibility for blocking South Vietnamese self-determination and destroying the best chance for peace since the war began.

The Pentagon papers say: "The explanation of how the U.S. mission became detached from political realities in Saigon in August 1963 is among the most ironic



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asks Bing Crosby, "including a veritable farrago of fun and festivals?"

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"Some of them are year-round festivals, like Knappogue Castle. As you step into the Great Hall, a comely colleen welcomes you with a cup of mead. Then you sally into an unforgettable medieval feast served up with song, pageantry, and a generous portion of Irish lore and wit.

"Or you may chance to catch one of Ireland's many *seasonal* festivals, such as the Cork International Film Festival (which by some glaring oversight has not yet given a medal to those famous "Road" pictures). Or the Oireachtas Festival, a nationwide collection of lovely, lilting Irish music, dancing, drama and sport. Or Rosc, the unique art exhibition that turns the entire emerald isle into one glorious gallery, for two whole months of the year. Not to mention the year-round steeplechasing, the 200 golf courses that stay in playing condition throughout the winter, or those nonstop festivals of song, the singing pubs of Ireland.

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If this were an ordinary gin, we would
have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.

Charles Tanqueray

and tragic of our entire Viet Nam involvement." Unfortunately, it is no different in 1971.

HAROLD WILLIAMS
Chairman
Businessmen's Educational Fund
Los Angeles

Nixon's New Economics (Contd.)

Sir: I wonder if the New Economic Policy was drafted on the drawing boards of Detroit. There are plenty of bugs in the economy besides the four-wheeled ones from Germany. I doubt that the 90-day warranty period is long enough to get the sedan of state out of the proving grounds.

KIRK V. DAHL
Minneapolis

Sir: Nixon's new program, if backed by every American, should bring prosperity again and a great sense of security and hope for our country.

There should be no more indecision as to whom to vote for in 1972.

JEAN BELLON
San Diego

Sir: Now that both Democrats and Republicans have proved that Keynesianism is a failure, it's time to try laissez-faire capitalism. Find out what capitalism is; then you won't permit this endless teetering on the brink of disaster.

(MRS.) GAYLE B. POMRANING
San Diego

In Defense of Dreiser

Sir: Your comments about Robert Penn Warren's book in tribute to Theodore Dreiser [Aug. 30] are too fatheaded not to be re-

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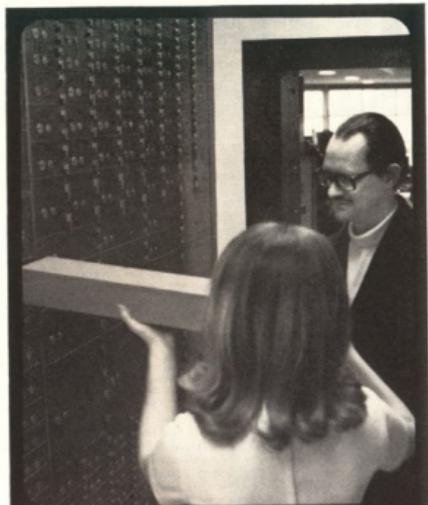
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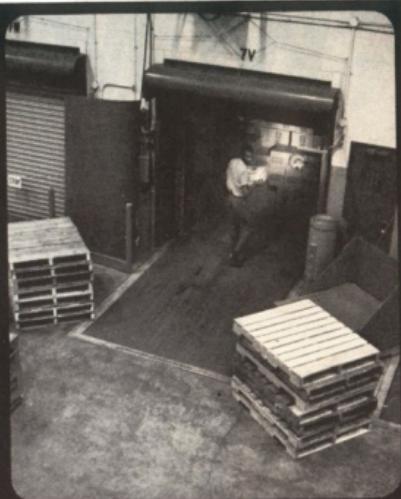


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jected. Dreiser is not forgotten. He is read by many people in many parts of the world, and for good reason: he wrote earnestly and without cleverness about the loneliness and failure of people who might be said to be ordinary, except for Dreiser's noticing of them.

The writing of Theodore Dreiser, who tends to take forever to tell his story and to get his effects, is necessary to read only if a reader starts to read it and refuses not to go on to the last word. It can happen, even today, even in America. And if it happens, it is because of the vitality of the writing. Durability follows vitality. When you dismiss Dreiser and belittle Warren, you are being laughable but not funny, which TIME has always tried to be for some preposterous reason. Dreiser and Warren are writers. Your employees are not writers, they are jobholders. The difference is fundamental.

WILLIAM SAROYAN
Fresno, Calif.

Sir: Dreiser and his effect on and position in the history of American literature are hardly unnoticed. To the contrary, scholars, writers, students and friends of Dreiser from Russia, Sweden, Japan, Canada and the U.S. gathered in August at Indiana State University to celebrate the centennial of his birth.

The young people of today are reviving interest in his works. Despite Miss Duffy's review in TIME, this great pioneer in literature will have his "place in the sun."

TEDI DREISER LANGDON
Atlanta

► Mrs. Langdon is a grandniece of Dreiser.

The Basic Values

Sir: The treatment of Calley [Aug. 30] seems to be an advertisement for killing Vietnamese citizens. This man has been convicted of the murder of at least 22 Vietnamese civilians, and yet he lives in a private apartment with rent, food and utilities paid for while his girl friend cooks dinner! Poor people who have done nothing illegal all their lives live worse than that, and what of the people in jails who were convicted of lesser crimes?

If this is American justice, it's about time we stopped worrying so much about our pocketbooks and started worrying about the basic moral values.

BARBARA WEILER
Silver Spring, Md.

Neither Dreams nor Cherries

Sir: I am scared stiff to hear that the youngsters are going to vote in the U.S. next time [Aug. 23]. What the hell do these kids know about life?

I am 71, and last year I crossed the Atlantic in a small yacht with the help of only one young man of 24. This will show you that I am not an old baboon, grumpy, with old-fashioned hobbies. I have gone through a lot of things the hard way, and I have had to learn that life is not a dreamy bowl of cherries, and that only experience can ripen a man and bring him to his senses.

With demagogues going after the votes of these youngsters, I feel sorry for the future of the U.S.

PIERRE DORIA
Caracas

Sir: As a member of those 11 million newly enfranchised voters, I feel that it would be a waste if we did go 2-to-1 for the Democratic Party. I believe the Dem-

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ocratic Party is just as screwy as the Republican Party. If we hand over our vote it will be worth nothing. If our vote is to mean something, we had better not sell out to either party.

If we remain together, vote as a bloc, and stay out of the politico stuff, we will have both political parties bending over backward to get our vote.

MIKE KOSCINSKI
Spotswood, N.J.

Sir: Heaven knows I tried. But when the board of registrars meets at the Buckle and Bows kindergarten and at the fire station and here and there, if at all, and only between the hours of 9:30 and 3:30, one gets the impression that those in power don't care whether anyone gets the vote.

The week of my vacation was also the week of rest for the board. They must work very hard at evading potential voters. I tried very hard to catch them.

WALTER WADE WELCH
Montgomery, Ala.

Chinese Strategy

Sir: I am curious. Is the odd-looking vessel so strategically placed at the feet of Premier Chou En-lai during audiences with Western visitors [Aug. 23] a spittoon, a good, old-fashioned chamber pot, an incense burner or a Chinese fire extinguisher used for dampening Western overtures?

(MRS.) ANDREA R. WALCOTT
Kingston, Jamaica

► The vessel is a spittoon, a common feature in Chinese offices and homes.

Old Smiles

Sir: I'd like to say that the smiling-face gimmick that is sweeping the country [Aug. 30] is hardly new. Teachers in primary grades have been using the Smilee, quickly drawn on papers, to show young students that their work is correct and neat. It encourages the little ones as well as being fun.

I hate to admit it, but I've been using the smiling face for about 20 years, as have many other teachers I know.

BARBARA K. TUTTLE
Newport Beach, Calif.

Sir: Surely Smilee Face is old enough to be a senior citizen. Treasured letters from my paternal grandmother contained drawings of this same cheerful character as long ago as 1911.

BETSY BIRDSEY FRASER-SMITH
Los Altos, Calif.

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New! Clive Irving on the arts! This witty young Englishman is a fresh and astute observer of current trends and styles in our society. Every month in the new McCall's.

9

New! Column by sometimes earth mother, sometimes witch Betty Friedan, who proves the hand that rocks the cradle may sometimes rock the boat.

10

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES A Pill for Peace?

Dr. Kenneth Clark, president of the American Psychological Association, has proposed a startling cure for international aggression. The world's leaders, he told the A.P.A. meeting in Washington, should be required to take "psycho-technological medication"—pills or other treatments to curb their aggressive behavior and induce them to govern more humanely. Such a pharmacological fix, Clark argued, "would provide the masses with the security that their leaders would not or could not sacrifice them on the altars of the leaders' personal ego pathos."

The idea, which has been treated as more or less prophetic fiction by countless writers from Aldous Huxley to Agatha Christie, carries considerable fascination. What if a pill had been available to soothe Genghis Khan or Alexander, or bend Adolf Hitler's mind to some charitable humanity? Clark's proposal is an extraordinarily dramatic extension of the argument made by Behavioral Psychologist B.F. Skinner (see cover story) that man must be controlled to survive.

Nonetheless, the idea of tampering with the mind and soul of man is in some ways more scary than war. How possibly could the drug dispensers differentiate between the power drive that constitutes leadership and that which leads to aggressive violence? And who would dispense the drugs? If they were voluntary, those most in need of them would be precisely those who would

not take them. If they could somehow be made obligatory, then the dispensers would become the dominators. Who polices the police?

Furthermore, the abuse of power by political leaders may be a social rather than a psychological problem. As Stanford University Psychologist Karl Pribram remarked after Clark's speech, wars are generally fought by rational people, not by men who are enraged or certifiably insane. What needs to be changed is not so much the minds of individual leaders but the assumptions of entire cultures in which war is acceptable.

WPA in Reverse

As a piquant expression of the work ethic in action, Richard Nixon might consider the labors of a Milwaukee group called Sweat Associates. Some 40 unemployed Milwaukeeans banded together last month on the principle that, as one of them said, "there is work to be done and people to do it." On its first project, the associates turned up unbidden at a South Side lot that had become a community dumping ground. They cleared off the garbage and erected a children's playground there, then sent the city a bill for \$670.50 for their labors.

The city, which had estimated it would cost \$12,500 to construct a park by normal means, refused to pay; the department of public works, in a spasm of bureaucratic anger, announced that Sweat would be billed for the cost of restoring "said site to its former condition."

PARTY IN TULSA STORM SEWER



OPENING DAY IN MILWAUKEE PARK
Bureaucracy's answer was a bill.

—meaning, presumably, the cost of redepositing the garbage there. While that matter awaited a decision by Milwaukee's common council, the associates undertook other projects—planting wheat in another vacant South Side lot (a bill was sent to the Department of Agriculture for subsidy payments of \$294), establishing an informal bus service for the aged, and inspecting slum housing.

Despite the quixotic methods of Sweat, there is something quite revelatory about this WPA in reverse. It is one small demonstration that there are plenty of unemployed who do indeed want to work—especially on direct, sensible projects that would benefit communities neglected by uncaring bureaucracies.

Going Underground

On certain nights over the past two years, residents along a street in downtown Tulsa, Okla., have heard pulsing, ghostly wisps of guitar music floating up from beneath the pavement. For a long time, no one bothered to investigate, thinking perhaps that a sewer worker was listening to a transistor radio.

In fact, Tulsa's young were literally going underground. In groups of twelve to 25, they have been meeting regularly on Friday or Saturday nights in a small gallery of the city's labyrinthine storm sewers to play their music, smoke and relax. "I do my best playing down there," says Guitarist John Southern, 18, a student at Tulsa Junior College.

The countercultural cave—twelve feet high and 15 feet wide—has the virtue of eerie acoustics: a single guitar chord can echo for 15 seconds. It is an adventurous, unlikely place for a party, reminiscent of that late-show sewer epic, *The Third Man*. Some older Americans might say, reflexively, of the rock-loving young: "They belong in a sewer." But as one participant explained: "There's no other place we could get together like this without being hassled."

Nixon in the Pulpit: Economic Evangelism

ANY President must divide his presidency into distinctive roles. Last week Richard Nixon was the Chief Executive, urging the reconvening Congress to act on his New Economic Policy, meeting with labor leaders to help plan what wage and price restraints will follow the end of the 90-day freeze—which the President said he would not extend beyond Nov. 14. Nixon was also the economic evangelist, preaching a new-old faith in the basic strength of the American system.

Since he has largely pre-empted Democratic proposals for aiding the economy, the Democratic-controlled Congress is likely to give him most of what he wants, although perhaps not quite the way he wants it. But the White House meeting with labor leaders on future wage-price stabilization—which will be followed this week by similar meetings with congressional leaders, businessmen and farm officials—ended on a mildly truculent note. Most of the union officials warned that they would not forgo strikes. They would accept the creation of a stabilization board representing labor, business and the public, but not, as Nixon wants, Government.

Unsuitable Role. Reviving a faltering economy depends almost as much on psychology as on programs. If the U.S. public is convinced that Nixon's policy is going to work, there is a good chance that it will. That is why his evangelical role is so important. Unfortunately, it is not a role that suits him. While his goal was sound, his rhetoric last week was less than convincing. Considering the drastic measures he has taken, Nixon has encountered little opposition from any side. A Harris poll last week showed that since the New Economic Policy was unveiled, there has been a quick 10% rise in the number of people who feel that he is "keeping the economy healthy"; 63% still react "negatively" to the way he handles the nation's economic affairs. People are obviously waiting for results. Meantime, Nixon has apparently decided to build enthusiasm by appealing to pride and self-interest, condemning sloth, pushing a rather protectionist line and proclaiming that in economics, as in other respects, the U.S. must remain first in the world.

In his Labor Day radio speech, he extolled the work ethic, which is so "ingrained in the American character," he insisted, "that most of us consider it immoral

to be lazy or slothful." The speech contained much muddled logic. Nixon equated the work ethic with the competitive spirit, although they are obviously not the same; faith in the value of work is not identical with the desire to push ahead in the marketplace. He suggested that the work ethic is threatened by wrongheadedness and indolence, when in fact it is most seriously challenged by the technological revolution, which (at least potentially) has abolished scarcity and has made many kinds of work unfulfilling or even unnecessary.

Getting More. Nixon spoke pertinently about the need to make work more creative and rewarding, but he

seemed to suggest that this is a problem requiring relatively minor repairs rather than a major overhaul. Ultimately, he said, the goal must be to increase productivity, which in Nixon's uncomplicated definition means simply "getting more out of your work."

The President was still conscious of his inspirational role when he returned to these themes in his address to Congress. Again he defended the economic system against those who claim that it is "an oppressor and exploiter of human beings." Echoing one of Vice President Spiro Agnew's favorite lines, he urged citizens to "speak up for what is right about America." He attacked the nation's welfare system as a refuge for the indolent, reminding Congress that it still had to pass his reform proposals. In the interests of checking inflation, he also suggested that the effective date should be delayed for at least a year. He insisted that "any work is preferable to welfare," seeming to imply that masses of shiftless Americans would rather go on welfare than go to work. It is a fact that nearly three-quarters of welfare recipients are mothers and dependent children.

Nixon also appealed to the growing protectionist sentiment in the U.S. He cited the generosity of U.S. foreign aid and drew loud applause with the declaration that "the time has come to give a new attention to America's own interests here at home." The President went on to compare international trade to a vast poker game (see **THE ECONOMY**). "We have generously passed out the chips," Nixon said. "Now others can play on an equal basis." Mixing metaphors, he contended that "the time is past for the United States to compete with one hand tied behind its back"—a situation that his surcharge on imports and the floating of the dollar are intended to correct.

Bargaining Chip. The most important news of the speech was that the freeze would not be extended. That was a concession to business and labor pressure; it also seemed to be an unnecessary surrender of a bargaining chip that the President might have used in working out post-freeze stabilization plans. He appealed for a bipartisan approach by Congress to his tax package, noting that similar proposals had been successfully carried out by a Democratic President (Kennedy, in the '60s). It was a legitimate appeal, but



NIXON AT JOINT CONGRESSIONAL SESSION
Appealing to pride and protectionism.

one that might fall on unhearing ears in a pre-election year.

Since congressional Democrats could not fault the basic outline of the President's program, they were—as usual in economic matters—counting on the wiles of House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills to salvage something for them. As hearings on the tax proposals opened before his committee, Mills indicated that he was largely sympathetic to the President's plans. "You can't criticize a fellow who's trying to talk your own language," he conceded. Another fellow who spoke Mills' language was the Administration's shrewd economic salesman, Treasury Secretary John Connally. After pleading the Administration's case at the hearings, Connally, too, hinted that an accommodation could be reached since neither side was overly rigid. "I've done some horse trading in my time," he told reporters.

Away from Business. Mills does have ideas of his own that would gain the Democrats some credit from the economic program. He intends to shift some of the tax incentives to consumers and away from business—he is determined to get a tax bill through the House by Oct. 1, and wants one that will be acceptable to the Administration. By Sept. 30, if all goes well, Nixon will also have recommendations from his Cost of Living Council, so that he can decide by mid-October just what form the longer-range restraints will take.

Underlying the argument over whether business or individuals merit first consideration in any economic-revitalization effort is a hard political reality. The quickest way to give a lagging economy a sharp stimulus is to inject new capital into industry and business for modernization and expansion. The slower, but potentially more lasting avenue is to strengthen consumer demand by aiding individuals. As it happens, the traditional sympathies of both parties neatly coincide with their election urgencies. Nixon wants a fast recovery to ensure his re-election. The Democrats want prosperity too, but are in considerably less of a hurry.

DEMOCRATS

Undeclared Campaign

Launching his undeclared presidential campaign in earnest last week, Maine's Edmund Muskie flew to California and Oregon in search of two essential political commodities—campaign funds and a theme for his candidacy.

The money began flowing in reasonably well, considering that Democratic contributors are reluctant to commit themselves to one candidate so early in what may prove to be a very crowded race. After a series of private meetings with potential backers in Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco, Muskie came away with pledges that would put him over his

goal for the trip: \$150,000. One night, 250 guests—including such luminaries as Henry Fonda, Burt Lancaster and Roosevelt Grier—paid \$250 each to dine at the Beverly Hills Hotel with Ed and his wife Jane.

The theme of Muskie's campaign will be slower to emerge. So far, he is relying heavily on his public image as a man of prudence and decency. Clearly, that will not be enough to sustain the long haul of a campaign. In his California appearances, Muskie seemed to confirm that while he can inspire confidence, he rarely arouses passion in his audiences. But his understated style can be eloquent. Meeting with 100 potential Democratic supporters in Monte Sereno, Muskie delivered an extemporaneous talk that many listeners found moving.

BURTON KERIN/WHITE



MUSKIE

A firm no instead of yes or maybe.

"I believe deeply," he said, "in the capacity of this country to serve the decent instincts of her own people and of mankind." He was less successful in speaking at the Alameda County fairgrounds where, hampered by a cough, he shouted hoarsely into the microphone and uncharacteristically slashed the air with Kennedy-style gestures.

Before a Labor Day audience in Los Angeles, Muskie bore down on the President's economic policies, which he believes will remain a prime issue throughout the campaign year. He advocated specific alternatives, including \$3.5 billion in emergency relief for state and local governments instead of \$5 billion in accelerated depreciation benefits for business. In place of the President's \$8 billion investment tax credit for corporations, he suggested \$100 tax credits for taxpayers who buy major consumer items other than cars.

After touring the new Martin Luther King Jr. Hospital in Watts, Muskie sat down for a private talk with 35 black

leaders of Los Angeles. One of them asked if he would have a black man as a running mate. It was a question, as Muskie later put it, that had only three answers: "Yes, no or maybe." With stunning frankness, he gave a firm no. "If I run," he said, "it would be for the purpose of winning in order to do something about the problems affecting black people in this country. I think that in view of the climate in the country today, if a black man were on the ticket, we would both lose."

No Open Arms. Such a statement, if made by Richard Nixon, might have caused a national uproar. Some politicians thought he had made a gaffe as damaging as the "brainwashing" statement that capsized George Romney's candidacy four years ago. As it turned out, the answer stirred hardly a ripple of comment. The blacks at the meeting politely thanked Muskie for his candor—although one participant said later: "He won't be a candidate the black community will welcome with open arms." Were Muskie nominated, however, he would almost certainly be the choice of most black voters over Nixon.

For the one-day trip north to Oregon, Frank Sinatra lent Muskie his private 12-seat Grumman jet. The pilot, in some confusion about the schedule, landed in Portland instead of Eugene, and taxied around vainly in search of a welcoming party. "It's hard to make a speech here," Muskie quipped to an aide. "There are no terminal facilities." Once put down properly in Eugene, he attended a party meeting where he argued with a Women's Lib group about abortion—he opposes it, favors disseminating more information about birth control instead.

At one point in Los Angeles, Muskie talked about being "conscious of my weaknesses and shortcomings." Then he added: "And I'm awed by the responsibility I presume to seek." But it probably won't be until the first of the year that Muskie makes his presidential candidacy official.

PRISONS

Uprising in Attica

Once a staple scene in Warner Brothers B films, the prison riot has become an ugly constant of American life. As time passes, the revolts of angry convicts get better organized, more political and harder to bring under control. Last week, at the turreted Attica Correctional Facility in upstate New York, 1,200 of the 2,250 inmates, most of them blacks, seized control of one cell block and parts of two others. They grabbed more than 30 guards as hostages, then locked the gates shut against a gathering force of more than 1,000 heavily armed police, state troopers and National Guardsmen. Rejecting surrender demands from prison officials, the convicts shouted instructions back from the captured central watchtower through makeshift megaphones. They demanded,

and were allowed, outside lawyers and observers of their own choice to help them bargain with state authorities.

The tense deadlock continued for three days and into the weekend. While the impasse lasted, reported *TIME* Correspondent James Willwerth, the 55-acre prison compound in the lush and rolling countryside near Buffalo looked like the playground for some fantasy war game.

Tear-gas-carrying helicopters at times hovered over the prison yards. Officers with high-powered rifles pointed their weapons from atop the 30-ft. walls. Behind police barriers, local youths guzzled beer and wisecracked about the jailhouse drama. Later, both black and white groups of radicals converged on Attica, demonstrating on behalf of the prisoners. Inside cell block D, inmates armed with baseball bats, claw hammers, clubs and tear-gas canisters kept close guard over their hostages. In the prison yard, with the cool intensity of guerrillas, leaders of the rebellion put forward demands as inmate typists recorded the dialogue between the negotiators.

Dinnertime Incident. No one was certain precisely what had triggered the uprising, which appeared to be spontaneous rather than long-planned. The inmates themselves discounted the importance of a dinnertime incident one evening last week in which two prisoners hurled glass shards at a guard; the offenders were thrown into solitary confinement and, they claimed, beaten. Next morning after breakfast, one group of inmates refused to line up for a work detail, and the riot was on. In a short time, windows in nearly every cell block were smashed, bedding and furniture were set afire, and three buildings were burned out. Guards were quickly captured. Some of the hostages were beaten, and the rebels eventually released those needing medical attention. Guard William Quinn, 28, who apparently was thrown out a window, died of head injuries two days later. After the initial violence, the prisoners treated their hostages with care, giving them blankets, food and clothing.

Clearly, the causes of the riot went deeper than the dinnertime incident, and some were reflected in the prisoners' not unreasonable demands. Among other things, they had initially asked for better pay for prison labor, permission to hold political meetings, the right to "religious freedom," an end to mail censorship, better educational facilities, orderly grievance procedures and better food (including less pork in the diet, a provision put forward by Black Muslims). As the deadlock continued, the prisoners' main concern seemed to be for their own safety. They demanded not only "complete amnesty" but, for a time, even "speedy and safe transportation out of confinement to a non-imperialist country."

At first, the prisoners conducted their negotiations with New York Commiss-

sioner of Correctional Services Russell Oswald, who was carefully frisked before being allowed into the captured cell blocks. Early in the negotiations, a lawyer sympathetic to the prisoners secured from a federal judge a highly unusual injunction prohibiting any physical or administrative retaliation by prison authorities for the uprising. Even though Oswald signed an agreement that no rebel would be punished, the increasingly desperate convicts refused to accept his promise—and even rejected as worthless the court injunction, the terms of which they had dictated. Then, in an effort to avoid bloodshed, officials permitted a diverse array of outside observers, specifically requested by the prisoners, to "oversee" the negotiations. The group included Radical Lawyer William Kunstler, New York *Times* Columnist Tom Wicker (see *THE PRESS*), the Rev. Wyatt Tee Walker, a Baptist minister from Harlem and Black Panther Party Chairman Bobby Seale.

Much of the antagonism between prisoners and Attica authorities was clearly racial. A statement by the inmates complained of "the unmitigated oppression wrought by the racist administrative network of this prison." Although 85% of the inmates are black or Puerto Rican, there is not a single black guard. The cultural clash between the blacks, who are mostly from the New York metropolitan area, and the small-town or rural white guards is obvious and sharp. One critic of the prison charged that the abuse of black inmates has included throwing them into cells containing nothing but two buck-

ets, one for food, the other for use as a toilet. After the buckets were taken away to be emptied, prisoners had no way of knowing which had been used for what purpose. Claimed one inmate last week: "The only way to get along here is to be white or a homo. The guards favor them." Added another: "I've been in jails for ten years and this is the worst—it is a death house."

More dispassionate witnesses point out that Attica is neither the best nor

PRISONERS DISPLAY SOLIDARITY



OSWALD (LEFT) HEARS INMATE DEMANDS



the worst of New York State's prisons. In fact, its prisoners have been successful in winning some improvements in their conditions—leading some Attica townpeople to complain that the "permissiveness" of the prison management was to blame for the rebellion. Yet most of the few prisoner gains were made through courts to change the policies of prison officials. In 1966, a federal court ordered officials to formulate rules that would allow Black Muslims to practice their faith. Attica prisoners conducted a non-violent sitdown strike last year, protesting low workshop wages and high prison-commissary prices, that led to a regulation cutting back on commissary profits. Last winter, prisoners won the right to be represented by lawyers at parole hearings, which has resulted in a backlog of hearings that, paradoxically, is a new source of grievance.

The troubles at Attica dramatize again the fact that much of the U.S. prison system (TIME cover, Jan. 18) is still inhumane and brutalizes rather than rehabilitates. The ills are not remedied by riots. The public has every reason to be outraged by the beatings, or as in last month's smaller but more violent uprising at San Quentin, the killing of guards. Yet, given the persistence of dehumanizing conditions in so many prisons, it is perhaps lucky that there have not been more Attica-scale rebellions.

RACES

Busing (Contd.)

As of last week, the vast majority of U.S. public school children were back in class. Though there were a few pockets of resistance, hundreds of thousands of students, parents and administrators did their lawful and orderly best to cope with the difficulties of new court-ordered busing programs aimed at bringing racial balance to school districts.

In the South, racist politicians tried to make capital of the busing issue by urging parents to boycott the schools. Surprisingly few did. Alabama Governor George Wallace, for instance, visited a suburb of Mobile one day last week to plead with parents to resist busing "because it is not fair to arbitrarily bus these children." Despite Wallace's speech, more than 85% of Mobile's public school children showed up for classes, carrying out a busing program developed during the summer by Harold Collins, the aggressive superintendent of Mobile's board of education, and various community groups. In Nashville, Tenn., Casey Jenkins, a recently defeated mayorality

candidate, told a crowd of 20,000 at an antibusing rally that "Communism is creeping into the city." He urged parents to write their representatives asking for an end to busing. School has, nonetheless, opened smoothly.

Jackson, Miss., faced a problem of a different nature. After school quietly opened with 8,000 of 29,000 elementary school children being bused, Governor John Bell Williams stepped in to muddle up the situation. To justify an executive order cutting off all state aid—not just funds for busing—to the Jackson school district, he invoked a musty state law that prohibits busing within a municipality.

Fire-Bombed Buses. The most notable trouble spot was in Pontiac, Mich., where ten school buses were fire-bombed on the eve of the academic year. Last week the FBI arrested six people, including Robert Miles, grand dragon of the Michigan Ku Klux Klan, and charged them with conspiracy to obstruct federal-court orders. In all, 48 people have been arrested in Pontiac in connection with antibusing protests, and a boycott organized by white parents is still effective. During the week, the absentee rate in the city's schools held steady at 24%.

By week's end there was almost as much antibusing activity in the courts as in the streets. The school board of Winston-Salem, N.C., asked a U.S. District Court to reconsider its order requiring the busing of more than half the city's 48,000 public school students. A delegation of parents from Pinellas County, Fla., showed up in Washington to ask Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas to stay a district court busing order. In light of the Supreme Court's consistent record of upholding busing plans, there was only a dim chance that the appeals would succeed.



ANTIBUSERS IN PONTIAC
A grand dragon and a conspiracy.

DIPLOMACY

A New Stripe at the U.N.

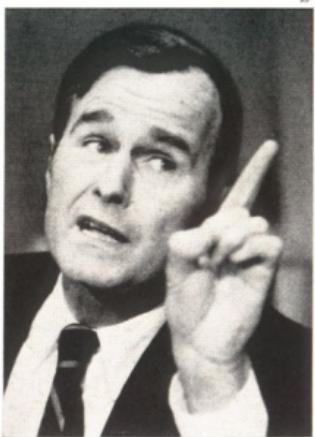
It's U.N. time again. The forthcoming debate over the seating of Red China promises to make the 1971 Assembly session, which begins next week, the most dramatic in a decade. President Nixon's proposal of dual representation for China is a major departure from previous U.S. goals in the international body. Equally novel, in its way, is the exuberant style of the man charged with making that policy succeed: Texas politician-turned-ambassador, George Bush, 47.

Decked out in bright candy-striped shirts, Bush has stormed the protocol-conscious circle of U.N. diplomats since his arrival last March like—well, like a Texas politician rounding up supporters. He is lobbying for complicated parliamentary measures that would invite Peking in without throwing Taiwan out. Says Bush: "The idea here is to get the votes. If we have the votes, it's going to happen. If we don't, it won't. It's this simple, so I say don't bother me with the technicalities."

Boating and Barbecues. Bush's wide-open methods are in sharp contrast to the unobtrusive ways of his predecessor, Career Diplomat Charles Yost. Bush swings through the delegates' dining room slapping backs and greeting ambassadors by their first names as if he were still prowling the back corridors of Congress. He has replaced the standard U.N. luncheon—two hours, three wines, seven courses—with short working sessions in the U.S. mission on Manhattan's First Avenue, where guests sometimes must balance plates on their knees. Bush has invited several of his fellow ambassadors to his summer home in Maine for weekends of tennis, boating, barbecues and tall tales (he is, among other things, an earthy, frontier-style raconteur). This week he will press his points over the national pastime: Bush has invited the permanent representatives and their wives to a New York Mets baseball game.

His cheery approach masks one of the most serious and difficult diplomatic offenses in recent American history: bringing mainland China into the U.N. without allowing the expulsion of Taiwan. It will not be easy to achieve, as Bush quite readily admits. For one thing, he has had to convince delegates that President Nixon was really serious about fighting to retain Taiwan's seat; many of them cynically assumed that the U.S. would go through the motions of fighting for Taiwan, but would be just as glad to be defeated. Bush, who has personally visited nearly 50 delegations to plug for the American plan, has made the U.S. point clear enough. Whether the representatives will vote the American way is quite another, and highly uncertain matter.

Strong Sympathy. Sentiment for seating Red China is solid. But even America's major postwar allies (notably Britain and France) have backed away from



AMBASSADOR BUSH

The idea is to get the votes.

supporting the U.S. resolution, and Japan, so far, has been reluctant to serve as its co-sponsor, even though Japan will probably vote for it. Following discussions last week on the subject with Japanese Foreign Minister Takeo Fukuda, Secretary of State William Rogers warned that a lack of Japanese co-sponsorship would "have a detrimental effect on the prospects for success" of the U.S. effort.

Bush, in his advocacy of the new policy, is relying heavily on the delegates' reluctance to expel a charter member of the U.N. "There is strong sympathy against expelling Taiwan," he says. "Even though the sponsors of the opposition say it's not a matter of expulsion, but a restoration of lawful rights, somewhere deep in his soul, everyone knows that it is expulsion. It's a bad precedent. The little countries particularly don't like it. They say to themselves, 'There but for the grace of God go I!'"

Larger Things. A Yale graduate, a millionaire (oil drilling) and the son of a former Republican Senator from Connecticut, Bush gave up a safe congressional seat at Nixon's urging, to run unsuccessfully against Democrat Lloyd Bentsen Jr. in last year's Texas senatorial elections. Bush's credentials in foreign affairs were sketchy at best, so some U.N. diplomats were initially skeptical of the neophyte envoy who clearly got his job for being a good loser and a stalwart Nixon loyalist. A few delegates still find Bush a trifle crude and bumptious; since March, though, he has impressed the professionals with his charm and ability to learn fast. (Despite his impatience with "technicalities," he understands their importance and relies heavily on the talents of the mission staff.)

Bush has one asset that U.N. delegations could not ignore even if they wanted to. Unlike Yost, he is personally close to the President and to Secretary of State Rogers; he frequently visits the White House and attends all the Cabinet meetings he can. Some observers, in fact, suspect that he is merely using the ambassadorship as a steppingstone to larger things—like running for Vice President should Nixon decide to dump Spiro Agnew in 1972. Personable and photogenic, Bush will undoubtedly impress American audiences watching the televised debates on the China question.

It is somewhat ironic that Bush's first task as Ambassador to the U.N. should be lobbying for Red China's admission. During the 1964 campaign in Texas, he declared: "If Red China should be admitted to the U.N., then the U.N. is hopeless and we should withdraw." Looking back on that statement, Bush points out that at the time China was in the throes of the Red Guard purges and showed no signs of wanting to establish relationships with other countries: "It was impossible that China could have been a constructive member of the U.N. then." On his turnaround: "I'm still concerned about China, but I feel completely comfortable about the President's policy. It makes a hell of a lot of sense in the year 1971."

ADVENTURE More on the Kaplan Caper

Fans of *Mission: Impossible* or *The Great Escape* could best appreciate the precision planning and bold execution of the Joel Kaplan caper (TIME, Aug. 30). Consider the facts: an American serving a murder sentence in Mexico was plucked from behind the walls of a heavily guarded prison, transferred to a light plane, then flown across the U.S. border to the safety of an unknown hideout. Amazing, just amazing. Even more amazing, if one can believe Kaplan's Mexican lawyer, is that his brilliantly engineered escape from Santa Marta Acatilla prison last month was all done quite legally.

Unquestionably, the plot was carried out with punctilious regard for legal niceties. Kaplan was whisked away by helicopter while all but a handful of prison guards were watching a movie. Not a shot was fired, or a paving stone displaced, when the whirlybird swooped into Santa Marta Acatilla. In addition, the helicopter used in the escape was bought (for more than \$25,000) rather than leased. The purchase was apparently a precaution against being accused of theft by the leasing company when the helicopter was taken over the border into Mexico. The single-engine Cessna used to complete the break was also purchased—and paid for in full with a cashier's check. Both planes carried the proper identifying numbers required by the Federal Aviation Administration.

After the jail break, the Cessna landed at Brownsville, Texas, to check in with U.S. Customs. Pilot Victor E. Stader and Kaplan gave their correct names to customs officials, thus avoiding a charge of having entered the country under assumed identities. Proper flight plans were put on record with airport authorities, and Kaplan flew off toward California. He has not been heard from since.

Feeling Better. Despite recurring rumors that Kaplan was an employee of the CIA (the agency denies it), his escape reveals a fine legal mind at work as surely as it does the hand of a swashbuckler. One plausible reason given for his escape was that Kaplan had to be returned to the U.S. in order to draw on a multimillion-dollar trust fund. As it happens, the celebrated and ingenious San Francisco lawyer Melvin Belli now has power of attorney over Kaplan's one-third share of the trust fund. Kaplan's sister is a friend of a lawyer in Belli's firm; she's believed to have been instrumental in making this arrangement.

Kaplan remained out of touch reportedly somewhere in California—under treatment for illnesses contracted during his nearly ten years in prison. According to his Mexican lawyer, Kaplan has reason to feel better. His escape, the lawyer claims, was perfectly legal since jail breaks are a crime in Mexico only if violence is used against prison personnel or property or if prison inmates or officials aid the escape. Mexican authorities disagree, insisting that the use of accomplices—the pilots, in Kaplan's case—makes the escape illegal. However, Mexican officials have not yet initiated extradition proceedings against Kaplan or his partners, who seemed to have pulled off a practically noncriminal crime.

PETER C. BORASZ—CAMERA 5



ATTORNEY BELLI

A clear mind, a swashbuckler's hand.

CITIES

Why Summer Was Mostly Cool

By last spring, a hot summer seemed inevitable in some of the nation's ghettos. Little had been done to rehabilitate the inner cities since the desperate rioting in the late 1960s; conditions, in fact, had deteriorated in many cities under the impact of the recession. Black unemployment had reached as high as 10% and the figure was considerably higher for teen-agers, who are the ones most likely to go on a rampage. Fund cutoffs and cutbacks were the order of the day at nearly every level of government. It was not surprising that many civil rights leaders and observers worried about major explosions (TIME, May 31).

Happily, the Jeremiahs were wrong. There have been isolated outbreaks, but

supplied enough money to the anti-poverty agency in Boston so that it could double the number of summer jobs for minority groups.

Where local governments could not give bread, they sometimes offered circuses. In many cities, ghetto residents were regaled with a series of music and ethnic festivals, theater presentations and art shows. "We didn't have much money," says Phil Jourdan, an aide to the mayor of Detroit, "but we got the best out of the least expenditure." Soledad Brother George Jackson was killed during the sixth anniversary of Los Angeles' Watts riot. In the past, such an incident might have sparked an explosion, but Watts stayed quiet; that weekend, many of its residents were attending a festival of parades, games and displays.

Most city police have learned a lot

roots organizations that have sprung up in the ghetto since the late 1960s. When a black man was killed by a cop in the volatile Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, where rioting has been endemic, a group called Youth in Action put 150 people on the street to talk to residents and calm them down. The Justice Department has a community-relations service that sends a team into any area where racial trouble is brewing. When Mafia Leader Joe Colombo was shot by a black in June, tension between blacks and Italian Americans mounted in some New York neighborhoods. Community-relations officers rushed to the scene and patrolled the streets from dusk till dawn along with police.

Shift to Politics. Perhaps most important in keeping the summer relatively cool was a growing change in attitude on the part of the black community. The devastation of earlier riots had been confined for the most part to black neighborhoods, and black leaders quickly pointed out the futility of internalized violence that left blacks with burned-out homes. As one big-city police chief puts it: "The ghetto resident got fed up with the kids in the street. He no longer had a neighborhood store. He was afraid to leave his home. The insurance man and laundry man refused to come to his house. Crime became intolerable." Adds Charles Bowser, executive director of the Philadelphia Urban Coalition: "The massive confrontations haven't produced anything. They haven't rebuilt buildings; there are no more jobs now, no more anything." This summer, many blacks have shifted from marches and demonstrations to more pragmatic political activity that often paid off in local elections; blacks have begun to take over many city offices. Says the Rev. Ed Reddick, director of research for Operation Breadbasket in Chicago: "There may have been an awareness that violence is self-defeating, that you have to work for political and economic power."

The relatively calm summer, however, is no cause for easy comfort. In many cases, the old anger has merely given way to despair or gone underground, surfacing in individual acts of terrorism. Several policemen—both black and white—were murdered in cold blood by blacks. Last month a police sergeant in San Francisco, John V. Young, was killed by a shotgun blast while he was sitting in the station house. Three days later, the San Francisco *Chronicle* received a note from "the George I. Jackson Assault Squad of the Black Liberation Army," which claimed to have committed the murder. "The rioters [of earlier years] were embittered and predisposed toward violence," notes James Q. Wilson, professor of government at Harvard, "but they had not dropped out of society. The present pattern seems more ideological and conspiratorial, involving people who live in society but who are no longer part of it."



CARNIVAL RIDE AT SUMMERTIME FESTIVAL IN WATTS

Sometimes a circus was as good as bread.

in keeping with the continued cooling of America, there has been no trouble approaching the mass thermal flare-ups of the past. It was the most trouble-free summer since 1965.

Nervous Governments. What went right? Nobody knows for sure, but luck was surely part of the answer—luck in not having the wrong incident explode at the wrong time. Another factor was the impact of the well-publicized predictions about violence, which had the effect of forcing nervous governments to cut loose the purse strings and do more than had been anticipated. Despite the cutback of summer programs, money was scraped up in many cities to provide employment for black youths. In Detroit, more than 11,000 jobs were made available in city agencies at \$1.60 an hour. With more than 3,000 youngsters employed, Seattle Mayor Wes Uhlman's youth division had the biggest payroll of any city department. Congress

since the major riots. This summer, they marshaled their forces far more effectively than they used to. In the past, when a disturbance broke out, they would wait until a mob formed before trying to intervene. After that, the use of too much force was usually predictable. Now they move in massively on an incident before it gets out of hand. And the show of force—or occasionally a calculated withdrawal as a gesture of confidence in local leaders—is usually enough. At the same time, police have established better relations with minority groups, and most big-city forces are trying to recruit more blacks. The percentage of blacks on police forces is still disproportionate to population figures, but most cities expect to achieve sharp increases. Detroit, for example, hopes to have a police academy enrollment that is 50% black by the end of 1980.

Aiding the police in keeping the peace this summer were a number of grass-

Now for every football fanatic
who's suffered through season after
season of black-and-white TV



IT'S A WHOLE
NEW BALL GAME →

RCA ANNOUNCING



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If your picture tube becomes defective during the first two years we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. [We pay for installation during the first year—you pay for it in the second year.]

In short, the warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.



Simulated TV reception

RCA **XL-100**

100% Solid State AccuColor

Cutty Sark vs. Thermopylae.

The most famous clipper race of all time

In the early 1870's, the clipper *Thermopylae* held "the blue riband," symbol of victory in the incredible tea races that pitted great ships against each other and half the world's oceans. But then came *Cutty Sark*, built solely to beat *Thermopylae*. And in 1872, the two ships met for the first and only time.

On June 17th they cast off from Shanghai together, bound for London. Immediately they were separated by gales. *Cutty* forged far ahead. And then on August 25, a huge sea tore *Cutty's* rudder away. In 6 days of storms, the crew fashioned and fitted a jury rudder. And when it snapped, they made a second rig, this time in only 24 hours. With her speed severely cut by the weak rudder, *Cutty* limped home, docked after *Thermopylae*—yet won the race!

A special maritime board was convened which inspected the logs of both vessels and decided that, based on actual time under sail in equal conditions, *Cutty Sark* had made the faster passage. From that time on, *Cutty* was never beaten in equal competition. Small wonder that, years later, a reporter was to write of the finish of yet another clipper race, "Cutty Sark first...the rest, nowhere."



Courtesy private collection of Lt. Col. James M. Humphrey, M. C.



Capt. Moodie,
Cutty's commander
in her most famous race.

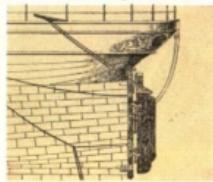


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THE ECONOMY

World Trade: A Clash of Wills

A MONTH ago, the initial response in foreign countries to President Nixon's economic blockbuster was a curious mixture of shock and sympathy. Although bankers, businessmen and government officials were stunned by the President's decisions, many said that Nixon was justified in taking drastic action to buttress the dollar. Last week quite a few of those leaders began to express a very different set of feelings. In Europe and Japan, they were muttering that the U.S. is refusing to compromise in solving major international problems that are largely of its own making.

Foreign nations have been injured by three parts of the President's program. The 10% surtax has obviously made many foreign-produced goods less competitive in the U.S. market. On top of that, the proposed investment tax credit for business does not apply to the purchase of imported tools and machines; U.S. businessmen must "buy American" to take advantage of the boon. Finally, some foreign leaders—particularly in France and Germany—are upset because the U.S. has refused to devalue the dollar by raising the price of gold. Instead, Washington is holding out for them to revalue their currencies upward, which would make their goods still costlier—and less competitive—in some world markets. Last week the Common Market's executive commission formally demanded an outright dollar devaluation.

Foreign critics frequently ignore their own protectionism. U.S. businessmen face enormous tangles of restrictions on trade and investment, notably in Japan (see following story). For years, U.S. trade negotiators have tried in vain to persuade their counterparts abroad to bargain seriously on these inequities. Nixon's program is designed to jolt them into much-needed negotiations. What disturbs foreign leaders is the possibility that the President might become so enthused by the domestic popularity of his program that he will push them too hard, demand too much, and retain the surtax too long.

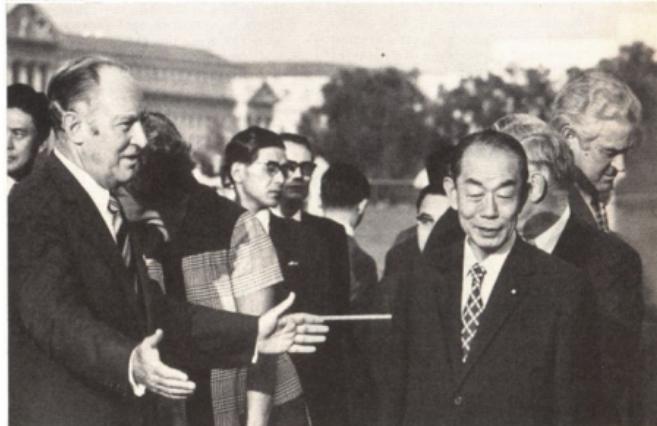
Countermeasures from Tokyo. Japan, which stands to lose more than any other nation under the Nixon program, showed a deepening resistance toward it. Last week five Japanese ministers traveled to Washington for an annual meeting with U.S. Cabinet members, which concentrated heavily on problems of the "Nixon shocker," as it is called in Japan. Nixon and Secretary of State William Rogers made elaborate personal gestures aimed at underscoring the basic Japanese-U.S. friendship. Rogers took the delegation of visiting Japanese and their wives to a performance of Leonard Bernstein's *Mass* at the Ken-

nedy Center for the Performing Arts. Nixon invited them to a White House dinner later in the week.

For all the politeness, however, both sides were quite firm and explicit in restating the chasmal disagreements between the two nations. Rogers, speaking "directly and candidly," demanded a substantial revaluation upward of the yen, elimination of Japanese restrictions on U.S. imports and a "dramatic" increase in Japanese aid to developing countries. Japanese Foreign Minister Takeo Fukuda, who is a leading can-

unconciliatory terms. Paul Volcker, Under Secretary of the Treasury, irritated the French by telling them that Nixon, for political reasons, will be unable to devalue the dollar. In Brussels and Paris, U.S. ambassadors and their aides summoned groups of resident U.S. businessmen to advise them that foreign governments actually approved of the Nixon program and that the U.S. position should be, "We don't apologize for anything." Speaking at a Paris news conference last week, Senator Jacob Javits invoked what has become the World

PICTORIAL PARADE



ROGERS WELCOMING FUKUDA ON ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON
Behind polite smiles yawned a chasm of disagreement.

didate to replace 70-year-old Prime Minister Eisaku Sato, was prepared to make one concession. He announced that Japan will remove import quotas on several U.S. products, including soybeans, light aircraft and air conditioners. But he was adamant in rebuffing demands that the U.S. considers to be far more crucial. Most notably, Fukuda refused to consider an upward revaluation of the yen, which has risen about 6.5%—far less than the U.S. wants—since Tokyo reluctantly decided to float it against the dollar last month. He also suggested that U.S. manufacturers would benefit from "more aggressive salesmanship," and told Rogers that the surtax must be quickly rescinded, hinting that Tokyo might otherwise be forced to use "countermeasures."

Reparations Argument. The mood in Europe also grew darker. It was not helped by a parade abroad of official American flag wavers, who have tried to hard sell the U.S. program in rather

War II reparations argument. "Europe still owes us a great deal," he said.

European business leaders strongly disagree. They have long pointed out that the current U.S. balance of payments deficit is much more directly a result of the Viet Nam War than of the long struggle to contain Communism in Europe. In addition, they note, part of the dollar outflow was caused by U.S. inflation, which made it more profitable for American businessmen and bankers to invest in European projects than in opportunities at home. "Nixon's campaign is not so much economic as patriotic," says the chairman of a large Belgian bank. "Patriotism and clarity of thought are almost always incompatible."

Though Europeans were united in their distaste for Nixon's rhetoric, they could agree on little else, least of all on their response to it. The sharpest policy split in Europe divides France and West Germany. The French insist on maintaining a fixed exchange rate

against the dollar on commercial transactions, while the Germans contend that all nations, at least temporarily, should float their currencies against the dollar, as Bonn did last May.

Flight Toward Protectionism. While the Europeans debated, the Canadians made the first overt move aimed at interfering with the effects of Nixon's program. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau proposed to Parliament the creation of an \$80 million fund that would reimburse some Canadian companies for up to two-thirds of the U.S. import surtax on their products. The measure is expected to pass easily and would have the effect of encouraging Canadian producers to absorb the surtax themselves rather than pass it along to U.S. consumers, as Nixon intended. Trudeau acted partly to fend off any increase in Canada's already high level of unemployment (6.3%) and partly because Canadian businessmen feel that the Nixon program violated a "special trading relationship" between the two nations.

The temptation to retaliate is being voiced especially in Common Market nations. Says an official of Siemens A.G.,



TREASURY'S VOLCKER
A parade of flag wavers.

West Germany's largest electrical manufacturer: "We fear the flight of the largest industrial nation of the world toward protectionism will be the signal for others to follow suit." Adds Jacques Rueff, the French economist who was De Gaulle's prophet of the gold standard: "By setting up an import tax that breaks the previous agreements, America has shown us the way."

If the U.S. is to prevent a worldwide retreat to economic nationalism and protectionism, it must eliminate the surtax soon. Another danger of stretching out the tax is that Nixon could find himself bound to it longer than he wants. Many U.S. businessmen have pleaded for protection, and they will quickly grow attached to the surtax. Particularly in an election year, the President may find it difficult to disturb their comfort.

The High Stakes

Of International Poker

The most arresting figures in President Nixon's address to Congress last week were his figures of speech—notably those touching on the relationship between America and its world trading partners. Alluding to the billions that the U.S. has sent to foreign countries in aid and investment since World War II, the President said: "We have generously passed out the chips. Now others can play on an equal basis." And in what has already become a famous declaration of intent, he added: "The time is past for the U.S. to compete with one hand tied behind its back."

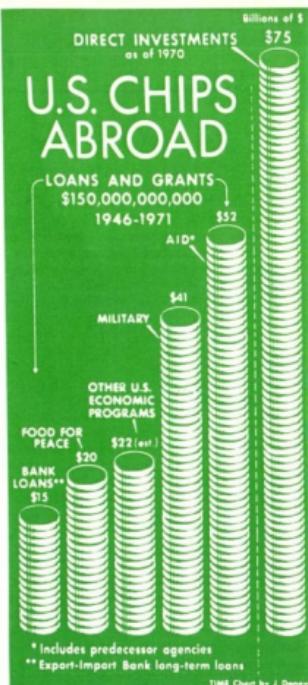
Such rhetoric, with its unsettling overtones of economic nationalism, reflects the stiff new American attitude toward world trade. Part of the rationale is the feeling in the Administration among many businessmen that postwar American aid gives the U.S. a claim to special treatment in global competition. But gratitude, especially for those services rendered more than two decades ago, is the slenderest of reeds on which to build a foreign policy, particularly in the pragmatic realm of economics. An even more pervasive notion behind the increasingly tough U.S. trading stance is that American spending abroad has been largely an altruistic gesture that has almost exclusively benefited the recipients.

Self-Interested Generosity. Certainly, the U.S. has been generous. As Nixon stressed, it has dispensed \$150 billion in economic and military grants and loans since World War II.

The military outlays alone, largely to fight the now-waning cold war, total \$41 billion. But, notes James Grant, a former State Department high official and now president of the private Overseas Development Council, "every President, including Nixon, has made it clear that if we had not shored up NATO and our allies, it would have cost a lot more to adequately maintain our own defense establishment."

All together \$109 billion has been spent in economic aid, mostly by the Agency for International Development and its predecessors. Of this, about \$43 billion has been in the form of loans, of which \$19 billion has already been repaid. Recipients of this aid are in effect required to spend practically all of it on American goods, thus boosting the nation's experts.

In addition, one of the biggest single outflows has been direct U.S. investment abroad—\$75 billion worth. That is just the book value of U.S.-owned factories and equipment and holdings in foreign companies. The true resale value of those properties today is probably twice as much. IBM dominates the foreign computer field; Ford, General Motors and Chrysler ride high in the foreign auto industry; one-third of Italy's oil-refining business is U.S.-controlled; ITT's phone-making subsidiary has a monop-



oly in Belgium. From 1950 to 1970, American companies brought home from abroad \$84 billion in profits.

How valid is the charge that the U.S. is unfairly treated in world markets? Administration officials contend that while America has freely opened its markets to outside competition, its trading partners have thrown up import quotas and other barriers.

In the Straitjacket. The complaint is certainly valid in the case of Japan, which has sealed off its markets while flooding other countries with its wares (TIME cover, May 10). In January, when the final cuts of the Kennedy Round take effect, Japan's tariffs on industrial goods will average 11% v. the U.S.'s 8.4%. Before Washington slapped on the surcharge, Toyotas and Datsuns easily rolled over the U.S.'s 3.5% tariff on cars; by contrast, Japan not only has a 10% tariff on American cars but also hits buyers with a special 40% sales tax.

Tokyo imposes import quotas and other restrictions on 80 items, including tobacco, rice, wheat, electronic components and computers. Almost anybody who tries to sell to Japan has to put up with a tortuous process of securing bank-issued licenses and coping with health restrictions (common American food additives are banned) and petty labeling requirements (all figures must be in the metric system). Even more vexing to U.S. businessmen are the straitjacket

rules on foreign investment. For example, outsiders are still forbidden to own more than 50% of practically any Japanese firm. These barriers have held U.S. business investment in Japan to a rather meager \$365 million.

Artful Hurdles. U.S. charges of unfair treatment by the Europeans are far less conclusive. By next January, the Common Market's industrial tariffs will average 8.3%—almost identical to the U.S.'s 8.4%. On the other hand, through a system of "variable taxes," the Common Market restricts imports of U.S. grain, beef, pork, poultry, lard and dairy products. Duties on them rise or fall to ensure that their prices are no lower than the inflated prices of comparable EEC goods. American imports are also blocked by a plethora of nontariff devices: border taxes, health regulations and artificial technical restrictions. For instance, Italy bans American oranges on the grounds that their citrus scales could spread and contaminate Italian oranges.

Yet the U.S. is no novice in artfully constructing import hurdles. Mandatory or "voluntary" quotas limit imports of steel, oil, cotton textiles, meat, sugar and dairy products. "Buy American" legislation bars the Government from purchasing foreign goods unless the price is 6% below that of comparable U.S. products. The "American Selling Price" system permits duties on benzeneoid chemicals used in dyes and vitamins to be set not on the price of the import but on the cost of making the same chemicals in the U.S. Europeans complain that overly severe American health rules keep out many farm products.

For all the Administration's complaints about foreign restrictions, the postwar American trade balance ran a consistent surplus until last April. Even now, the U.S. holds a \$1.8 billion annual surplus in trade with the Common Market. Japan, however, ships more to the U.S. than it buys—\$5.9 billion v. \$4.7 billion. The overall American balance of payments has long been unfavorable for a cluster of reasons, many of them not strictly tied to trade: the outpouring of foreign aid and investment, the cost of keeping a large military force overseas, and the spending by the army of U.S. tourists abroad.

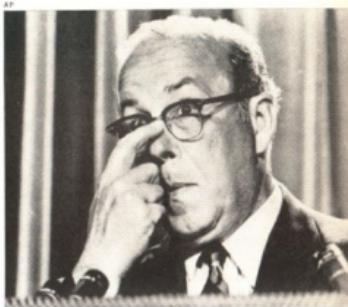
In sum, the U.S. has not been treated as unjustly as the Nixon Administration indicates. Sensible negotiations—and a spirit of compromise—between the U.S. and its trading partners could eliminate some of the trade differences and make others easier to live with.

PHASE 2 The Great Debate Begins

Now that the President has said that the wage-price freeze will not be extended beyond Nov. 14, the stage is set for the most important debate on economic policy in many years. It promises to be a rare opportunity for the nation to find means of achieving full employment and price stability. Richard Nixon is genuinely open-minded on the issues, and he is actively seeking out ideas for Phase 2. Already he has begun meeting with leaders from labor, business, agriculture. The first group to call on him last week was a union delegation led by A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany. Meany made it clear that if labor's wishes are not reflected in the Nixon strategy, then "we won't play." Chief among those wishes, Meany emphasized, was a tax on "excess" corporate profits.

Slow Collections. The mission of Phase 2 will not be only to hold down prices but also to revive the sluggish U.S. economy. That will take some doing. Industry continues to idle along at 73% of capacity. Unemployment has hovered close to 6% for nine months straight. Even if Congress quickly passes the tax cuts and other measures submitted by the White House, Government economists concede that they will be lucky to wrestle the jobless rate down to 5% by next summer.

The weakness of the economy became even more apparent when the Administration's top economic aides testified before Wilbur Mills' House Ways and Means Committee last week. The Congressmen were shocked to learn that the nation faces hair-raising budget deficits—all caused by unexpectedly weak tax receipts. Last January, Nixon had forecast a deficit of \$1.6 billion for the current fiscal year. But Treasury Secretary John Connally revealed that the shortfall is now expected to reach \$27 billion or \$28 billion—a post-World War II record.



SHULTZ AT WHITE HOUSE
How large a deficit?

Budget Director George Shultz told the Mills committee that there would be a large deficit even in the so-called full-employment budget. That budget calculates the revenues that the Government would collect if the economy were at full employment. Originally, the Administration had vowed to keep it in balance. The extent of the Government's failure was evident in the size of the deficit that Shultz forecast: \$8 billion or \$9 billion.

Capstone Proposal. The Administration's strategy for recovery encompasses a range of measures, among them some tax breaks for individuals and sales-stimulating efforts like abolition of the 7% auto excise tax. Paul McCracken, Nixon's chief economist, reckons that the program will generate 500,000 new jobs. But what Connally so emphatically describes as "the capstone" of the Administration program is a large effort to aid business. The key proposal is for an investment tax credit of 10% in the year beginning Aug. 15 and 5% in subsequent years. In theory, the credits will produce a torrent of capital investment, which will trickle through the economy, generating new orders for goods and services and new jobs.

It is this plan that will be the focus of the great economic debate in the coming months. Wilbur Mills strongly favors an investment tax credit, but doubts that business should be granted a credit as large as 10%. He is looking for ways to give a bigger tax break to people in the lower income brackets, thus putting a Democratic stamp on the Nixon program. To do this, Mills is considering eliminating \$3.5 billion in depreciation benefits that took effect in January, and reducing the investment credit from 10% to 7%.

Does this formula sound familiar? In the early 1960s, the Kennedy Administration introduced a 7% investment tax credit and cut corporate and personal taxes. Business investment jumped nearly 37% in the next three years—and the U.S. economy was off and running on the longest period of sustained expansion in its history.



MEANY GETTING TV MAKEUP
How big a voice?

CONTROLS

Miniwars Over Dividends

Florida Telephone Corp. is hardly the largest of the nation's 1,840 "independent" (non-Bell) telephone companies. But it is certainly the most independent. While almost all the nation's corporations complied with President Nixon's request that they hold dividends down to pre-Aug. 15 levels, the \$20 million-a-year central Florida utility refused.

It was not so much a question of money; the company increased its quarterly pay-out from 13¢ to 14¢, or a total of only \$46,000 on all outstanding shares. Rather, as Florida Telephone President Max Wettstein told a four-man board at the Cost of Living Council in Washington last week, it was a question of principle—and sound business practice. The company needs uninterrupted dividend growth, he explained, in order to attract new capital for its construction program. Besides, Wettstein pointed out, President Nixon does not have congressional authority

to freeze dividends, and the 1¢ increase cannot legally be rescinded.

Perhaps not, but last week the Administration persuaded three other small firms that had posted higher dividends to pare back their next regular payouts. Executives of the firms—Wisconsin's Briggs & Stratton Corp., Illinois' Martin Yale Industries, and Pennsylvania's Selas Corp.—were brought before the COLC at the same time as Wettstein. Paul McCracken, the council's vice chairman, ordered the gathering after the COLC staff saw reports of dividend increases in the press. Arnold Weber, executive director of the council, seated the businessmen around a table at the COLC's Washington headquarters and asked them to lower their next dividend in order to offset the latest increases. All except Wettstein agreed to recommend the action at their next board meetings.

Powerful Persuaders. Nixon's call for dividend restraint has doubtful economic value. Because dividends are paid out of profits already earned, they do not raise production costs as wage increases

do, and thus are not translated into higher prices. Some businessmen suspect that the President's concern with dividends is intended to stem criticism that his recent economic moves are weighted in favor of business. Dividend jawboning will probably be aimed at relatively small firms. Five have been selected for gentle pressure in the next few weeks. Large companies are too visible to get away with a dividend rise, and only small ones can afford to be daring or, as in the case of Florida Telephone's Wettstein, stubborn.

The Administration has some powerful persuaders. For example, the Federal Communications Commission must approve all rate increases for public utilities like Florida Telephone. And the Internal Revenue Service can always give extra-close scrutiny to the tax returns of companies that refuse to go along with the President's economic policies. Wettstein may be getting the message. At week's end Florida Telephone officers announced a special meeting of company directors in "the near future" to discuss the next quarterly dividend.

The Squeeze Of the Freeze

A SIGN in a Chicago appliance store urges: "SUPPORT THE PRESIDENT, BUY A FREEZER." That prompted Chicago Daily News Columnist Robert J. Herguth to ask: "After 90 days, a sale on defrosters?" All over the U.S., the freeze is touching people's lives in myriad ways. A sampling of its effects last week:

IN PASADENA, CALIF. Rose Bowl officials stopped selling tickets to the Jan. 1 classic pending a ruling by the Cost of Living Council on whether a proposed price hike from \$8 to \$10 is legal. Though the game will be played after the freeze expires, Bowl officials want to avoid refunds to early ticket buyers.

IN COLUMBUS, Ohio Governor John Giligan was refurbishing his statehouse office at a cost of \$41,000 when the freeze forced him to renege on promised wage increases for state employees. Responding to public pressure, Giligan cut back on the remodeling. He decided against a \$5,000 Oriental rug and had an old one returned to his office.

IN NEW YORK CITY, the freeze threatened bus service for 116,000 schoolchildren—8% of them handicapped—by preventing the city from paying bus companies an increase agreed upon in their transportation contracts. The companies said that they would carry the kids for the first few days of school at last year's rate—but pleaded possible bankruptcy unless the Cost of Living Council reverses its ruling.

IN BOSTON, the Hospital for Women, already running under capacity because of a drop in the birth rate, had planned

to raise room charges to make up a monthly deficit that ran to \$123,000 in July. The freeze has made the increase impossible, and the hospital may be in serious trouble.

IN CHICAGO, by contrast, three hospitals run by the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart cut daily room rates by \$2. Refunds will be made to patients, retroactive to Aug. 14. Administrator Joseph J. Rossi Jr. explained that the reduction was possible because the freeze on salaries of hospital employees had generated some unexpected money.

IN HINES, ORE. the freeze has forced an end to the hot-lunch program for

schoolchildren. To make up for higher food costs, Hines School District Principal Jim Reed planned to raise lunch prices from 25¢ to 40¢. Now that he cannot, the 298 kids in the district have to bring sandwiches from home, or else go hungry.

IN LOS ANGELES, a woman telephoned Office of Emergency Preparedness Supervisor Pat Hogan and asked: "Does the freeze apply to the money a prostitute gets?" Informed that it does—because the money is a fee for services rendered—the caller complained: "That's not fair. This is a tough business—we've got to make it while we can."



DRAWING BY DANA FRADON © 1971 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

In 10 out of 10 marriages today, what separates the men from the women?

Money.

Come on, kiss and make up!

Sure, handling money can be a problem. Today it's more complex than ever. But now, you can get a little help from a friend...Master Charge.*

Bills and more bills

How many bills do you get at the end of the month? You'd rather not answer. Chances are, bills are coming in from all directions. And it's hard to know who spent what, where. The root of the problem? Add up the number of charge cards and charge accounts in your possession. The answer: too many. You only need one.

One card, one bill

By using Master Charge for all your purchases, you get only one bill at the end of the month. With a complete record of what you've spent for everything. You write just one check for all items.

Easy? You bet it is. And it works.

Can payments be extended?

Master Charge understands there are times when budgets are tight. So we offer every card holder the privilege of extended payments. If you don't choose to extend your payments for your purchases, there's no charge at all. And your Master Charge card is free. No membership fee. No annual dues.

The cure for emergencies

Emergencies have little regard for your income. They rear their heads when least expected. Or you can never tell when a store runs a sale that can save you a lot of money. It's nice to know your Master Charge can handle either situation.

There's no better time than right now to let you Master Charge card get your budget together...get your bills together...get you together.

Now that you're
making it.
MANAGE IT!





**Sometimes it's more elegant not to use
an elegant decanter.**

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

THE WORLD

The Man Between Two Eras

HE was a man of stupefying contrasts, an earthy and unschooled Ukrainian peasant who came to wield power undreamt of by the czars. He was a custodian of the nuclear peace, yet he frequently rattled the Soviet saber, once bellowing that Communism would "bury" America. He served the party and the government with an iron hand, and in the 1930s helped send thousands to slave labor camps. Despite that, he is remembered as the crucial transitional figure who led the Soviet Union from an evil era of Stalinist tyranny toward a more moderate form of Communism. Near the end of his life, in the controversial reminiscences that restored him to the center of the international stage, he observed of his country's stifling travel restrictions: "Why should we build a good life and then keep our borders bolted with seven locks?" For nine years he was one of the two most powerful men on earth. Yet when he is buried in Moscow this week, following his death of a heart attack at 77, Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev will be laid to rest in Novodevichy Cemetery. That is the burial spot for prominent Russians who are not important enough—or, as in Khrushchev's case, in sufficiently good repute—for a state funeral and interment in the hallowed Kremlin Wall.

Mixed Record. "In all his actions," observes British Sovietologist Robert Conquest, "one saw a limited but not hidebound mind, and with it a sort of peasant cunning. But in the end, he antagonized his subordinates without sufficiently terrorizing them, a fatal lapse." Khrushchev died in official disgrace, reduced by the Soviet monolith to an unperson. To Russia's masses, his performance was at best ambiguous. Heralded

for relaxing the prison-camp atmosphere that prevailed under Stalin, he was also bitterly blamed for recurring failures in the economy and agriculture. To most Westerners, too, his record is mixed. A shrewd man who carefully preserved his peasant touch, an unabashed ham who pounded his shoe on a desk at the United Nations in 1960, he was the first Soviet ruler to admit a touch of humanism into Communism, and a leading proponent of peaceful coexistence between East and West. But he knew how to use power and often did so ruthlessly, as in his attacks on Boris Pasternak after the publication of *Doctor Zhivago*, and his brutal suppression of rebellious Hungary in 1956.

In his dealings with U.S. leaders, Khrushchev often behaved brusquely and temperamentally. He disliked Richard Nixon, particularly after his 1959 debate with the then Vice President in the U.S. "Kitchen exhibit" in Moscow. He respected Dwight Eisenhower, but this did not prevent him from savagely attacking Ike and torpedoing the 1960 summit conference following the U-2 overflight. He thought John Kennedy a pushover when they met in Vienna in 1961—a miscalculation that led directly to the Cuban missile crisis, which brought the world to the verge of nuclear war. Khrushchev proclaimed the confrontation a triumph because it ended in an assurance from Kennedy that the U.S. would not attempt to invade Cuba again, but he was forced to admit that many people thought he had "turned coward and backed down."

Wrestling Match. He was the first Soviet leader to travel widely throughout the world, and foreigners hardly knew what to make of him. His tantrum at a press conference after the collapse of the Paris summit seemed to reveal either a man whose emotions were temporarily out of control or perhaps an actor at the height of his powers. On one memorable occasion in Yugoslavia, he rolled in the dust of a rural roadside in an impromptu wrestling match with Georgy Malenkov. During his 1960 visit to the United Nations, he called ceremoniously on Fidel Castro at his hotel in Harlem, and conducted a flamboyant press conference from the balcony of the Soviet embassy on Park Avenue.

He often displayed a rough humor. Once, after spending a week viewing Indonesian temples, Khrushchev turned to Indonesian President Sukarno and asked: "Don't you have anything new around here?" When he described Berlin as the American testicles that he could squeeze whenever he chose, sensitive translators changed it to the American big toe that he could step on.

He could exude an earthy, appealing



WITH STALIN IN KREMLIN (1938)



WITH MAO TSE-TUNG (IN THE 1950s)



WITH FIDEL CASTRO AT U.N. (1960)



WITH JACQUELINE KENNEDY IN VIENNA (1961)

WITH NIXON IN MOSCOW "KITCHEN" (1959)



AP/WIDEWORLD



ROBERT DICKE/ASSOCIATED PRESS

charm. On a Scandinavian tour, after what journalists suspected was a spat between Khrushchev and his wife Nina, the Soviet Premier asked the mayor of a Danish village if he performed marriage ceremonies. "Yes," said the mayor. "Well," said Khrushchev, "how does the ceremony go?" "You mean," said His Honor, "that you want me to read it now?" "Yes," said Khrushchev, and then, taking his wife's hand, he exchanged vows with her. Touched, Nina forgot that she was cross, and when the mayor intoned, "Do you take this man . . . ?" she lowered her eyes and said, "Da."

Lottery Ticket. Until the very moment of his fall, Nikita Khrushchev was noted for similarly compelling powers of persuasion—and political survival. The son of a peasant farmer in the Ukraine, he worked as a shepherd, steam fitter and coal miner. In 1918 he joined the Red Army, quickly becoming a political commissar. As a delegate to the 14th Party Congress in 1925, he skipped breakfast every morning so he could get a front seat near Stalin.

By 1934, after studying a few years at Moscow's industrial academy and rising steadily in the party hierarchy, Khrushchev became party leader of Moscow. He survived the party purges of the 1930s, he believed, because Stalin's second wife, Nadezhda Sergeyevna Alliluyeva, was impressed by him and recommended him to her husband. "I've often asked myself, how was I spared?" Khrushchev later said. "I think part of the answer is that Nadia's reports helped determine Stalin's attitude toward me. I call it my lucky lottery ticket. Right up to the last day of his life, he liked me."

During World War II, Khrushchev served as the Politburo's military representative in the Ukraine. He remained there until 1949, when he was brought back from the Ukraine to become head of the Moscow party organization and later overlord of agriculture. Three months after Stalin's death, Khrushchev—with the aid of eleven generals and marshals—arranged the arrest of Lavrenty Beria, Stalin's hated secret-police chief: Beria was executed six months later. Khrushchev became First Secretary of the Communist Party in September 1953, but that powerful post was not enough. Sixteen months later, he ousted Malenkov, the Premier and Stalin's successor, and replaced him with his own puppet, Nikolai Bulganin. Finally, in March 1958, he assumed the premiership himself, acquiring undisputed control.

History will probably best remember Nikita Khrushchev for his 1956 speech

before the 20th Party Congress in which he denounced the crimes of Joseph Stalin. His motives for delivering the speech were decidedly mixed. He was by no means a crusader for personal liberties, but he was sufficiently disenchanted with the old dictator's legacy of fear and repression to repudiate Stalin in 20,000 graphic words. The speech was a personal triumph and helped Khrushchev consolidate his power. But it also loosened forces that inexorably led to the fragmentation of the Communist world.

The immediate effect was a wave of destalinization that shook Eastern Eu-

knew something was wrong with the Soviet system, but he could not break through its intellectual and institutional limits. It was clear that agriculture needed radical reform, but Khrushchev's seemingly revolutionary programs for dealing with the problem were in fact rather superficial. He even tried to reorganize the sacrosanct party structure, but every scheme failed.

When Nikita Khrushchev finally fell from power, it was with astonishing abruptness. On an October day in 1964, he was talking by radiotelephone to the three cosmonauts who were Russia's latest space heroes. Hugely proud of Soviet triumphs in space during his years in power, Khrushchev told them of the grand reception planned for their return to Moscow. Then, chuckling loudly, he uttered a strangely prophetic farewell: "Here is Comrade Mikoyan. He is literally pulling the telephone from my hands. I don't think I can stop him."

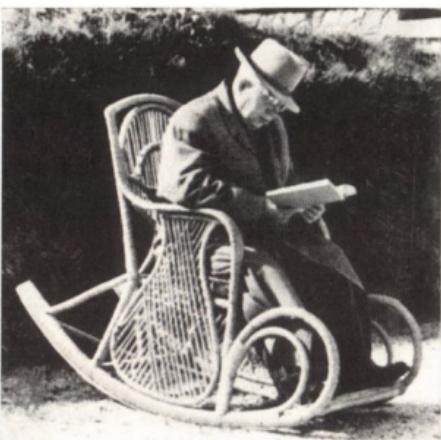
Three days later, the Soviet news agency Tass issued a terse announcement: Nikita Khrushchev had been "released" from his duties "at his own request" for reasons of "age and deteriorating health." During the week in which he was ousted, China made a bid for superpower status by detonating its first nuclear weapon. Khrushchev's successors are still preoccupied with Peking's challenge as a rival center of Communist orthodoxy. In the next three months, the triumvirate that now rules

Russia—Party Secretary

Leonid Brezhnev, Premier Aleksei Kosygin and President Nikolai Podgorny—will visit eight nations in an extraordinary flurry of diplomatic activity. One of their prime goals will be to blunt China's recent skillful initiatives in foreign affairs, particularly its contacts with the U.S. and with Moscow's restless neighbors to the west—Yugoslavia, Rumania and Albania.

Harebrained Schemes. A variety of factors contributed to Khrushchev's downfall: his role in precipitating the Cuban missile crisis; his part in opening an unbridgeable abyss between Moscow and Peking; his emphasis on consumer production and economic decentralization, which infuriated the "metal eaters" of the armed forces and heavy industry; his concentration on missiles at the expense of conventional military forces; his flawed agricultural experiments.

Two specific events, however, may have triggered his fall. He had insisted on convening a Communist summit at which the Chinese were to be formally condemned as traitors to world Communism, but 26 invitations were issued by the Kremlin and only 15 acceptances



KHRUSHCHEV IN RETIREMENT
What does a pensioner do?

rope and resulted in the Poznan riots in Poland and the Hungarian uprising. It set the stage for Czechoslovakia's experiment in "Communism with a human face"—which was also ended by Soviet intervention. By trying to loosen the bureaucratic and ideological straitjacket that Stalinism had wrapped around the entire Communist world, Khrushchev helped to widen the Sino-Soviet split. The Chinese were—and remain—rigid dogmatists who are unlikely to forgive him even in death for his "revisionist" heresy. When French Maoist Regis Bergeron heard that Khrushchev had died, for example, he exulted: "Good! Another revisionist less. Unfortunately, Khrushchev does not die with him."

A large number of Nikita Khrushchev's experiments ended in failure. His attempts to grant greater intellectual freedom to his countrymen were largely nullified by his subsequent actions—partly because he was under pressure from his own hard-liners not to go too far and partly because he preferred order to ideas. Perhaps most disastrous to his standing at home was the failure of many of his domestic programs. He

were received. Second, Khrushchev had planned a January trip to Bonn for conferences with the then Chancellor, Ludwig Erhard, a venture that many of Khrushchev's colleagues evidently feared would lead to a deal with West Germany. In due course, *Pravda* summarized the Khrushchev era as a time of "harebrained schemes, immature conclusions, hasty decisions, bragging and phrasemongering."

Arduous Road. Khrushchev once told his family that he wanted to be remembered for three things: building the Moscow metro, eliminating the Lavrenty Beria from Soviet life, and debunking Stalin at the 20th Party Congress. All were notable accomplishments, particularly the last. But his place in history would be even more secure if he had brought his country farther than halfway along the arduous road from a backward dictatorship to a modern society that permits free expression. Instead he ended one era without really embarking on a new one. Lacking the power and personal penchant to move Russia too far toward freedom, he was ever the man of the partial transition.

In the final seven years of his life, Khrushchev remained mostly out of public view. Last year *Khrushchev Remembers* appeared in the West. LIFE, which contracted for its publication, described the book as a volume of "reminiscences" gathered from "various sources at various times and in various circumstances." Though Khrushchev was obliged to dismiss the book as a "fabrication," most Western Sovietologists believed that it was authentic.

One day last June, accompanied by Nina, Khrushchev appeared at the polling station in central Moscow. A correspondent asked him what he was doing in retirement. "I am a pensioner," he said. "What do pensioners do?" It was an almost pathetic question from a man who had ruled one of the world's two great powers for most of a decade.

Ulster: Steering Toward Civil War?

"We believe Ireland is one country, one nation, one people. I think it is both small enough and big enough to live together. Ireland was one for centuries and was divided only in the last 50 years."

SO said John Lynch, Prime Minister of the Irish Republic, after two days of emergency talks with British Prime Minister Edward Heath. Held at Chequers, the country residence of Britain's Prime Ministers, the meetings dealt with the current civil strife in the British province of Northern Ireland. The talks did nothing to bring Ireland's Catholic South and Protestant North any closer to union. But they did produce an unprecedented concession from the British government: an invitation to the Irish Prime Minister to participate in tripartite discussions with Heath and Northern Ireland's Prime Minister Brian Faulkner over the critical situation in Ulster.

In a parallel move, British Home Secretary Reginald Maudling invited representatives of Ulster's Catholic community to a round-table conference with the province's Protestant leaders. The conference's purpose: to consider reforms that would give the Catholics (who constitute about one-third of Ulster's 1,500,000 population) "an active, permanent and guaranteed role in the life and public affairs of the province." Maudling specified, however, that the conference would not discuss "the constitutional position of Northern Ireland as part of the United Kingdom"—a reassurance to Ulster's Protestants, who nervously scrutinized any dealings between London and Dublin for signs of a "sellout" of the province.

In Jeopardy. It was Ulster's Catholics, however, not its Protestants, who placed the British-sponsored round-table talks

in jeopardy. Both of the province's two main opposition parties rejected any such meeting until the Protestant-dominated Stormont government rescinds the internment of 250 Catholic militants who have been jailed without trial for over a month. Bernadette Devlin, who was back on the political stump for the first time since her daughter was born out of wedlock three weeks ago, declared she had "no intention of discussing anything with Maudling until every last man who is at present interned has been released." But one leading Catholic moderate condemned his co-religionists' refusal to attend talks. "We are on the verge of the most appalling bloodshed," said Oliver Napier, vice chairman of the nonsectarian Alliance Party, "and yet you are not prepared to get around a table and discuss issues on which many lives may depend. You are steering straight toward civil war."

"Third Force." Not that Ulster's Orangemen were exactly waving the olive branch. Cries mounted last week for an armed "third force"—in addition to the British army and the overwhelmingly Protestant but unarmed Royal Ulster Constabulary—to fight the terrorists of the outlawed Irish Republican Army. One afternoon, in Ulster's largest hard-hat demonstration to date, over 20,000 Protestant workers assembled in a Belfast park to hear calls for "lead bullets, not rubber ones"—a reference to the rubber bullets the British soldiers use in trying to restore order. The crowd cheered wildly as the Rev. Ian Paisley, the province's Protestant firebrand, flailed the air and announced formation among Protestant loyalists of a civil defense corps.

With gun ownership rising steadily, the possibility of civil war is not simply an alarmist's dream. As of last

SUPERSTOCK—JOCELINE BENZAKIN



POPPERFOTO—PICTORIAL PRESS



ANGELA GALLAGHER'S FATHER CARRIES HER COFFIN DURING BELFAST FUNERAL
I.R.A. MEMBERS TRAIN OUTSIDE BELFAST WEARING STOCKING MASKS

April, there were more than 102,000 licensed firearms—everything from farmers' shotguns to automatic weapons—held by some 73,000 Ulstermen, practically all of them Protestant. How many additional smuggled weapons are being held illegally by both sides is anybody's guess. An immediate ban on all privately held firearms in Ulster is one of the twelve points advocated by British Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson. The Labor opposition in Westminster has also been demanding that the government recall Parliament for an emergency debate on Northern Ireland. Last week Ted Heath responded by announcing a two-day parliamentary session later this month—additional evidence that he is relying less and less on the Ulster government in seeking a solution.

Many Britons are convinced, however,

that the efforts made so far are nothing but "whitewash on the sepulcher," as the left-wing weekly *New Statesman* put it—that Northern Ireland, in short, cannot survive in its present form. To be sure, the question was whether the week's political moves were too little and too late. The proposals for tripartite prime-ministerial talks for the all-Ulster round-table conference and for the two-day debate in Commons—or even Faulkner's hint at week's end of other concessions—might not be in time to reverse the upward spiral of violence. "No night passes without sporadic bombings and snippings, no day without bomb scares." TIME Correspondent Curtis Prendergast reported from Belfast last week. "On downtown streets there are almost as many armored cars as city buses. Steel mesh is going up over more and more shop windows.

Guards at government offices keep street doors locked and check callers in and out like jailers."

As the week began, 18-month-old Angela Gallagher, killed by a ricochet bullet fired by a sniper at a British army patrol, was buried in a tiny coffin. By week's end, the toll since the crisis first erupted in August 1969 stood at 102. The latest victim: a British officer who was attempting to defuse a bomb, a three-year-old Belfast boy hit by an armored truck and a 14-year-old Catholic schoolgirl named Annette McGavigan. She had been sent home early because of a bomb threat, and as she strolled along the Bogside's narrow streets, still wearing her gym shoes and sucking a lollipop, she was caught in a crossfire between I.R.A. gunmen and British troops. A bullet struck her in the neck, killing her instantly.

The Master of the Tightrope Act

LIKE all Irish politicians, John Lynch has to contend with the ghosts of the past. Unlike many Irish politicians, he neither invokes nor exploits them. "I am not affected by any past bitternesses," he says. At 54, Lynch is a realist whose election five years ago marked the end of the era of charismatic strongmen with revolutionary pasts—William Cosgrave, Eamon de Valera, Sean Lemass. Born the year after the 1916 Easter Rising, he is the Irish Republic's first Prime Minister, or Taoiseach (pronounced *Tea-shock*), of the post-civil-war generation.

Pragmatic and low-key, Lynch was once described as "the most ordinary man in the country" by the *Irish Times*. Referring to the fact that Lynch came to power in 1966 as a compromise candidate of his Fianna Fail party, the *Times* added: "His contribution has been to discover consensus politics; or maybe it was the consensus which discovered Jack Lynch." Equally plain-spoken was the London *Economist's* recent assessment of Lynch as "the best Irish Prime Minister that Britain is likely to get"—a judgment hardly calculated to endear him to an electorate that still regards Britain as the "ould enemy."

Jack Lynch was born in Cork in an age when peat, potatoes and parish priests meant Ireland. They are still valid symbols, and the country still feels the effects of the terrible potato famine of 1846-48, emigration and a low birth rate. Just before the famine, its population was 8,000,000; now it is 3,000,000. But today's Eire is also land that produces electronics equipment, pharmaceuticals and plastics, one where 500 factories have been built in the past decade.

Though Lynch grew up during a semiinal era for Irish republicanism, there is nothing radical in his background.



LYNCH AT IRISH EMBASSY IN LONDON

Once a noted athlete (soccer and hurling, a rough form of field hockey) he became a civil servant, then a lawyer, and was a relatively undistinguished Minister of Finance when opposing Fianna Fail factions chose him Prime Minister. While he was a legal clerk, he met his future wife, then a civil service secretary. They are childless, but his affection for children is deep; when he heard of the death of 18-month-old Angela Gallagher, hit by a sniper's ricochet in Belfast, he wept openly. A practicing Catholic, the blue-eyed, graying Lynch wears modish sideburns and hair long enough to curl around his collar.

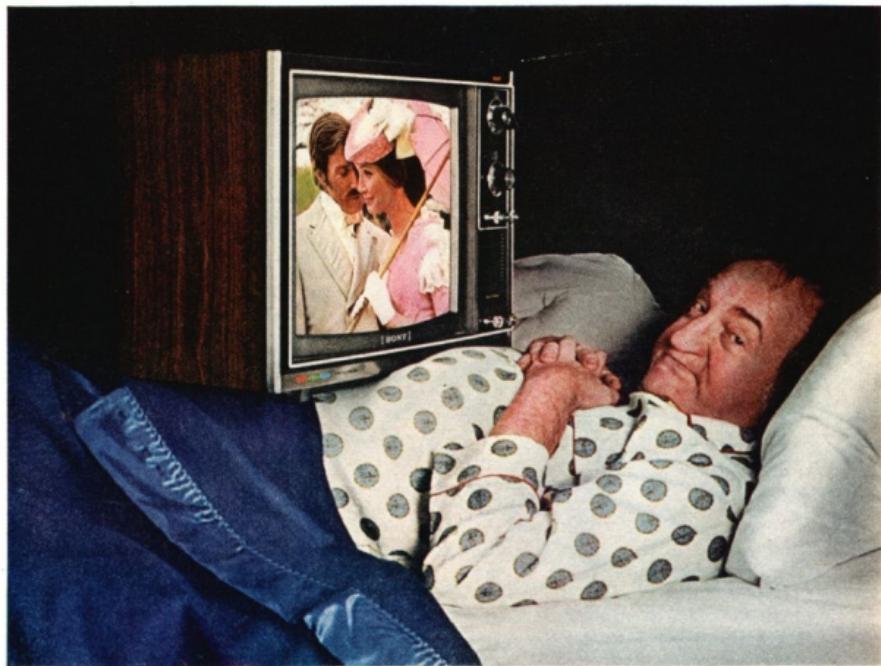
The passions and factionalism of Irish politics compel him to perform a non-stop tightrope act between moderates and militants; he is working for a peace-

ful solution to the ageless "Irish question" while trying to avoid an outright collision with the Irish Republican Army, whose most extreme faction is trying to shoot its way to a reunification of Ireland, north and south.

In addition to the extreme nationalists, Lynch must also contend with the reasoned criticism of such political opponents as Conor Cruise O'Brien, the scholar and diplomat who is now a Labor Party M.P. in Dublin. Last week O'Brien published in the *Irish Times* an eloquent open letter to New York Lawyer-Politician Paul O'Dwyer, urging him not to campaign for the I.R.A. in the U.S. Wrote O'Brien: "Don't believe the I.R.A. if they tell you the Irish people are behind them. I was elected with mainly a working-class vote. I have taken a clear anti-I.R.A. position, and people come up to me in the streets and tell me they agree. I have never heard anyone speak of the Belfast bombings with anything but horror and condemnation. The I.R.A. are not helping the cause of civil rights, nor have they any right to talk of civil rights since they have denied so many of their fellow citizens the elementary civil right of life itself."

Lynch's handling of the Joe Cahill case last week was an example of how shrewdly the Prime Minister maintains the balancing act. Cahill, the I.R.A. leader from Belfast, flew from Dublin to the U.S. to raise money "to kill British soldiers." But he was refused entry to the U.S. on a technicality, and was returned to Dublin. There he was detained by Irish authorities, held for eleven hours, and then released. The detention was presumed to be Jack Lynch's gesture to Britain, and also a way of warning the I.R.A. gunmen to watch their manners while traveling in the south. The eventual release of Cahill was Lynch's gesture to Ulster Catholics, a reassurance that the Dublin government is deeply concerned about their plight.

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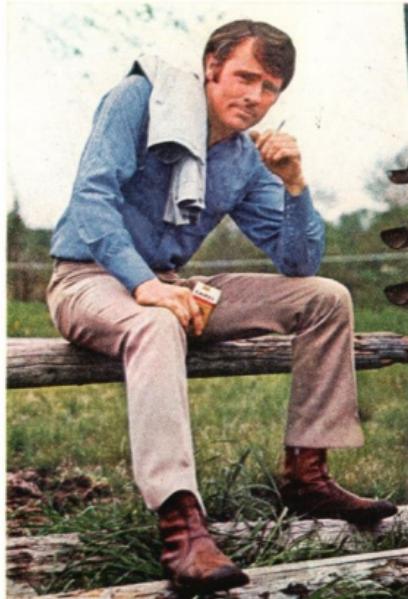


**Pan Am
Autumn
Escape Plan**

On his last hunt, Major Hocum smoked a cigarette stamped with his family crest.

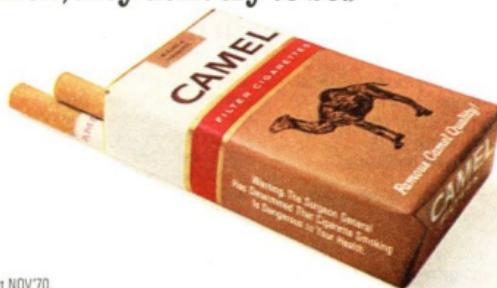
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Health Insurance

Two Voices in a One-Man Race

As befits a one-man race, the pace of the official month-long campaigning that began last week for South Viet Nam's presidency was positively glacial. Until a TV appearance at week's end in which he suggested that a no-confidence vote would be a vote against democracy, President Nguyen Van Thieu had not made a single campaign speech. His total campaign effort, it appears, will consist of three TV and three radio broadcasts. Previously planned visits to the countryside were scrubbed for security reasons, but were unnecessary anyway in the absence of any opposition. Saigon, meanwhile, hummed with exotic speculation about the shape of things to come. One opposition da-

constitutional process. Seeking a closer understanding of the attitudes and intentions of the two figures most deeply involved in the race, TIME requested and was granted lengthy interviews last week with both the President and Vice President. Excerpts from their exchanges with Chief of Correspondents Murray Gart and a group of TIME reporters appear in the following stories.

THIEU: A QUESTION OF CONFIDENCE

In his plushly carpeted office in Saigon's Presidential Palace, Thieu was very much at ease. Seated on a red chair, he spoke in a strong voice and laughed often at his own jokes. Yet there was something slightly defensive about his answers.

Q. Mr. President, could you tell us your view of the current political situation?

A. It is very clear. As President I cannot do otherwise but abide by the Constitution and the law. And I have mentioned very clearly that unfortunately the ticket which remains is mine. (Laughter.) Now Vice President Ky suggests that I resign. Why? I have no reason for that. I cannot abandon the country. I would be accused by the people and the historians. To the army I also said very clearly, if the whole army comes here to say "You betray your country, you go against the people," you can have a very peaceful coup d'état. (Laughter.) If [however] the National Assembly wants to postpone the election, then it must amend the Constitution. To do that it needs a two-thirds majority. If it does that I will not abide as President. Now as to the election, I say clearly, because it has a very particular character, it's an election of confidence or no-confidence. The way for people to express their will, if they do not like me, is to make the ticket illegal and irregular.

I take this opportunity to make an appeal for many observers to watch us when we count the ballots, so one can see Thieu, Thieu, Thieu, Thieu, mutilated, Thieu, Thieu, Thieu, blank, Thieu, Thieu, until we end the vote. The information center will provide them with helicopters, planes, cars, boats, anywhere, anytime.

Q. What would happen if you failed to get 50% of the vote?

A. Any candidate who respects himself cannot accept less than 50%. He would have to wash his face and go home. I can say that below 50% I'm ready to go. It's a matter of personal prestige.

Q. With the Americans withdrawing, what sort of continuing U.S. involvement do you want?

A. We have 1,100,000 men [under arms]. What we need is not more men but more equipment to cope with what we met in Laos—heavy artillery and tanks. I mention tactical air support, B-52s, helicopters. We do not expect

any participation of U.S. infantry troops by the end of 1972. What we need is technicians, advisers, maintenance people [for tasks] that we cannot do.

Q. What if President Nixon were to announce in November that the U.S. was withdrawing entirely by, say, next May?

A. It's not logical, because we cannot fight alone without the minimum of U.S. support. We need the U.S. Air Force, the fire power, the flexibility. This is the real situation of the Vietnamese forces. You know it's quite clear that the Communists will not leave us quiet. They are waiting for the last test with our forces after the American withdrawal. I'm ready for that. So I say maybe a peace settlement may come in 1973.

Q. Are you satisfied that people



THEU
Mutilated ballots.

ly even wryly suggested that Mme. Thieu had threatened suicide if her husband did not resign. The newspaper was promptly seized.

Saigon's political mood could best be described as tense but basically subdued, despite Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky's efforts to inject some life into it. General Duong Van Minh had dropped out. Ky was barred from the presidential race by South Viet Nam's Supreme Court, then given the go-ahead, but he dropped out anyway, protesting that the contest was rigged. Last week he again publicly called for Thieu's resignation. In place of the Oct. 3 balloting he suggested that he, as Vice President, take charge of South Viet Nam and organize new elections within 90 days. He pledged that he would not run. To nobody's surprise Thieu ignored the suggestion.

Between the public ploys and private power plays, the campaign at times seemed a Mad Hatter's version of due



KY
Muted threats.

around the country recognize you as having brought improvement to their lives?

A. Of that I'm very sure. Everyone in the countryside asked by me or others, "What is different about President Thieu?", answers, "Security, prosperity, these two things." They don't care about politics, the Senate, Congress. [They care about] security, freedom of movement, miracle rice, law, land reform, tractors, fertilizers.

Q. Will Minh and Ky be free to organize opposition to you?

A. During the campaign, everyone can speak out against me in every way. When General Minh was in exile, he told me he would like to come back to grow orchids and to be with his sons and grandsons. But I told him he could come, he could organize a political party, he could do anything. Now when he says if Thieu were reelected, maybe he would have to leave the country, I think he is a very narrow-minded man.

Q. Is there any difficulty in your

working in the same administration as Mr. Ky?

A. The last time we shook hands was on Armed Forces Day [June 19]. Can you conceive, he began to insult me one year ago? As a politician it's possible, but as a man, it's very different.

KY: A HINT OF FORCE

Vice President Ky spoke to *TIME* in the small study of his fortified mansion inside Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airbase. On a small end table was an autographed photo of Spiro Agnew. Only when the interview was over and he was showing his visitors out did Ky make his most disturbing statement: "In South Viet Nam, you know, the use of force is constitutional." He was pointing out that President Thieu had resorted to force in 1963 as part of the conspiracy that overthrew Ngo Dinh Diem. A repeat of this episode, Ky suggested, would not be impossible if Thieu continued to run for election unopposed.

Q. Do you foresee an upheaval in the country if President Thieu is re-elected in the election that is planned?

A. In the present situation, I think so. But if he is elected in a fair and honest election, then even with a minority of 30% or 35% we would accept him.

Q. Do you believe that you could not have conducted a fair campaign as things were organized?

A. You know exactly what happened when they put me on the ballot a second time. Mr. Thieu had used all kinds of maneuvers to eliminate me from the

race, hoping first that Minh would stay in the campaign. You know, one general told me recently that he was upset by the Thieu maneuvers. So he came down to Saigon and asked Mr. Thieu why he was doing this. And the President told the general he was afraid he would be a loser in a three-way race. That's what Thieu told his closest friend.

Q. Two weeks ago you reportedly said you would make an effort to get Mr. Thieu out of office. Was this a misinterpretation?

A. I recognize that a coup is possible. Until now I have always been against a coup. My statement was in answer to a correspondent's asking what I would do if Thieu tried to arrest me. If he did, I would have no choice.

Q. Do you get along with the President on a personal basis?

A. As you know, there are differences in our two personalities. I want to go very fast, but he wants to go very slow. The problem with him is he doesn't want competition. He is a kind of blind man who sees nothing after four years of power.

Q. Did Ambassador Bunker offer you a great deal of American money to stay in the presidential race?

A. I consider that those conversations I had with Ambassador Bunker are confidential. Many things about Viet Nam are unknown. Some day someone will tell the whole truth.

Q. Are you satisfied with Vietnamization to date and that ARVN has the ability to fight alone?

A. In some ways, yes, but we have to wait until the final confrontation with the Communists to see what the results will be. There is no doubt that we will have this when the Americans are gone. The Communists are waiting for that now.

Q. In mid-November President Nixon will announce the next phase of withdrawal. How would you like to see it accomplished?

A. I would prefer to have a fixed date of the American withdrawal. If the Vietnamese are lazy and indifferent it is because for years now—even though they are angry and afraid of the Communists—they have relied on American money and American sacrifices to protect them. A withdrawal date would provide a new motivation for our nationalists to unite and take action on their own. I said last year that I would like to see American withdrawal by the end of 1971. I still think that is the best time, but a few months' further delay would be acceptable to me.

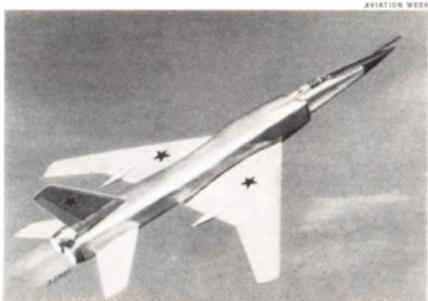
Q. Would you like to see continued American air support?

A. Yes, unless the U.S. Government accepts my proposal that they Vietnamize completely the Vietnamese Air Force. You must give us more modern weapons such as F-4 Phantoms and C-130 transports, because all that we have now are old, obsolete ones like A-37s—which are not good enough to fight the air force in the North. Really, they have more modern weapons than we have.

A Soviet Swinger

HERE was more than a little skepticism last spring when U.S. Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird announced that the Soviets "have a new swing-wing bomber under development" with "intercontinental range capability." Cynics pooh-poohed the "Big Swinger" as a propaganda ploy for the Air Force, which was trying to convince Congress that the U.S. should go ahead with the development of its own swing-wing supersonic bomber, the B-1. But the doubts have proved unjustified. The new Soviet strategic bomber, officially designated "Backfire" by NATO, has been spotted and tracked during a number of test flights from the Ramenskoye test center near Moscow. At the same time, intelligence sources report that the Soviets are well along in the design of the MIG-25 and MIG-27; they are potential successors to the MIG-23 "Foxbat," one of the most advanced fighters in the world.

The first swing-wing supersonic strategic bomber ever produced, Backfire is believed to have been designed by Andrei N. Tupolev, 82, who also developed the Soviet Union's TU-144 supersonic transport. Aerodynamicists believe that the 131-ft.-long, 250,000-lb. Backfire is made of stainless steel with titanium to resist the heat stress of supersonic flight, and has an airframe skin bonding (instead of riveting). The plane's wings are in a forward position for long-range cruising and are jackedknifed back about 40° for speeds of Mach 2.1 (about 1,400 m.p.h.) at 50,000 ft., or Mach 1 plus (760 m.p.h.) at 500 ft. Backfire is apparently crammed with sophisticated electronic aids to confuse radar tracking. Carrying a crew of three, the plane has an estimated payload of 50 megatons in weaponry, including parachute-dropped hy-



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF NEW BOMBER

drogen bombs. With one refueling, Backfire appears capable of striking the U.S. and returning home.

Backfire may be fully operational within two years. Though the U.S. is expected to maintain its lead in numbers of intercontinental bombers until 1975 or so, the B-1, designed to replace the subsonic B-52 at a cost of \$11 billion, will not be operational before 1978. Why bother with such costly mammoths in an age of intercontinental missiles? "The B-1 can go, and then be recalled, and you can't do that with missiles," says one Pentagon official. "You don't make an irrevocable commitment with an aircraft." Congress, nonetheless, has yet to be sold on that argument.

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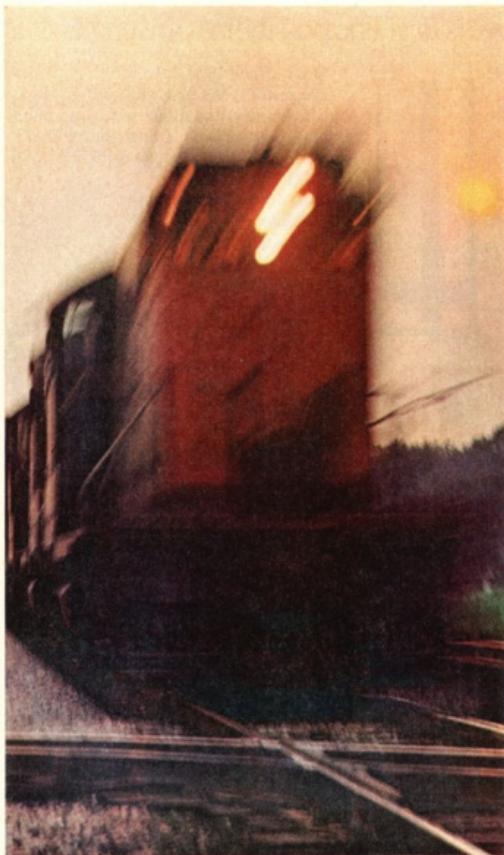
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AMRI (LEFT) EN ROUTE TO BEIRUT
No laughing matter.

YEMEN

Crossed Wires

Yemen's Major General Hassan Amri had long been noted for his sulfurous temper, and his desk-pounding rages frequently sent aides fleeing from his office in terror. But despite his reputation for headstrong, the gruff general, 48, had managed to become Premier of the primitive Arab nation no fewer than seven times since 1962, when nationalist forces supported by Egyptian troops overthrew the conservative Moslem imamate.* Now, however, Amri's temper has apparently cost a young Yemeni shopkeeper his life and Amri his job as Premier and commander in chief of the armed forces. It is unlikely that he will ever again hold high office in Yemen.

Fatal Mistake. The bizarre string of events that led to the general's downfall began one afternoon late last month when he picked up his phone and dialed his guards commander. Somehow the wires got crossed, and Amri broke into a conversation between Mohsen Harazi, who owned a small camera shop in the capital, San'a, and a friend. Thinking that he was talking to his military subordinate, Amri identified himself as the Premier. Harazi, thinking that his friend was playing a joke, laughed. One thing led to another, and soon the two were trading insults.

Amri, enraged by such impertinence, demanded identification, and Harazi made the fatal mistake of giving his name and address. Minutes later, soldiers poured into his shop and dragged

* Yemen is not to be confused with the neighboring People's Democratic Republic of Yemen, which was formed in 1967 from what had been the British protectorate of Aden. Prior to the 19th century, both nations formed part of what was then a loosely joined territory known as the Yemen.

him to general military headquarters. There, as Amri watched, guardsmen beat him with iron rods. Harazi pleaded for mercy to no avail. When the guardsmen refused Amri's order to kill Harazi, said reports from San'a, the Premier picked up a gun himself and shot the shopkeeper in the head.

Word of the summary execution quickly spread throughout Yemen. Harazi's family refused to bury him unless action were taken. President Abdul Rahman Iryani, a frequent rival of General Amri, reportedly wanted to try the general for murder. So did many members of Yemen's first elected legislature, the 159-member Shoura Council, which was installed last April. "Killing people like animals cannot be tolerated," declared Councillor Ali Saif Khali. Many of the legislators were still angered over Amri's strong-armed attempt to dissolve the legislature only the week before.

Flash of Temper. Amri's army friends succeeded in having him exiled instead, and a few days later the general turned up in Beirut with his twelve-year-old son. Sources who have seen him say that he seems subdued and regretful. But the old temper still flashes, and he was about to smash a Beirut photographer's camera at the mountain resort where he is staying when the Yemeni ambassador stepped in and cooled him off.

Though Amri insisted he was in Lebanon for "rest and medical treatment," President Iryani, whose own powers are greatly strengthened by the general's removal, promptly announced Amri's resignation as Premier and commander in chief. In the past, the wily strongman's usual tactic when opposed on one issue or another was to resign, repair to Beirut or Cairo for a few weeks, and await recall on his own terms. This time it looks doubtful that Amri will ever be invited back.

URUGUAY

The Tupamaros Tunnel Out

The break was executed with all the attention to detail and derring-do of a commando raid. Early one evening last week, two well-dressed young men called at the home of Billy Rial Castillo, 30, a Mormon missionary who lives across the street from Montevideo's Punta Carreta federal prison. "We are Tupamaros," said the men as they pulled out pistols and identified themselves as members of the urban guerrilla group that has served as a model for terrorists in many of the world's major cities. "We need this house for an operation." The operation was a massive jail break by 106 Tupamaros—self-styled Robin Hood revolutionaries who take their name from Tupac Amaru, an 18th century Inca chief who led a revolt against Spain.

The two intruders applied a medical stethoscope to the living-room floor; when they detected sounds below, they broke a hole in it. Next door, meanwhile, a Volkswagen van drew up and unloaded half a dozen more Tupamaros, who quickly commanded the house and lugged in a dozen or so suitcases filled with clothing, arms, false papers and money.

All Quiet. Equally thorough preparations were being made inside the prison by other Tupamaros, who were confined in cells on the third floor. These cells had already been clandestinely connected by chipping away the mortar so that bricks could be removed and replaced with ease. Holes had also been drilled in the end cells on each floor, allowing the Tupamaros to move from their third-floor cells to the second and first floors on makeshift ladders of blankets and wood. By the time the break took place, a tunnel had already been dug leading from a ground-floor cell and under the prison wall to the Rial house. Prison officials,

RIAL LIVING ROOM IN MONTEVIDEO WHERE ESCAPING TUPAMAROS EMERGED



who later discovered picks, shovels and heavy-duty drills, said that some of the dirt had been stored in pillowcases and mattresses. But most of the estimated ten tons of earth brought out from the 130-ft. tunnel (about 2 ft. high by 2 ft. wide) had been shoveled into an intersecting tunnel that was used for a 1931 prison break and never filled in. The guerrillas had even managed to rig a plastic and cardboard bellows to provide air to the diggers.

The first of the 111 escapees—the 106 guerrillas plus five other prisoners with no links to the Tupamaros—surfaced through the Rial living-room floor at 3 a.m. next day. They quickly changed into new clothes. Small signs directed them to the house next door, where they picked up arms and identification papers. An hour later, trucks whisked them away into the morning darkness. When Rial phoned the police to report the break, they said that "all is quiet" at the prison. When he phoned back, they grudgingly checked the cells and again insisted that all was normal. Not until a half-hour after Rial's first call did the guards finally discover that a truly monumental escape had taken place. Next day the prison director resigned.

Three days after the break, the Tupamaros distributed a bulletin in Montevideo. "A year ago, we started a battle for political prisoners," it read. Since then, there had been the mid-July escape of 38 Tupamaro women, and now the bigger break by the men. "It is due to these circumstances that we have decided to offer an amnesty to Mr. Geoffrey Jackson," the bulletin went on. "Keeping him in the People's Jail has no reason now." The next day, eight months and one day after being kidnapped as a hostage for the release of Tupamaro prisoners, Jackson, the British Ambassador to Uruguay, was released unharmed and apparently in good health on the outskirts of Montevideo. A day later, he was flown home to Great Britain. (The Tupamaros, however, still hold five Uruguayan businessmen as hostages.)

Broad Front. The daring escape and Jackson's release should go a long way toward refurbishing the guerrillas' reputation, which suffered severely last year when they brutally murdered U.S. Police Adviser Dan Mitrione. But the affair was acutely embarrassing to President Jorge Pacheco Areco, who has staked his campaign for November's national election on get-tough tactics, including press censorship and search and seizure without warrants.

Inflation (21% last year) and ineffective wage controls increasingly disenchanted the Uruguayan electorate. The Tupamaros' escape is expected to increase the popularity of a new coalition of leftist forces called the Frente Amplio (Broad Front), whose platform calls for land reform and nationalization of the banks. The Front is given only a slim chance of coming to power at this time, but its strength is growing steadily.

HISTORICAL NOTES

The Odyssey of Eva Perón

In her brief 33 years, Eva Perón traveled fast and far. The illegitimate daughter of a dirt farmer and a woman who ran a rooming house, she became the second wife of Argentine Dictator Juan Perón. With her expansive charity giveaways, Evita, as she was known to Argentina's adoring masses, became a cult figure—the "Queen of the *Descamisados*" (the shirtless ones).

Dignity. But Evita's travels in life were nothing compared to her travels in death. On the night of Dec. 22, 1955, her body vanished from Buenos Aires' central labor headquarters; it had been placed there after she died of cancer in 1952 while a glass-enclosed mausoleum was being made ready. Rumors had her body thrown into the River Plate by the regime that ousted Perón. There was one report that 25 leading citizens were each given a sealed coffin, sworn to secrecy and asked to bury it. Each of the 25 believed that he alone

THE PERÓNS IN LA PLATA (1950)



EVA'S BODY LYING IN STATE (1952)



had been entrusted with Evita's body.

The most persistent rumor was that Evita's body had been shipped to Rome disguised as that of a nun and buried in a cemetery there. As it turned out, that story came closest to the truth. The Argentine ambassador to Spain announced two weeks ago that Eva Perón's body had been transferred from Italy and returned, as an act of "Christian dignity," to Juan Perón, now 75 and living in exile in Spain with his third wife. The transfer was reportedly part of a political accommodation between the Peronists, who are still the most vociferous political force in Argentina, and the military regime of General Alejandro Lanusse.

The story was pieced together from various sources last week. It appears that Evita's body arrived in Milan on May 17, 1957, accompanied by Giuseppina Airolidi, a lay sister of the Company of St. Paul. Signora Airolidi believed the body to be that of an Italian woman who had died in Argentina—Maria Maggi, widow of Luigi De Magistris. The body was buried in Lot 86, Garden 41, in Milan's Musocco Cemetery.

The next chapter in Evita's posthumous peregrinations began 14 years later. Last month a man calling himself Carlos Maggi, "brother" of the fictitious Maria, received permission for the exhumation and transport of Maria Maggi's remains to Madrid. The coffin's wooden casing was found to be rotting, but the coffin itself, reportedly of silver with a glass window showing the woman's face, was in excellent condition. So was the corpse. After Evita's death, Perón paid the famed Spanish pathologist Pedro Ara \$100,000 to embalm her body the way the Russians had embalmed the remains of Lenin and Stalin. According to one witness, "the body was so natural that it looked like Evita was only asleep."

Return. After paying a Milan funeral firm \$1,280 in cash to transport the body to Spain, "Carlos Maggi" took his seat beside the funeral-van driver for the trip to Perón's closely guarded house in a swank section on the outskirts of Madrid.

Juan Perón has vowed that Eva will one day return to Argentina. Lanusse, who seized power in a coup six months ago, has said that Perón is welcome to come back. Political sources note, however, that there are still a lot of Argentines who would like to see the old dictator dead. The experts are betting that Perón will not return—not even to bring his beloved Evita home.

The Bormann Enigma

Despite his penchant for secrecy, aliases and bulletproof cars, and his aversion to photographers and public appearances, his notoriety as a superspy has always made General Reinhard Gehlen a controversial figure. As head of German military intelligence on the Eastern Front during World War II,

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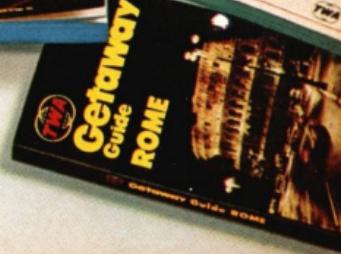
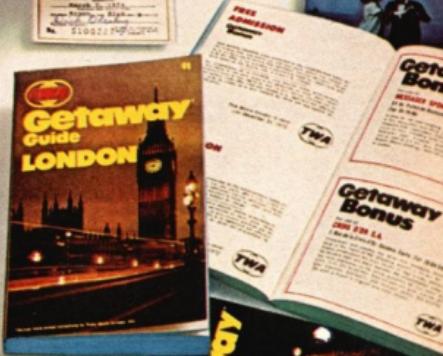
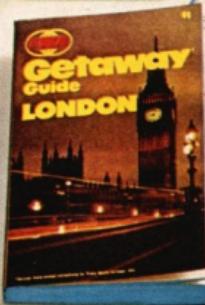
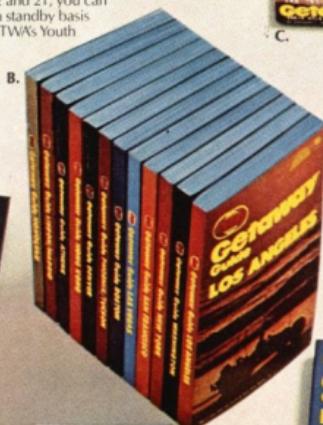
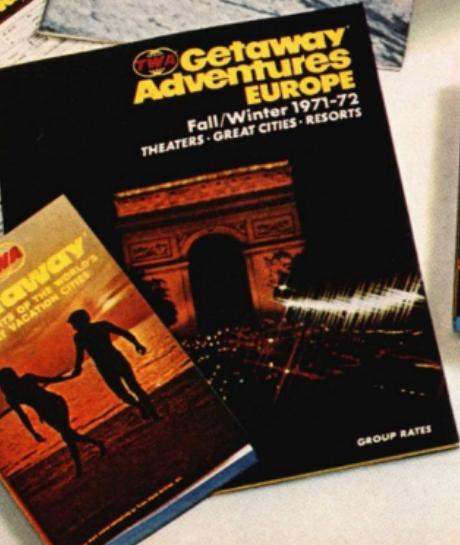
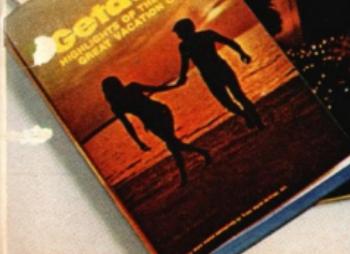
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Gehlen so infuriated Hitler with his precise predictions of Soviet victories that der Führer ordered him sent to an insane asylum. Instead, he fled to the Bavarian Alps, and later made a deal with the invading Americans: 50 cases of secret data on the Red Army in return for U.S. financial and political backing for what became Bonn's post-war espionage organization, the BND (*Bundesnachrichtendienst*). An obsessive anti-Communist, Gehlen helped plot some of the crucial undercover moves of the cold war. But the shadowy chief of German intelligence was forced into retirement at the age of 66 in 1968, partly because two of his aides were found to be Soviet double agents. Now Gehlen has again stirred up a controversy —this time with his forthcoming memoirs, *Der Dienst* (The Service).

Hated and Feared. The book is said to have brought \$175,000 for its serialization, starting last week in the West German newspaper *Die Welt*, and over \$500,000 has reportedly been bid by a group of book publishers led by the World Publishing Co. in New York. Gehlen claims to have known about the Berlin Wall before it went up, to have been aware of plans for the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia before it occurred, and to have correctly predicted the outbreak of the Arab-Israeli war of 1967. Perhaps his most startling assertion is that missing Nazi War Criminal Martin Bormann was really a Soviet agent who died in the Soviet Union less than three years ago.

A more shadowy figure than Gehlen himself, *Reichsleiter* (National Leader) Bormann rose from an obscure fund raiser for the Nazi Party to become the second most powerful official of the Third Reich. The short, stocky Bormann was Secretary to the Führer, Director of the Party Chancellery, and one of the most hated and feared men in Hitler's Germany.

After he replaced Deputy Führer Rudolf Hess in 1941, he exercised virtual control over everyone Hitler saw and everything Hitler read. As executor of Hitler's estate, he was the first to enter the room in the *Führerbunker* after Hitler's suicide. Turning the government over to Grand Admiral Karl Dönitz, Bormann fled the bunker on the night of May 1, 1945, in an attempt to slip through the tightening Soviet ring of tanks and troops only 300 yards away. Somewhere between the bunker and Friedrichstrasse Station, Martin Bormann vanished.

Mountain Hideout. It is here that the mystery surrounding Bormann begins. At the 1945-46 Nuremberg trials, when Bormann was sentenced to death in *absentia* for his war crimes, two men claimed that he died on the night of May 1 before reaching the Friedrichstrasse Station. But his corpse was never found, and four weeks later his voice was reportedly heard over a secret radio station in Stockholm, triggering rumors that have not yet ceased.

Since January 1946, there have been reports of sightings of Bormann from a dozen or more countries. In 1954 he was officially declared dead by a West German court, but in 1964 the War Crimes Office in Frankfurt, obviously convinced he was still alive, posted a \$28,000 reward for Bormann's capture. Meanwhile, Nazi Hunter Simon Wiesenthal claimed in *The Murderers Among Us* that Hitler's deputy had been smuggled out of Germany to South America by the Nazi underground escape organization. Wiesenthal said that on several occasions Bormann was seen nightclubbing with "the Mad Doctor of Auschwitz," Josef Mengele, who is now hiding in the jungles of Paraguay. Later, according to Wiesenthal, Bormann set up a colony of ex-Nazis in Argentina near the mountain town of Bariloche, where he remains today at the age of 71, well protected by thugs and armed guards.

High-Level Leak. What, then, of Gehlen's allegations in *Die Welt* that Hitler's alter ego was a Soviet agent, rescued that fateful night in 1945 by Red Army soldiers and whisked off to the U.S.S.R. to continue his anti-German work? It is an established fact that there was a high-level leak of Nazi secrets to the Soviets. According to the first installment of Gehlen's memoirs, both he and his *Ahwehr* (Army counter-intelligence) superior, Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, "came to the conviction that the Soviets must have at their disposal a well-informed intelligence source at the top of the German leadership," and that this source was Bormann. Gehlen says that he received two dependable reports in the 1950s that "Martin Bormann lived perfectly covered and protected in the Soviet Union" after the war and later information that he had died there. But Gehlen's first installment provides sparse proof for his allegations.

Hitler's successor, Admiral Dönitz, now 80, called the Gehlen theory "complete nonsense." Tass described it as a "fabrication" aimed at disrupting attempts for an East-West *détente* in Europe. Certainly the manuscript, which contains a detailed analysis of Soviet political and military goals for the next two decades and calls for a parallel buildup of Western military strength, can only be welcomed by foes of Chancellor Willy Brandt's *Östpolitik*. That would include *Die Welt* Owner Axel Springer, whose criticism of the Brandt government borders on frenzy. Gehlen's memoirs could also be an over dramatized effort at self-justification.

For all that, there is at least some

support for Gehlen's astonishing thesis. A 1947 book called *Who Killed Hitler?* states: "Russian intelligence reported Bormann under arrest, a prisoner of the Red Army in the Berlin area in early July 1945—two months after Berlin's capture!" An International News Service story in 1950 quotes Wilhelm Hoettl, a Nazi secret service expert, as saying that Bormann and other former German officials were running a bureau in the U.S.S.R. to "reorganize Germany, East and West, along the lines of a people's democracy."

Cornelius Ryan, author of *The Last Battle*, said in a 1966 interview that a German general "told me he once had a secret meeting with Hitler, with Bor-



MARTIN BORMANN



REINHARD GEHLEN

Shadowy revelations.

mann the only other man present. Hitler gave orders about a change in command on the Eastern Front. Within two hours the Russian radio broadcast the names of the generals who would be replaced, who would take over, and specific details on new strategy."

Skeptics and Questioners. Top Allied intelligence sources in Germany are skeptical. They wonder why Gehlen did not turn over the information he had to the West German government, if he indeed had real evidence Bormann was a Soviet spy. The War Crimes Office in Frankfurt has announced that once the book is published, it will call Gehlen in for questioning, particularly since his intelligence agency was never able to unearth any clues to Bormann's whereabouts. Bonn officials are also studying the possibility that Gehlen may have broken the law by not making evidence in his possession available to the government.



THE NIXONS & MAMIE EISENHOWER IN PRESIDENTIAL BOX



HENRY GROSSMAN

Grand Night in a Superbunker

IT was a gathering of the clan, an assemblage of notables, a concatenation of critics, a precipitation of principals and, altogether, the grandest night in the recent history of Washington, D.C. At long last, the capital of the richest country on the planet had a cultural showcase of its very own. Costing nearly \$70 million, the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts contains not only an opera house, but a theater, a concert hall and a gargantuan promenade longer than two football fields laid end to end. It had to be seen, if not admired, to be believed.

Everyone came to see and to be seen. All the celebrities sat in their appointed places, reaping their expected applause as they entered. Onstage was a production by America's most flamboyant serious musician, Leonard Bernstein, who had written *Mass* and equipped the liturgy with a bold array of theatrical trimmings (see Music). But the audience was almost as big a show.

Naturally there were oodles of Kennedys. Eunice Kennedy Shriver looked ladylike in cerise taffeta by Cardin. Joon Kennedy, the wife of Senator Edward Kennedy, swirled by in lavender crepe slit to the tops of her thighs. But sitting two rows in front of Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy was an unlikely figure: an Australian girl in T shirt, blue jeans and bare feet. Having come to stare, she had been given a ticket by an unknown man. "Are you staying?" asked a bystander. "My God, yes!" she gasped, then padded dazedly to her choice seat.

Doyenne of the Kennedys and the undisputed star of the opening night was Rose Kennedy, at 81 looking incredibly youthful, the closest thing to a Queen Mother that the U.S. offers. Glamor-

ously Givenchier, she sat beside Composer Bernstein while Edward Kennedy, Composer Aaron Copland and Washington Mayor Walter Washington provided background. For human interest there was Mrs. Walter Washington in a wheelchair and a hip-high cast, refusing to let a pulled ligament interfere with her fun.

Rose Kennedy admitted in her husky voice that she had walked right by Sculptor Robert Berks' imposing bust of the late President without noticing it. "I've seen it before and found it very moving, but to be perfectly frank, I didn't look at it tonight." Bernstein's unconventional ways with the *Mass* upset some people, but not Mother Rose, who has been through too much travail to make stern judgments. "Jack would have loved it," she said. "It's the great expression of hope that is important. In spite of Jack's discouragement, he always had the idea that things would be all right if there was enough time." As the crush grew greater, Mrs. Kennedy

asked where she should go. "Follow me, Mother," said Senator Edward. "I'll take good care of you."

Notably absent was the former First Lady, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, who had talked Bernstein into composing the opening *Mass*. With typical Jacqueline unpredictability, she first promised to appear, then reneged. She was reported sunning on her private Greek isle. But up until curtain time, rumors still flew that she might show up after all. Pestered beyond endurance by reporters, Roger L. Stevens, board chairman of the Center, finally declared, "She's not coming. If she were, every photographer would have followed her every step of the way."

All night, emotions ran high. Tears and cheers for the music made for a loud, if damp, ovation. At the end of the première, Bernstein wept helplessly as the audience thundered its applause, then launched into a marathon kiss of kissing everyone in reach. "May I kiss you one more time?" he asked Rose Kennedy. Said Rose gently, "I think it will ruin my makeup." Tact may have accounted for some of the praise, but in the case of 87-year-old Alice Roosevelt Longworth, daughter of Theodore Roosevelt and one of Washington's more outspoken oldtimers, tact was beside the point. "I liked *Hair* better," said Alice.

The building also came in for some deservedly devastating comments. At Tuesday's preview, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey had declared: "It has class, dignity. I love it." But many disagreed with Humphrey. New York Times Architectural Critic Ada Louise Huxtable called the building a "superbunker. One more like this and the city will sink. The corridors would be great for drag racing."

Kisses and tears out of the way, along with the *Mass*, it became President Richard Nixon's show the next night, when the Concert Hall—a far more tasteful room—opened with a performance by Conductor Antal Dorati and the city's National Symphony. The Nixons' guest was Mamie Eisenhower, who got a standing ovation from the audience—though probably few remembered that it was President Dwight D. Eisenhower, not J.F.K., who gave the Center its first impetus back in 1958 by pushing legislation through Congress.

Another guest had more to muse on than most: Contralto Marian Anderson. In 1939, she had been refused permission by the Daughters of the American Revolution to sing in Constitution Hall because she is black. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt resigned from the D.A.R., and Anderson sang instead on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. Last week, Miss Anderson sat in the presidential box.



BRONZE HEAD OF J.F.K.

HENRY GROSSMAN

An audience of 2,200 awaits Leonard Bernstein's *Mass*, opening the opera house in Washington's Kennedy Center.

HENRY GROSSMAN



KEN REGAN—CAMERA 5



Mrs. Rose Kennedy arrives, attended by Senator Ted Kennedy.

KEN REGAN—CAMERA 5



Teddy's wife, Joan, in slit purple dress.

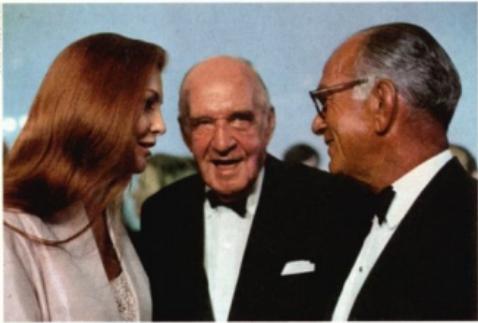
KEN REGAN—CAMERA 5

DON CARL STEFFEN



Composer Leonard Bernstein at opening: with Choreographer Alvin Ailey; with Actor Jonathan Gram; with friend; with friend.

JOHN NEUBAUER



Architect Stone chats with Senator William Fulbright.

KEN REGAN—CAMERA 5



Henry Kissinger escorts CBS Associate Producer Margaret Osmar.



Long robe envelops Perle Mesta.



Washington's Mayor Walter Washington with Alice Roosevelt Longworth.



Soloist Lee Hooper; with Alan Titus, the Celebrant-Hero of the Mass; and thanking Conductor Maurice Peress.



Sargent Shriver and son.

Bobby Kennedy Jr. and his mother, Ethel.



MUSIC

A Mass for Everyone, Maybe

RIIGHT from the Sunday afternoon back in 1943 when he replaced an ailing Bruno Walter, and became one of the youngest men ever to conduct the New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein has been marked with the kind of golden-boy potential that novel and film heroes so often display. By and large over the years, he has fulfilled his promise handsomely. He is without doubt the U.S.'s finest native-born conductor. As a man of music, he has always radiated a special charm and authority in making the worlds of the classics and pop complement each other. As a composer, he is above all versatile; if his *Kaddish Symphony* (1963) was something less than a masterpiece, his *West Side Story* (1957) was that and more—a turning point in the history of musical comedy. All these things combined to make Bernstein an exciting choice to write the commemorative work for the memorial opening of Washington's John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts last week.

It was a moment when pop culture, nourished by everything from hard rock to Prufrock, stood on a tiptoe of expectation. Could the eclectic age—borrowing everywhere from the Bible to *Porgy and Bess*, from Beethoven to the world of *Hair*, from the symbolic body and blood of Christ to sheerest humanism—shape an enduring musical tribute to human failure and aspiration, to divine inspiration and its loss?

Ironic Counterpoint. Clearly nothing less than that was Leonard Bernstein's high intention. And with *Mass*—subtitled “a theater piece for singers, players and dancers”—he rose to an auspicious occasion and splendid circumstances: a new national opera house, an audience ready to assume that anything that works at all is a masterpiece. A cast of 23 skilled dancers, 40 musicians onstage, 40 more in the pit, two choruses, assorted soloists, the best in lights, costumes, alarms and excursions that money could buy. The result, in some ways, was both too much and not enough. *Mass* is a jumble of literal and symbolic meanings, a contrived happening with pretentious overtones, a non-play ‘about a non-Mass. In fact, what Bernstein created,

perhaps unwittingly, is an upside down atomic-age *Everyman* in which the medieval morality play's message (man the hopeless, fleshly sinner, whose soul may yet be redeemed by Christ's Passion) degenerates into a kind of soupy, sentimental *Brüderlichkeit*.

The work takes its form from the Catholic Mass, the Kyrie eleison, the Gloria, the Credo, the Sanctus and the Agnus Dei. As more or less ironic counterpoint, a populist band of sinners and dancers variously sing, intone or howl doubts and questions in a melange of musical styles and pop-lyric words by Bernstein and Stephen Schwartz, the 23-year-old creator of *Godspell*, the musical version of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. The dramatic climax of the work is the disruption of the Mass. It also involves the spiritual shattering of a young man who begins as a simple guitarist and gradually becomes a priestly celebrant by receiving various sacred vestments—just as the church itself gradually acquired more and more trappings of ritual. Eventually, when he attempts to offer the mob Holy Communion, the symbolic body and blood of Christ, they cry out, “*Dona nobis pacem* [Give us peace]!” and blame God because man has not abolished war on earth: “Give us peace that we don't keep breaking.”

Finally the celebrant, too, is overcome by doubt. He strips off his priestly garb, smashes the holy vessels, and dances madly on the altar like a curate on a bad LSD trip. As he lashes out and people look at him, he shouts angrily, “What are you staring at? Haven't you ever seen an accident?” But his inner state has been defined earlier when he sings: “My spirit falters on decaying altars and my illusions fail.” Bernstein's own idea of Communion is achieved at the finale when the entire cast begins to exchange embraces and kisses of peace, and boy sopranos stroll into the auditorium, shake hands with the aisle sitters and whisper, “Pass it on.”

Puff and Pretensions. The expressed notion that religious ritual is empty because the world still behaves as if it were pretty much the devil's province, that because man has failed on earth God has failed too is common enough. According to individual taste, one can greet it with a hosannah, a *miserere nobis* or a *sancta simplicitas*. Bernstein, after all, is an artist and entertainer, not a theologian. But even his stagecraft, his taste and his music, despite many delights and flourishes, reflect a basic confusion.

As a work of faith or art, though, *Mass* is catchy rather than compelling, weakest when it should be strongest—that is, at those moments when the

Scenes from Bernstein's *Mass*: above, surrounded by chorus and musicians, a crowd of singers and dancers swarm over the high altar.

Left, the richly clad celebrant (played by Alan Titus) pauses during the *Mass*, circled by posturing acolytes.

Sampling the Lyrics

Half of the people are stoned
And the other half are waiting
for the next election
Half the people are drowned
And the other half are swimming in
the wrong direction.

They call it Glorious Living
They call it Glorious Living
And baby, where does that leave you?
You and your kind—

Miserere Nobis
You and your youth and your mind
Nowhere, Nowhere, Nowhere

For the Word
for the Word was at the birth
of the beginning
It made the Heavens and the Earth
and set them spinning.
And for several million years
It's withstood all our forums
and bad ideas ...

There are people who doubt it.
There are people who doubt it
and shout it out loud,
There are local vocal yokels
who we know collect a crowd.
They can fashion a rebuttal
that's as subtle as a sword,
But they're never gonna scuttle
the Word of the Lord.

God made us the boss
God gave us the cross
We turned it into a sword
To spread the word of the Lord
We use His Holy decrees
To do whatever we please, Yeah!

I don't know why
I should live
If only to die
Well, I'm not gonna buy it!
I'll never say credo
How can anybody say credo?
I want to say credo.

We've got quarrels and qualms
and such questions,
Give us answers, not psalms
and suggestions.
Give us peace that we don't
keep on breaking.
Give us something or we'll just
start taking!

Dona nobis Dona nobis
We're fed up with your
heavenly silence,
And we only get action
with violence ...

I feel every psalm that
I've ever sung
Turn to wormwood,
Wormwood on my tongue.

I see every wish that
I meant to save
Wilt like roses,
Roses on my grave.
And I wonder,
Oh, I wonder,
Was I ever really brave?

proceedings are meant to be at their most serious. It is significant that when, at one point on opening night, the celebrant lifted his arms and intoned, "Let us lift up our hearts and pray," a handful of the spectators rose and bowed their heads. Everyone else remained seated, not sure how serious or how literal a consecration of the Kennedy Center was intended.

Bernstein is not Bernstein for nothing, however. Beneath its puff and serious pretensions, *Mass* is often a diverting and provocative entertainment. The assortment of musical styles it uses—rock beats, sweet jazz, ballads, brassy marches, hymns and vampy blues, twelve-tone rows, delicate woodwind quintets, faint echoes of Stravinsky, loud echoes of Orff—has great appeal that largely deserved to take the first-night audience by sentimental storm, as it did. Appropriately enough, *Mass* also proved a splendid celebration of various performing arts. Baritone Alan Titus, 25, who played the self-defrocked priest, capped a fine evening of singing and acting with a 16-minute "mad"

scene that any veteran Lucia might envy. The conductor was Maurice Peress, 41, a Bernstein protégé, who is music director of the Corpus Christi and Austin symphonies. Peress inspired and controlled his multimelodic forces like a general conducting split-second land, sea and air operations. The Alvin Ailey dancers were sweetly sinful, or sinuously despairing, as occasion demanded. They cavorted through some majestically evil blues during one of the show's most vibrating moments, a fine Bernstein/Schwartz parody of a Gospel sermon on the creation, which rises to a crescendo of syncopated cynicism as it satirizes man's use of religion to justify poverty and exploitation: "God said it's good to be poor . . . So if we steal from you/It's just to help you stay pure."

There is a long musical and theatrical precedent to modifying the Mass for concert purposes, and even interjecting dancers and performers into it. Saint-Saëns's and Gounod's Masses often ring more true to the stage than the chancel, and Verdi's *Requiem* is no-

tably operatic in style. These days, of course, just about anything can and does go, from the Congolese *Massa Lubia* to Joe Master's *Jazz Mass to Jesus Christ Superstar* and that devout nun who danced by the altar during a service in California a few years back (TIME, May 17, 1968). Bernstein's conception is therefore far less innovative than it seems. Yet he deserves credit for launching a near multimedia creation on an inaugural program before official Washington, which would, no doubt, have gladly accepted a somewhat more piously familiar work.

The same is true of allusions to the Berrigan brothers ("This is the gospel I preach . . . Yea, even unto imprisonment"), the virtues of draft evasion and pacifism ("And everyone who hates his brother is a murderer"). Such signs of radicalism are now more or less conventional, not to say chic. So is Bernstein's inclusion of so many black and white players on a Washington stage and his ecumenical use of Hebrew prayers. (When it first became known that Bernstein would do the Mass, New

Bernstein Talks About His Work

Several days after the great moment, Leonard Bernstein was sick in bed in his Washington hotel suite. He looked gaunt, and was exhausted from more than a year's work on the Mass in places as far-flung as Montauk, Tel Aviv and Vienna, and by a final bout of rehearsing that over the past few months has permitted him only three hours' sleep a night. Disappointed but not discouraged by the critical reception of his Mass, Bernstein was overwhelmed by the passionate response he felt it had stirred among the audience in general. On this and other topics he spoke to TIME Reporter-Researcher Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov, displaying an extraordinary enthusiasm for his own work.

ON THE THEME AND ITS EFFECT: The celebrant represents what in every person allows him to live, to go from day to day, which is the capacity to believe. That is what is destroyed along with the order of the Mass and the vessels of Communion. Then there is the long silence. Everyone in that silence has to look inside himself, and find in himself that spark of God. Not in any icon or symbol or trappings of religion but inside. Only when he finds that can he begin to relate to another person, then to a group, ultimately to society. And this is the miracle I saw take place: the waves of tenderness, these waves of touching and embracing, began to spread from the stage to the house, until they



passed through the whole audience and then even out into the street. I saw people embracing strangers on the street—cops, just ordinary people.

ON HOW HE CONCEIVES THE WORK: It is as though you are attending a Mass, or participating in it or just listening to it, and as it goes along simultaneously there are thoughts, reactions, objections, questions, doubts, emotions engendered by the liturgy itself. The Mass is constantly interrupted by these thoughts: "Wait a minute! Just hold it for a second! I have a question about that, or I do not believe that." All these interruptive thoughts are actually prayers in themselves. No matter how violent they are, no matter how angry they are, they are prayers born of an immense desire to believe, which is in conflict with the in-

ability to go along blindly with it. It is a prayer. It is wanting to believe.

ON WHETHER THE MASS IS RELIGIOUSLY OFFENSIVE: A lot of the Mass is about failure, about the fact that we have come to this extraordinary point of evolution and yet we are still killing one another officially, which is an enormous failure of the human race. And it is one of the main things we have to confess in the Mass. I have been interested in Catholicism since I was very young, and I learned a lot from my wife, who was brought up a Catholic. I was naturally very eager not to offend the Catholics or the Kennedys, and yet there was pretty violent stuff. You see, I have not written a Mass. I have written a theater piece about a Mass. It cannot be performed in a church as a Mass. Yet it is still a deeply religious work. The Communion we give is the kiss of peace, which was a feature of the early Christian Mass. Catholics who heard it have told me it was one of the deepest experiences they ever had.

I cannot judge this work. I am much too close to it. All I know is that it is both a theater work and a religious work. It is and is not a Mass. It is and is not a pageant. It is and is not a show. It is without precedent. It is a piece I have been writing all my life, and everything I have written before was in some way a rehearsal for it.

ON MUSIC CRITICS: You see, I do not write or conduct for critics. Of course, it used to bother me—anybody would be bothered who is attacked week after week. I do not know why it is that I am such a natural target for these people. It must be hell on wheels to be forced to produce readable copy that is provocative, and probably nasty, because who wants to read a dull review?



PRIEST ABOUT TO SMASH SACRAMENTS
Shedding the trappings of ritual.

York wits remarked: "What'll he call it? *The Mitzvah Solemnis?*"

Still, the new Kennedy building may evolve into the equivalent of a national center for the performing arts and exert influence on programs and standards round the country. The flair Bernstein displayed, his musical reach and richness, should loosen things up for the future and set an ambitious precedent for the serious musical stage.

Ironically, the one institutional question left unanswered by opening night was how the opera house sounded. As proved by the \$3,000,000 already spent to improve Philharmonic Hall at New York City's Lincoln Center, acoustics can involve the pocketbook as much as the ear. *Mass* proved nothing about the opera house, since Bernstein relied heavily on amplification—body mikes for most of the soloists, hand mikes for the rock singer, floor mikes to pick up the dialogue. But as the week rolled on, it became apparent that the Kennedy Center sounded infinitely better than it looked.

With President Nixon in attendance, Conductor Antal Dorati and the National Symphony Orchestra went through a program of Beethoven, Mozart, Stravinsky and William Schuman that filled the center's concert hall with rich, vibrant and joyously reverberant highs, lows and middles. The opera house's acoustical turn came on Friday, with the premiere of *Beatrix Cenci* by Argentinian Master Alberto Ginastera. It was produced by

the Opera Society of Washington. Brutal and bloody, the work runs a full gamut of orchestral and vocal sound. It proved beyond doubt that the opera house is one of the best-sounding auditoriums in the U.S.

In more ways than acoustics, *Beatrix Cenci* was a remarkable climax to a successful inaugural week. When it comes to piling horror on horror, Ginastera outclasses anyone now writing for the operatic stage. *Beatrix Cenci* can best be described as Renaissance Gothic. Based partly on history, partly on the Shelley tragedy, it tells how a young Roman noblewoman (Soprano Arlene Saunders) is seduced by her choleric, morally corrupt, father, Count Francesco Cenci (Bass-Baritone Justino Diaz), then revenges herself by arranging his murder. In the end, she is found out, tortured on the rack, beheaded. Not a libretto to every composer's taste, naturally, but just the thing for the savage, harshly dissonant musical style already familiar from Ginastera's equally grim *Don Rodrigo* and *Bomarzo*.

Vacant Eyeballs. The composer's champion in the U.S. is Julius Rudel, who has conducted both *Rodrigo* and *Bomarzo* as director of the New York City Opera. Now music director of the Kennedy Center as well, he conducted the *Cenci*, and was uncommonly adroit in defining the multiple layers of orchestral sound with which Ginastera's score seeks to suggest, say, the schizophrenic, as he explores the passions and fears of one of his characters. But that was nothing compared with the multiple-screen images—slides and film of doomed faces, vacant eyeballs, writhing bodies, running women—that delved into the past, present and future like a Bergman movie gone berserk.

Washington has ceased to be part of the musical provinces.

■ William Bender



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MODERN LIVING

Put On a Colorful Face

With her bright red lips, flashing fire-engine fingernails and dramatically mascaraed eyes, the woman of '71 looks like Marilyn Monroe of the '50s, Rita Hayworth of the '40s, Marlene Dietrich of the '30s or even Theda Bara of the '20s. Anybody, that is, but the so-called natural-looking woman of the '60s. The cosmetics makers and the fashion magazines have passed the word: the natural, no-makeup look is a bore. Flashy cosmetic colors are back.

Deep Colors. The experts do not phrase it precisely that way. "I would use the words deeper and more vibrant to describe the look," says the beauty editor of one of the leading fashion magazines. "It involves the forthright use of makeup and more colors." The house of Estée Lauder, which first introduced what it calls the "civilized look" in 1969 and has heavily advertised it ever since, heralds it as "the return to real makeup." Revlon followed with deep brown cream rouges and nail lacquers in startling shades, from brown and purple to bright red, a color not seen on fashionable women since the '50s.

People in the cosmetics business claim, however, that the new hues have little to do with those of the '40s or '50s. The new colors, they maintain, are so so-



GLORIA SWANSON (1928) & MODEL WITH THE NEW MAKEUP

Plums and raisins for the flashy face.

plicated that it is now possible to have a mulled russet eye shadow, a Dubonnet-toned rouge and a nail polish that falls somewhere between brown and mauve. Red lipstick in the '40s tended to be blue-red and caky in consistency; the '70s red is clear and guaranteed not to cake. So wide is the range of colors she has before her, a woman can now be her own Gauguin when she dabs away in front of her cosmetics mirror.

That range, in fact, has sent the manufacturers into an orgy of name giving. Charles Revson has come up with such goodies as Baby Biscuit and Raisins for his Eterea line. Estée Lauder has picked Coffee Brandy and Ginger Brandy for her nail polishes and Ripe Plum for

her blushers. On the theory that a French phrase or two is equally intoxicating, Christian Dior has countered with Chataigne Doré eye shadow and Brume de Rose lipstick.

Basic Black. The return to classic clothes is giving added impetus to the rush toward the "more sophisticated" look. Longer skirts, heavier fabrics and the once again popular basic black demand an accenting feature, and this season it will be a colorful face. No firm seems more confident of that trend than London's Biba Cosmetics, which already is selling lipsticks in Prune and Magenta shades. This fall, Biba will add to its lipstick line two colors that are bound to make men happy to see red: Matisse Green and Royal Blue.

Stretch Pants with a Sole

ATEST addition to the female wardrobe: the Pan-T-Boot. It's guaranteed to reduce both the dimensions and dressing time of the American woman because it is girdle, stretch pants, hosiery and shoes all rolled into one.

Made from a lightweight knit fabric similar to that used in swimsuits, Pan-T-Boot is actually an extraheavy pair of panty hose with soles and heels attached. It was conceived by Suzanne Garfield, 33, daughter of a California millionaire drug-chain owner, after she found that her fabric boots wrinkled and sagged around her ankles while she was dancing. With her brother Gil, 37, she whacked away at a pair of tights and some oversized boots, spliced the two with pins and clips and, after a week of adjustment here and there, sewed them together.

The creation was snapped up by Brown Shoe Company of St. Louis, which spent a year and a half testing it on 400 of its own employees. Introduced last month, Pan-T-Boots quickly sold out in New York, San Francisco and St. Louis.

When mass distribution begins late this month, Pan-T-Boots will be available in eight solid colors and three prints (stars, fruit and florals) and will sell for between \$22 and \$27 a pair. A more formal version, with rhinestone-studded heels, will retail for between \$65 and \$70.

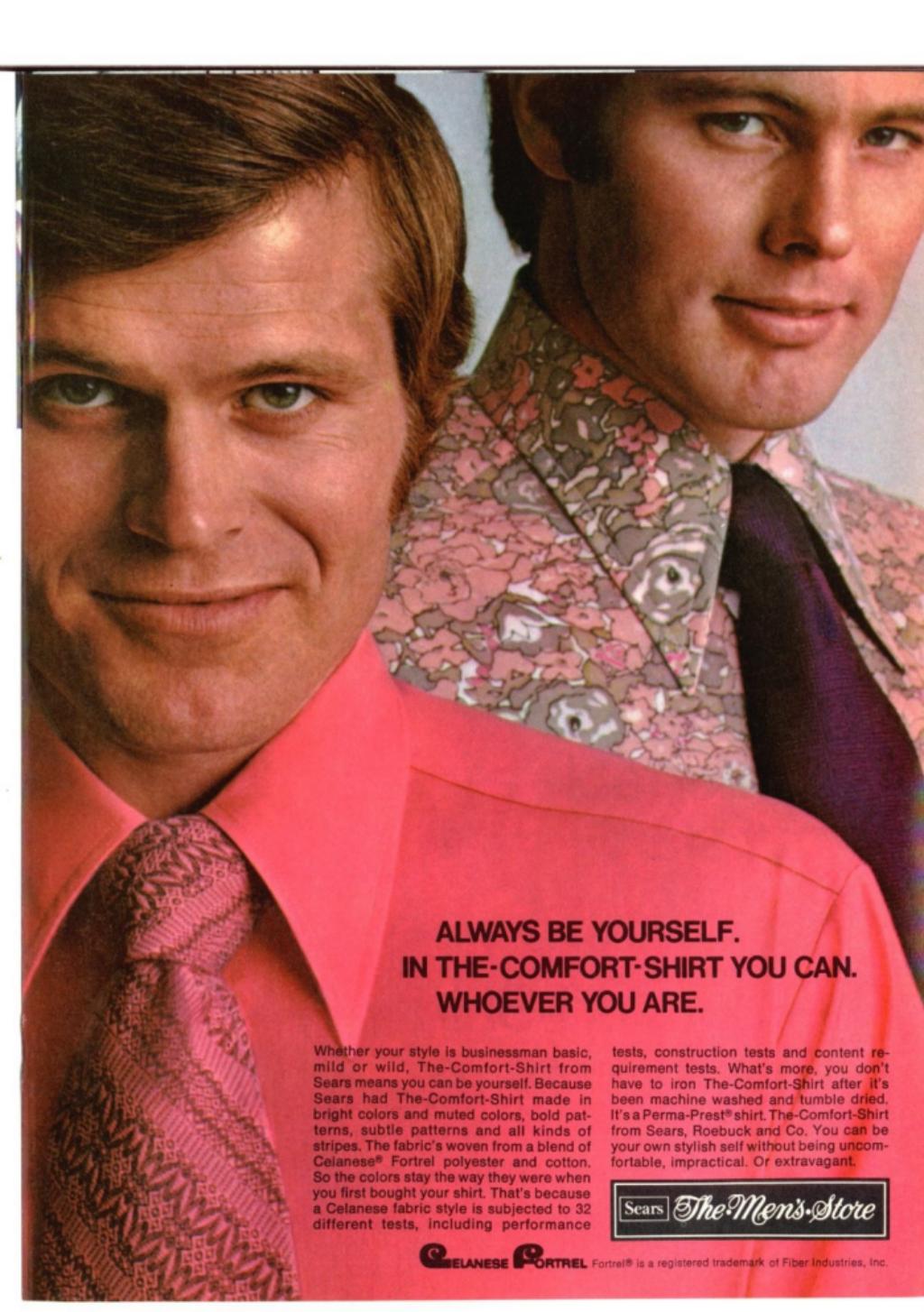


FLORAL-PATTERNED PAN-T-BOOTS

SOLID-COLOR VERSIONS



ESTERINE WENTZ

A close-up photograph of two men. The man in the foreground is smiling warmly at the camera, wearing a bright pink shirt. The man in the background is partially visible, looking slightly away with a more serious expression, wearing a shirt with a large, colorful floral or paisley pattern.

ALWAYS BE YOURSELF.
IN THE-COMFORT-SHIRT YOU CAN.
WHOEVER YOU ARE.

Whether your style is businessman basic, mild or wild, The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears means you can be yourself. Because Sears had The-Comfort-Shirt made in bright colors and muted colors, bold patterns, subtle patterns and all kinds of stripes. The fabric's woven from a blend of Celanese® Fortrel polyester and cotton. So the colors stay the way they were when you first bought your shirt. That's because a Celanese fabric style is subjected to 32 different tests, including performance

tests, construction tests and content requirement tests. What's more, you don't have to iron The-Comfort-Shirt after it's been machine washed and tumble dried. It's a Perma-Prest® shirt. The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears, Roebuck and Co. You can be your own stylish self without being uncomfortable, impractical. Or extravagant.

Sears *The Men's Store*

 **CELANESE**  **FORTRREL**

Fortrel® is a registered trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.



The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears, Roebuck and Co. in Fortrel® polyester and cotton. It looks normal enough. But it's different in a comfortably spectacular way. And it didn't just happen. Someone worked very hard at making it that way. Starting with the C-Band® collar. Made to fit the contours of a man's neck. Cut lower in front. The tapered body, ending in extra long shirrtails. For added style, The-Comfort-Shirt, you see on all these pages, comes with the long point collar with flexible collar stays. You might think, just from looking at it, that The-Comfort-Shirt is only for style. It doesn't look nearly as comfortable as your knock-around clothes. But it is.

**A shirt for work
that's as
comfortable as
your shirt
for play.**

**The-Comfort-Shirt
from Sears.**



SUPPLIER FOR THE U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM



Sears | The Men's Store

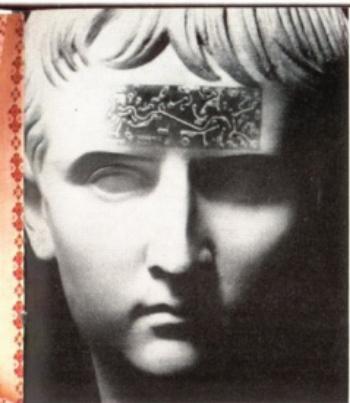


How to look as fresh going home on the 5:35
as you looked coming in on the 7:35

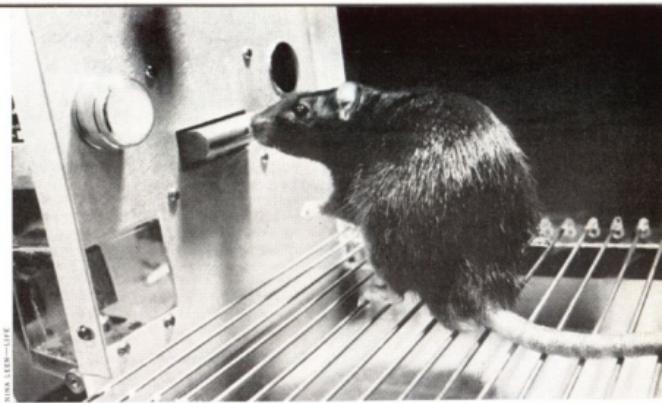
The-Comfort-Shirt.

Sears thinks you don't have to look the way you feel. And just because you're tired at the end of the day, doesn't mean your clothes should look that way too. Sears had The-Comfort-Shirt made so it wouldn't look rumpled or wrinkled no matter what kind of day you've had. It's made of a blend of Fortrel® polyester and cotton. Then it's made into a Perma-Prest® shirt. Maybe you'd like to look that neat all day. And night. Sears had The-Comfort-Shirt made for you. It's available with gotogether ties at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores, and through the Catalog. The-Comfort-Shirt. The secret of looking as fresh going home as you did coming to work.

Sears *The Men's Store*



CONDITIONED MAN



CONDITIONED RAT

BEHAVIOR

Skinner's Utopia: Panacea, or Path to Hell?

"I've had only one idea in my life—a true idée fixe. To put it as bluntly as possible—the idea of having my own way. 'Control' expresses it. The control of human behavior. In my early experimental days it was a frenzied, selfish desire to dominate. I remember the rage I used to feel when a prediction went awry. I could have shouted at the subjects of my experiments, 'Behave, damn you! Behave as you ought!'"

—B.F. Skinner's *Walden Two*, 1948

THE speaker is T.E. Frazier, a character in *Walden Two* and the fictional founder of the utopian community described in that novel. He is also an alter ego of the author, Burrhus Frederic Skinner, who is both a psychology professor and an institution at Harvard.

Skinner is the most influential of living American psychologists, and the most controversial contemporary figure in the science of human behavior, adored as a messiah and abhorred as a menace. As leader of the "behavioristic" psychologists, who liken man to a machine, Skinner is vigorously opposed both by humanists and by Freudian psychoanalysts. Next week that opposition is bound to flare anew with the publication of Skinner's latest book, *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* (Knopf; \$6.95). Its message is one that is familiar to followers of Skinner, but startling to the uninitiated: we can no longer afford freedom, and so it must be replaced with control over man, his conduct and his culture. This thesis, proposed not by a writer of science fiction but by a man of science, raises the specter of a 1984 Orwellian society that might really come to pass. It accounts, also, for the alarm and anger that Skinner's current popularity arouses in his opponents.

Like the utopians who preceded him, Skinner hopes for a society in which men of good will can work, love and live in security and in harmony. For mankind he wants enough to eat, a clean environment, and safety from nuclear catastrophe. He longs for a worldwide culture based on the principles of his famous didactic novel, *Walden Two*. Those principles include: communal ownership of land and buildings, egalitarian relationships between men and women, devotion to art, music and literature, liberal rewards for constructive behavior, freedom from jealousy, gossip, and—astonishingly—from the ideal of freedom. *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, in fact, is really a nonfiction version of *Walden Two*.

Disastrous Results

Skinner acknowledges that the concept of freedom played a vital role in man's successful efforts to overthrow the tyrants who oppressed him, bolstering his courage and spurring him to nearly superhuman effort. But the same ideal, Skinner maintains, now threatens 20th century man's continued existence. "My book," says Skinner, "is an effort to demonstrate how things go bad when you make a fetish out of individual freedom and dignity. If you insist that individual rights are the *summum bonum*, then the whole structure of society falls down." In fact, Skinner believes that Western culture may die and be replaced, perhaps, with the more disciplined culture of the Soviet Union or of China. If that happens, Western man will have lost the only form of immortality he can hope for—the survival of his way of life.

Skinner's reasoning is that freedom and free will are no more than illusions; like it or not, man is already con-

trolled by external influences. Some are haphazard; some are arranged by careless or evil men whose goals are selfish instead of humanitarian. The problem, then, is to design a culture that can, theoretically, survive; to decide how men must behave to ensure its survival in reality; and to plan environmental influences that will guarantee the desired behavior. Thus, in the Skinnerian world, man will refrain from polluting, from overpopulating, from rioting, and from making war, not because he knows that the results will be disastrous, but because he has been conditioned to want what serves group interests.

Is such a world really possible? Skinner believes that it is; he is certain that human behavior can be predicted and shaped exactly as if it were a chemical reaction. The way to do it, he thinks, is through "behavioral technology," a developing science of control that aims to change the environment rather than people, that seeks to alter actions rather than feelings, and that shifts the customary psychological emphasis on the world inside men to the world outside them. Central to Skinner's approach is a method of conditioning that has been used with uniform success on laboratory animals: giving rewards to mold the subject to the experimenter's will. According to Skinner and his followers, the same technique can be made to work equally well with human beings.

Underlying the method is the Skinnerian conviction that behavior is determined not from within but from without. "Unable to understand how or why the person we see behaves as he does, we attribute his behavior to a person inside," Skinner explains. Mistakenly, we believe that man "initiates, originates and creates, and in doing so he remains, as he was for the Greeks,



SKINNER WITH PIGEONS
A similarity between Frazier and God.

divine. We say that he is autonomous." But Skinner insists that autonomy is a myth, and that belief in an "inner man" is a superstition that originated, like belief in God, in man's inability to understand his world. With the rise of behavioral science, understanding has grown, and man no longer needs such fictions as "something going on inside the individual, states of mind, feelings, purposes, expectancies and all of that." The fact is, Skinner insists, that actions are determined by the environment; behavior "is shaped and maintained by its consequences."

Avoiding Punishment

To Skinner, this means that there is nothing wrong, emotionally or morally, with people who behave badly. For example, youths who drop out of school or refuse to get jobs behave as they do not because they are neurotic or because they feel alienated, but "because of defective social environments in homes, schools, factories and elsewhere." As Skinner sees it, environments are defective when they fail to make desirable behavior pay off and when they resort to punishment as a means of stopping undesirable behavior.

In short, it is punishment or reward that determines whether a particular kind of behavior becomes habitual. But Skinner believes that punishment is generally an ineffective means of control. "A person who has been punished," he writes in his new book, "is not less inclined to behave in a given way; at best, he learns how to avoid punishment. Our task is not to encourage moral struggle or to build or demonstrate inner virtues. It is to make life less punishing, and in doing so to release for more reinforcing activities the time and energy consumed in the avoidance of punishment." The way to release that time and energy is "to build a world in which people are naturally good," in which they are rewarded for want-

ing what is good for their culture. But arranging effective rewards, complicated enough in the laboratory, is even more complex in the real world. Why not solve society's problems by using the much simpler physical and biological technologies we already have? Because, Skinner says, that will not work. "Better contraceptives will control population only if people use them. A nuclear holocaust can be prevented only if the conditions under which nations make war can be changed. The environment will continue to deteriorate until pollution practices are abandoned. We need to make vast changes in human behavior."

Soap Mouthwash

A matter that might interest President Nixon is Skinner's belief that new ways must be found to persuade people that work is worthwhile. "Behavior used to be reinforced by great deprivation; if people weren't hungry, they wouldn't work. Now we are committed to feeding people whether they work or not. Nor is money as great a reinforcer as it once was. People no longer work for punitive reasons, yet our culture offers no new satisfactions." Moreover, "we can't control inflation if everything we might do is a threat to somebody's freedom. Yet in the long run, we are all going to suffer much more than if we were slightly restricted."

Skinner came rather slowly to his conviction that such changes can be made; his early interests, in fact, were far from psychology. Born in Susquehanna, Pa., in 1904, he was the elder son of Grace Burrhus, an amateur musician who sang at weddings and funerals, and William Skinner, a lawyer who was "a sucker for book salesmen." In his "Sketch for an Autobiography," Skinner describes his early life as "warm and stable." He lived in the same house until he went to college. He was never physically punished by his father and only once by his mother—when she washed out his mouth with soap for using a "bad word." Nevertheless, young Skinner was "taught to fear God, the police and what people will think," and his Grandmother Skinner "made sure that I understood the concept of hell by showing me the glowing bed of coals in the parlor stove." To deter him from a life of crime, Skinner's father conducted him through the county jail and on a summer vacation took him to a lecture with colored slides that depicted life in Sing Sing.

From his childhood years, Skinner was mechanically inclined. He built roller-skate scooters, steerable wagons, rafts, water pistols from lengths of bamboo, and "from a discarded water boiler a steam cannon with which I could shoot plugs of potato and carrot over the houses of our neighbors." He also devised a flotation system to separate green from ripe elderberries, which he used to sell from door to door. Although his attempts to build a glider and a perpet-

ual motion machine ended in failure, his innovative tinkering was to pay off handsomely in the laboratory in later years.

In high school, Skinner earned money by lettering advertising show cards, played in a jazz band, and with three other boys organized an orchestra that performed two nights a week in a local movie theater. A good student, he demonstrated a flair for writing, and when he got to Hamilton College (Clinton, N.Y.) in 1922, decided to major in English.

In college, by his own admission, young Fred never fitted into student life, but became a rebel whose lack of self-understanding now amazes him. He wrote an editorial attacking Phi Beta Kappa, helped cover the walls at Class Day exercises with "bitter caricatures

Twin Oaks:

At first glance, it looks like a movie set for *Walden Two*. There is a shop building called Harmony, a farmhouse called Llano, and a dormitory called Oneida. Bulletin boards list upcoming cultural events, and young people lounge on hammocks, reading and engaging in serious discussions. The smell of farm-fresh cooking is everywhere. The resemblance to *Walden Two* is more than superficial. Twin Oaks, a 123-acre farm commune nestled in the foothills of Virginia's Piedmont, is a remarkable attempt to create a utopian community governed by Skinner's laws of social engineering.

Work is allocated by an intricate system of labor credits so that none of the 35 members have unequal burdens. Titles and honorifics have been done away with so that, in the words of the community's code, "all are entitled to the same privileges, advantages and respect." Private property is forbidden, except for such things as books and clothing, and even with that loophole, most members draw their clothing, right down to their underwear, from a massive community closet. No one is allowed to boast of individual accomplishments, to gossip ("negative speech") or to be intolerant of another's beliefs.

Behavioral engineering goes on every minute of the day. A member who gets angry, who makes demands or who gives ultimatums is simply not "reinforced," to use the behavioral term. He is ignored. What is considered appropriate behavior—cooperating, showing affection, turning the other cheek and working diligently—is, on the other hand, applauded, or "reinforced," by the group. Members are singled out for compliments if they do a job well; signs are put up telling who cleaned a room, for example. Smokers who wanted to break the cigarette habit formed a group

of the faculty," and made such a shamblies of commencement ceremonies that he was warned by the college president that he would not get his degree unless he quieted down.

But at the same time he had what classmates recall as a brilliant mind, and he made full use of it. For one thing, he wrote short stories, and in his senior year sent three of them to Robert Frost, who praised them warmly.

That encouragement convinced Fred Skinner that he should become a writer. The decision, he says, was "disastrous." Recalling those "dark years," living first at home with his family and then in New York's Greenwich Village, he admits that he frittered away his time, read aimlessly, wrote very little — "and thought about seeing a psychiatrist." In his own words, he "failed as

a writer" because he "had nothing important to say."

But that failure allowed Skinner to swing his attention back to one of the pet interests of his youth: animal behavior. As a boy, he had had toads and chipmunks. He also had a vivid memory of watching a troupe of trained pigeons at a county fair play at putting out a fire. Besides, he had read and been excited by some Bertrand Russell articles in the old *Dial* magazine about Johns Hopkins Psychologist John B. Watson, father of behaviorism. It was with Watson, in 1913, that psychology really emerged from its origins in philosophy to become a full-fledged scientific discipline.

Early Christian thinkers pondering the mystery of man believed that it was the "soul" that set human beings apart

from animals. To them, the essence of man was his God-given spirit, immaterial, impalpable, otherworldly, something quite outside the natural world. But with the decline of religion and the rise of materialism, 17th and 18th century philosophers like Thomas Hobbes and Julien de La Mettrie increasingly viewed the soul as an aspect of the body, man as an animal, both men and animals as machines.

It was this kind of thinking that influenced Watson. Drawing, too, on the work of Pavlov, he repudiated the subjective concepts of mind and emotion and described human behavior as a succession of physical reflex responses to stimuli coming from the environment. It was the environment alone, he felt, that determined what a man is: "Give me a dozen healthy infants," he wrote

On to Walden Two

to help one another. Cigarettes were put in progressively more inconvenient spots, and each member of the group received congratulations for every day he spent without tobacco.

The use of tobacco and alcohol is, in fact, discouraged at Twin Oaks, and all drugs, including marijuana, are banned. So is television, which is considered a cultural poison. "We decided that we just weren't strong enough to stand up to television," says Kat Griebe, one of Twin Oaks' charter founders and, at 40, one of the oldest members. "Its powerful message is that of middle-class American values, which we reject—a high level of consumption, streamlined cosmetic standards of beauty, male dominance, the use of violence as a problem solver, and the underlying assumption that life should be a constant state of titillation and excitement. Life just isn't like that."

Especially life at Twin Oaks. The favorite sports are "cooperation volleyball" and skinny-dipping in the South Anna River—false modesty is another of the sins that are not reinforced—and there is plenty of folk singing and dancing. In a departure from Skinner's rather puritanical Walden Two, sex is considered, as one member put it, a "pleasant pastime, like anything else." Adds Kat: "We don't have a very high opinion of marriage—it often becomes possessive. We do have a high regard for what Skinner calls 'abiding affection.'"

As yet there are no children at Twin Oaks. There is not enough "surplus labor" to care for infants, and there is no space for a separate Skinnerian nursery. Besides that, the reasoning goes, it is better not to bring children into the equation until all the adults have developed "appropriate" behavior; otherwise, bad habits would simply be reproduced in the young.



MICHAEL G. HALLIGAN

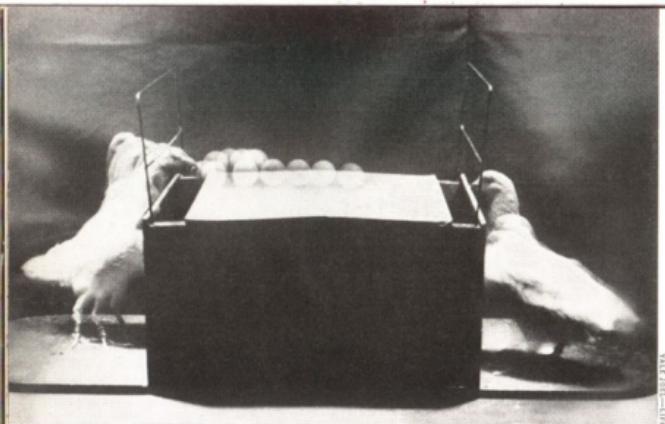
TWIN OAKS COMMUNE IN VIRGINIA HILLS
Volleyball, abiding affection—and no negative speech.

All of the utopian ventures of the early and mid-19th century—from Indiana's New Harmony on the Wabash River to Massachusetts' famed Brook Farm—eventually founders, and Twin Oaks, too, has its problems. The major one appears to be financial. "Skinner never wrote about a poor community," laments Gabe Sinclair. "He wrote about a rich one." After starting with only \$35,000, Twin Oaks, four years later, still finds survival a struggle. The farm brings more emotional than monetary rewards; members would find it cheaper to work at other jobs and buy their food at the market. The community's chief source of income is the sale of hammocks stitched together in Harmony, but it is not enough to make ends meet; several members are forced to take outside jobs in Richmond and Charlottesville—a direct contradiction to Walden Two's basic premise that all time should be spent in a totally controlled environment.

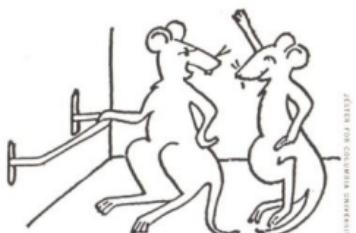
Beyond economics, there are serious

psychological problems at Twin Oaks, and few members have stayed very long. Turnover last year was close to 70%. The ones who leave first, in fact, are often the most competent members, who still expect special recognition for their talents. "Competent people are hard to get along with," says Richard Stutsman, one of Twin Oaks' trained psychologists. "They tend to make demands, not requests. We cannot afford to reinforce ultimatum behavior, although we recognize our need for their competence. So often we have given in to them on little things, and then when a big demand arises we have to deny them." When they leave, the community not only loses their skills but also sacrifices a potential rise in its standard of living.

While it is still considerably poorer than Walden Two, Twin Oaks has gone farther toward the goal of behavioral control than might have seemed reasonably possible. It is too soon, however, to call the commune much more than a fascinating experiment.



PIGEONS AT PING PONG



"Boy, have I got this guy conditioned!
Every time I press the bar down,
he drops in a piece of food."

in 1925, "and I'll guarantee to take any one at random and train him to become any type of specialist I might select—doctor, lawyer, even beggarman and thief, regardless of his talents, perversions, tendencies, abilities." The goal of this Watsonian behaviorism was the prediction and control of behavior—which suited Skinner to perfection.

Bach Fugues

And so, in 1928, Skinner entered Harvard with a new goal: a doctorate in psychology. His regime was spartan: "I saw no movies or plays, had scarcely any dates, and read nothing but psychology and physiology. The second year I bought a piano; but there was discipline even so: I played Bach fugues or nothing."

In these years—and subsequently—Skinner disciplined not just himself but also rats. The rats, and later pigeons, became the center of laboratory experiments in which he controlled behavior by setting up "contingencies of reinforcement"—circumstances under which a particular bit of desired behavior is "reinforced" or rewarded to make sure it will be repeated. The behavior Skinner demanded of his pigeons was bizarre—for pigeons. He made them walk figure eights, for ex-

ample, by reinforcing them with food at crucial moments. The process as explained by Skinner: "I watch a hungry pigeon carefully. When he makes a slight clockwise turn, he's instantly rewarded for it. After he eats, he immediately tries it again. Then I wait for more of a turn and reinforce again. Within two or three minutes, I can get any pigeon to make a full circle. Next I reinforce only when he moves in the other direction. Then I wait until he does both, and reinforce him again and again until it becomes a kind of drill. Within ten to 15 minutes, the pigeon will be doing a perfect figure eight."

By a similar process, Skinner has taught pigeons to dance with each other, and even to play Ping Pong. During World War II, he conceived the idea of using pigeons in guided-missile control; three birds were conditioned to peck continuously for four or five minutes at the image of a target on a screen. Then they were placed in harness in the nose of a missile, facing a screen on which the target would appear when the missile was in flight. By pecking at the image moving on the screen, the pigeons would send corrective signals that moved the missile's fins and kept it on target. The missile, called the Pelican, was never used in warfare; the pigeon-aided equipment was so complex and bulky that the missile could carry little high explosive. Furthermore, Skinner mourns, "our problem was no one would take us seriously."

All of these conditioning feats were accomplished with the now-famous Skinner box. It is a soundproof enclosure with a food dispenser that a rat can operate by pressing a lever, and a pigeon by pecking a key. The dispenser does not work unless the animal has first performed according to a specially designed "schedule of reinforcement."

Explains Skinner: "One of the most powerful schedules, the variable-ratio schedule, is characteristic of all gambling systems. The gambler cannot be sure the next play will win, but a certain mean ratio of plays to wins is maintained. This is the way a dishonest gambler hooks his victim. At first the victim is permitted to win fairly often. Eventually he continues to play when he is not winning at all. With this technique, it is possible to create a pathological gambler out of a simple bird like a pigeon."

Venture in Self-Therapy

For a while, that beguiling possibility and others suggested by Skinner left the academic world pretty cold, as did his first book, *The Behavior of Organisms*, published in 1938. "People didn't reinforce me, but my rats did," Skinner says regretfully, remembering how rewarded he felt every time his command to "Behave, damn you!" was obeyed.

He was rewarded in a different way —his first general public recognition —when in 1945 the *Ladies' Home Journal* printed a piece about another kind of Skinner box, the so-called air crib (see box, page 51). By the time the *Journal* article was printed, Skinner had finished writing his second book, though he did not find a publisher for it until 1948. The work was *Walden Two*, completed in seven weeks of impassioned creativity. Writing it, says Skinner, was "pretty obviously a venture in self-therapy in which I was struggling to reconcile two aspects of my own behavior, represented by Burris and Frazier." Even today, both characters represent Skinner himself. Burris is a professor with traditional ideas, acquired in childhood, about freedom, dignity and democracy. Frazier is the antidemocratic creator of a controlled society whose views about human behavior correspond to Skinner's laboratory findings.

Visiting Frazier's planned community, Burris is both attracted and repelled—attracted by the seeming contentment of its inhabitants, repelled by their voluntary submission to the maneuverings, however well-intentioned, of its Planners and Managers. In the end, his skepticism overcome, he decides to join the community and with "euphoric abandon" wires his college head: "My dear President Mittelbach, you may take your stupid university . . ."

Pigeons Aren't People

Unlike Burris, the numerous and articulate anti-Skinnerians remain skeptical, if not downright hostile toward him and his followers. Yet they feel that his long, patient campaign against freedom must be studied and understood. Their criticism is directed not at Skinner the scientific technician (the soundness of his laboratory work is seldom questioned) but at Skinner the philosopher and political thinker; his pro-

posal for a controlled society, they say, is both unworkable and evil.

Giving as an example the failure of the North Koreans to brainwash many of their G.I. war prisoners, Stanford Psychologist Albert Bandura asserts that control of human behavior on the scale advocated by Skinner is impossible. Psychologist Ernest Hilgard, also of Stanford, thinks control of mass behavior is theoretically possible but realistically improbable, because there are too many bright people who would never go along.

Skinner himself admits that "pigeons aren't people," but points out that his ideas have already been put to practical use in schools, mental hospitals,

penal institutions and business firms. Skinner-inspired teaching machines have begun to produce what amounts to an educational revolution. It was after a visit to his daughter's fourth-grade arithmetic class that he invented the first device for programmed instruction in 1954. Having seen "minds being destroyed," he concluded that youngsters should learn math, spelling and other subjects in the same way that pigeons learn Ping Pong. Accordingly, machines now in use in scores of cities across the country present pupils with a succession of easy learning steps. At each one, a correct answer to a question brings instant reinforcement, not with

the grain of corn that rewarded the pigeon, but with a printed statement—supposedly just as satisfying—that the answer is right.

Juvenile Offenders

Some critics, loyal Skinnerians among them, argue that this teaching process bores all but the dullest students, and that there is little solid evidence as to how well programmed instruction sticks. But Skinner insists that his devices teach faster than other methods and free teachers to give personal attention to students who are trying to master complex subjects.

In some mental hospitals, reinforce-

A Skinnerian Innovation: Baby in a Box

In 1945, when Deborah Skinner was eleven months old, she had a rather dubious distinction: she was the most talked-about infant in America—the famous "baby in a box." The box, or "air crib" as her father called it, was his own invention, a glassed-in, insulated, air-controlled crib that he thought would revolutionize child rearing and, in line with his behaviorist theories, produce happier, healthier children.

One of the major practical problems in raising a young baby, Skinner reasoned, is the simple one of keeping it warm. The infant is usually covered by half a dozen layers of cloth—shirt, nightdress, sheet and blankets—that not only constrict movement and cause rashes, but sometimes even pose the danger of strangulation. Then there is the mother's labor in dressing and undressing the child, plus the considerable expense of buying and laundering all those clothes and blankets.

To eliminate those troubles, Skinner designed Deborah's crib with temperature and humidity controls so that she

could be warm and naked at the same time. Besides the hoped-for result—Deborah never suffered from a rash, for instance—the crib provided an unexpected fringe benefit: the Skinners discovered that the baby was so sensitive to even the slightest change in temperature that she could be made happy simply by moving the thermostat a notch or two. "We wonder how a comfortable temperature is ever reached with clothing and blankets," Skinner wrote in a 1945 issue of *Ladies' Home Journal*. "During the past six months Deborah has not cried at all except for a moment or two when injured or sharply distressed—for example, when inoculated."

The air in the box was passed through filters, keeping Deborah free from germs and so clean that it was necessary to give her only one bath a week. There was the usual diaper change, but little other laundering: a single, 10-yl.-long sheet was stored on a spool at one end of the compartment and rolled through into a hamper on the other end as it was soiled; it had to be laundered just once a week. The box was partially soundproofed, and a shade could be drawn over the plate-glass window.

Skinner was sensitive to criticism that Deborah was isolated. In his articles and lectures, he took pains to stress that she could watch everything that was taking place in the room about her, and that she was frequently taken out for cuddling and play. To many people, however, the air box sounded and looked like an atrocious human goldfish bowl.

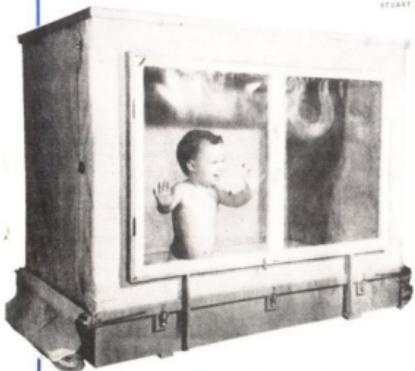
The continuing controversy about the box may have partially offset the good effects Skinner hoped for when he designed it. Says Deborah, who is now an art student in London: "It was spread around that because of the

box I had become psychotic, had to be institutionalized, and had even attempted suicide. My father was very concerned about these rumors, as was I. He thinks they may have affected me. After college, I had a typical half-year of depression, the sort of identity crisis that everybody I've ever known has gone through. At this point my father brought up the idea that I don't have enough faith in myself, and that the rumors may have had something to do with this."

In fact, Deborah, a slightly shy and earnest but nonpsychotic young woman of 27, seems to have survived the rumors rather well. Her 2½ years in the box, she thinks, did her only good. "It wasn't really a psychological experiment," she says, "but what you might call a happiness-through-health experiment. I think I was a very happy baby. Most of the criticisms of the box are by people who don't understand what it was."

Though something like 1,000 of the air cribs are in use today, Skinner's idea has not caught on with very many parents and has yet to revolutionize child rearing.

STUART



BABY DEBORAH IN AIR CRIB (1945)



CYCLIST DEBORAH, 27, IN LONDON

ment therapy inspired by Skinner is helping apathetic or rebellious patients to behave more like healthy human beings. The staffers of one institution, for instance, were troubled by patients who insisted on trailing into the dining room long after the dinner bell sounded. Attendants tried closing the doors 20 minutes after the bell rang, refusing admittance to those who showed up any later. Gradually, the interval between bell and door closing was shortened to only five minutes, and most patients were arriving promptly. "You shift from one kind of reinforcement—annoying the guards and getting attention—to another, eating when you're hungry," says Skinner. To charge that this kind of conditioning is sadism, he replies that "the patients are going in quickly because they want to." That is strange logic; he seems to ignore the fact that the patients are compelled to "want

complimenting packers when the correct boxes were chosen. Taking new pride in their work, the employees made virtually no mistakes, breakage ceased, and the company saved \$600,000 in a year.

Mothers who practice Skinnerism—knowingly or by instinct—have an easier time with their youngsters when they reward good behavior instead of punishing bad. Explains Skinner: "If a mother goes to her baby only when he yells, she reinforces fussing. But when she goes to him while he's happy and perhaps saying 'Mama' softly, the baby will always speak to her that way."

Uncompromising View

Though such apparent successes persuade Skinnerians that reinforcement is eminently practical, critics find the technique philosophically distasteful and morally wrong.

Many of their objections center

concept of behaviorism, which Novelist Arthur Koestler, who has high amateur standing in psychology and other sciences, maintains is nothing but pseudoscience, "a monumental triviality that has sent psychology into a modern version of the Dark Ages." In ignoring consciousness, mind, imagination and purpose, Koestler says, Behaviorist Skinner and his admirers have abandoned what is most important. Similarly, Historian Peter Gay speaks of "the innate naïveté, intellectual bankruptcy and half-deliberate cruelty of behaviorism."

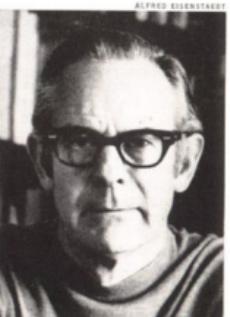
The gravest menace from Skinner is his authoritarianism in the view of his critics. They reject the notion that man can no longer afford freedom and believe in fact that he cannot afford the opposite. Says Harvard Social Psychologist Herbert C. Kelman: "For those of us who hold the enhancement of man's freedom of choice as a fundamental value, any manipulation of the behavior of others constitutes a violation of their essential humanity, regardless of the 'goodness' of the cause that this manipulation is designed to serve." To Kelman, the "ethical ambiguity" of behavioral manipulation is the same whether the limitation on choice comes "through punishment or reward or even through so perfect an arrangement of society that people do not care to choose."

Existential Psychoanalyst Rollo May believes that Skinner is a totalitarian without fully knowing it. "I have never found any place in Skinner's system for the rebel," he says. "Yet the capacity to rebel is of the essence in a constructive society." Richard Rubenstein, professor of religion at Florida State University, wonders what might happen to would-be rebels in a Skinnerian society: "Suppose some future controller told dissenting groups to 'behave, damn you!' What would prevent the controller from employing his own final solution?"

Skinner is skeptical about democracy. Observing that society is already using such ineffective means of behavioral control as persuasion and conventional education, he insists that men of good will must adopt more effective techniques, using them for "good" purposes to keep despots from using them for "bad" ones. In his planned society, he says, control would be balanced by countercontrol, probably by "making the controller a member of the group he controls." This would help to ensure that punishment would never be inflicted, Skinner maintains, adding that it was the use of "aversive control" (punishment) that doomed Hitler: "The Nazi system had its own destruction built



CARL ROGERS



ROLLO MAY
Is man in charge of himself, or not?



ARTHUR KOESTLER

to" unless they care to go hungry.

In yet another practical example of Skinnerism in operation, a point system for good behavior was set up for juvenile offenders—armed robbers, rapists and murderers—in the Robert F. Kennedy Youth Center in West Virginia. Though no requirements were imposed on the delinquents, they earned points if they voluntarily picked up books, or went to lectures and managed to learn something from them. With the points, they could then buy such rewards as better food, a private room, or time in front of the TV set.

"All their lives," says Skinner, "these boys had been told that they couldn't learn and that they were useless. But under conditions that reinforced them every time they progressed, their morale improved enormously. Moreover, the return rate to the school dropped from 85% to 25% after the method was instituted."

The same kind of positive reinforcement was tried a few years ago by Emery Air Freight of Wilton, Conn. To reduce the breakage that resulted when goods were packed in the wrong boxes for shipping, supervisors began

around the ancient, crucial argument over free will v. determinism: is man in charge of himself and his destiny, or is he not? Skinner argues that belief in free will comes only from man's need to be given credit for his "good" behavior and achievements. "Consider a woman who has a baby. It cost her a lot of pain and trouble to have it. But she didn't design that baby; it was all settled at the moment of conception what the baby was going to be like. The same thing is true when a man writes books, invents things, manages a business. He didn't initiate anything. It's all the effect of past history on him. That's the truth, and we have to get used to it." Theologians, humanists and conventional psychologists, including Freudians, cannot accept this uncompromising view. "The chief source of man's dignity," Reinhold Niebuhr wrote, "is man's essential freedom and capacity for self-determination." Carl Rogers has asserted that "over and above the circumstances which control all of us, there exists an inner experience of choice which is very important. This is the kind of thing Skinner has never been willing to recognize."

Skinner's detractors attack the whole

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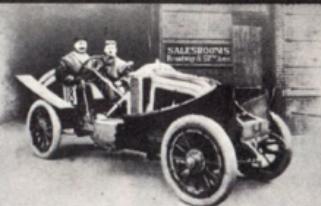
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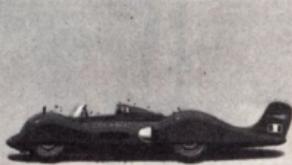
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SKINNER AT WORK IN BASEMENT STUDY
Innate naivete and half-deliberate cruelty.

right into it. When you control that way, people are out to get you."

The ultimate logical dilemma in Skinner's thinking is this: What are the sources of the standards of good and evil in his ideal society? Indeed, who decides even what constitutes pleasure or pain, reward or punishment, when man and his environment can be limitlessly manipulated? Skinner himself believes in Judeo-Christian ethics combined with the scientific tradition. But he fails to answer how it is possible to accept those ethics without also accepting something like the "inner person" with an autonomous conscience.

Skinner has never responded fully to any of his critics, despite their number and stature. Often he has failed to understand them. Sometimes he has even branded them as neurotic or even psychotic. Occasionally he has seemed to imply that he himself is beyond criticism. "When I met him, he was convinced he was a genius," Yvonne Skinner remembers. And in *Walden Two*, Skinner's alter ego Frazier, assuming the posture of Christ on the cross, says that there is "a curious similarity" between himself and God—adding, however, that "perhaps I must yield to God in point of seniority."

In another *Walden Two* passage, Skinner sketches a more realistic self-portrait. With some bitterness, his alter ego Frazier addresses Burris: "You think I'm conceited, aggressive, tactless, selfish. You're convinced that I'm completely insensitive to my effect upon others, except when the effect is calculated. You can't see in me any personal warmth. You're sure that I'm one who couldn't possibly be a genuine member of any community . . . Shall we say that as a person I'm a complete failure and have done with it?"

This awareness that he is unfit for communal life may be one reason that Skinner has never tried to start a real *Walden Two*, never sent a Dear-President-Mittelbach telegram to the president of Harvard. In addition, he likes his own kind of life too well to give it up even for an ideal in which he believes so intensely, and even if he felt otherwise, his wife is opposed to the idea.

Says Yvonne Skinner, a former University of Chicago English major who studied with Thornton Wilder and is herself a gifted writer: "We had tremendous arguments about *Walden Two*. I wouldn't like it; I just like change and privacy."

Refusing Invitations

Fred and Yvonne Skinner live in an attractive, modern Cambridge house complete with swimming pool, a stereo system, a grand piano, a clavichord and, in the basement study, a small organ. In a sense, Skinner's own life-style is highly controlled and conditioned. His study contains a special clock that "runs when I'm really thinking. I keep a cumulative record of serious time at my desk. The clock starts when I turn on the desk light, and whenever it passes twelve hours, I plot a point on a curve. I can see what my average rate of writing has been at any period. When other activities take up my time, the slope falls off. That helps me to refuse invitations."

Skinner rises at 5 a.m., writes for three hours, then walks to his Harvard office, sometimes memorizing poetry (Shakespeare or Baudelaire) on the way. There he charts the sales of *Walden Two* on a graph over his desk; the total should reach the million mark sometime in 1972. In the course of the day, he gives an occasional lecture and

records his ideas in notebooks that he has always at hand. "He thinks of himself as an event in the history of man, and he wants to be damned sure the record is straight," a colleague observes.

Skinner nonetheless allows himself some relaxation. He drinks vodka and tonic in the late afternoon, sees an occasional movie, reads Georges Simenon detective novels once in a while, and enjoys the company of friends, his two children and his grandchildren. It sounds fulfilling, but a poignant passage from a personal journal several years ago suggests an underlying sadness: "Sun streams into our living room. My hi-fi is midway through the first act of *Tristan and Isolde*. A very pleasant environment. A man would be a fool not to enjoy himself in it. In a moment I will work on a manuscript which may help mankind. So my life is not only pleasant, it is earned or deserved. Yet, yet, I am unhappy."

That sort of unhappiness wells from deep personal sources. Yet it is also related to his more universal concerns. Skinner worries about the fact that, as *Walden Two*'s Frazier put it, "our civilization is running away like a frightened horse. As she runs, her speed and her panic increase together. As for your politicians, your professors, your writers—let them wave their arms and shout as wildly as they will."

That may be an accurate description of society's dilemma, but Skinner's solution seems equally frightening. To Theologian Rubenstein, *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* is an important but "terrifying" book. Skinner's "utopian projection," he says, "is less likely to be a blueprint for the Golden Age than for the theory and practice of hell."

KEN HEYMAN



SKINNER AT ORGAN
"Yet, yet, I am unhappy."

ART

Vanishing Treasure

In latter-day Venice, the Church of Ss. Giovanni e Paolo is a kind of glorious barn. It is some distance from the Grand Canal, and although it houses the tombs of 25 doges of ancient Venice, tourists come chiefly to see the equestrian statue by Verrocchio in the piazza outside. But like many another church in Italy, attended only by a desultory group of the faithful, Santi Giovanni e Paolo had its treasures dating from a more devout age. There were panels by Bartolomeo Vivarini and a glowing polyptych by Giovanni Bellini in a chapel to the right of the main aisle.

Bulky Swag. One night last week, somebody hid in the church while a cistarion locked up. When he left, the thief let in his team of accomplices. Working by the flickering light of votive candles, they pried two Bellini panels and three Vivarini panels out of their niches—no mean task, since the panels average 5 ft. by 2 ft. in size. Then, with their bulky swag, the thieves sneaked out a back door, crossed the kitchen garden of the sleeping Dominican friars who were the guardians of this treasure, and loaded them into a work boat. Then thieves and works vanished.

Unhappily, the theft is not unique. Only a week earlier, similarly clever thieves, helping themselves to Communion wine as they worked, made off with a classic Titian from the parish church in Pieve di Cadore, which was Titian's birthplace. Both these recent burglaries are only the latest of an ap-

palling series. In 1970, there were at least 259, resulting in the loss of objects cumulatively valued at some \$48 million. In 1971, the pace is up; thefts are averaging one a day.

The baffling question is: What does a thief do with incredibly valuable, well-known art objects? In the case of the Bellinis and Vivarini, there is also the problem of bulk—each panel is as big as a kitchen door. How does anyone smuggle them through customs? Who will buy them? If bought, where can the buyer hang them, except in some Goldfinger or Doctor No hideaway?

Dr. Rodolfo Siviero, who carries the title of minister plenipotentiary and chief of the delegation for the recovery of works of art, is convinced that there is a kind of art Mafia, masterminded by big brains in Switzerland, Germany and Italy. "The big boys wait for a statute of limitations to run out in a European country, in Latin America or in the U.S. They can wait as long as 20 or 30 years." Others suspect that the burglars are merely common thieves who hope to get a couple of thousand dollars from an obscure dealer or fence.

Some kind of value can be put on the losses. But, as Siviero says: "You can't measure a piece of civilization like the Titian. His daughter modeled for the Madonna, he painted himself as the shepherd, it was done for his own family chapel." On the open market, the painting might bring, say, \$5,000,000. But this is not the point. Money is only money, and someone can always find another \$5,000,000. No one can recreate the Titian or the Bellini.

The complexities of international law in the art world were demonstrated again by the U.S. customs decision in the matter of the Raphael *Portrait of a Young Girl*, triumphantly exhibited by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts only 20 months ago. Siviero protested that it had been illegally exported from Italy; the museum protested that it had done nothing wrong, but it was generally conceded that the picture had been smuggled through customs in a briefcase by one of the Boston's own curators. Goaded by Siviero, U.S. customs seized the painting and mulled over the issue for eight months. Last week officials announced the decision: the Boston "bore no responsibility" for the illegal smuggling. Probably by arranged agreement, the museum announced that it was sending the painting back to Italy.

Seized Moment

Even though television has pre-empted much of the visual reportage that was once photo-journalism's particular domain, the great photographer still has an unassailable place. He records the exact moment—seized out of the passing flux of the event—that fixes an



DUNCAN'S MARINE CAPTAIN IN KOREA
Permanent witness.

image or an emotion for all time. Television's eye is quick, but flickering. The photo-journalist is a permanent witness.

At 55, David Douglas Duncan is one of the greatest photo-journalists alive, the Hemingway of a profession that, in its strenuousness and immediacy, cannot have Proust's. "Have camera, will travel" is its motto and its boast. In the last 30-odd years, much of that time working for LIFE, Duncan has been nearly everywhere and done nearly everything—from catching monster squid in the ocean off Peru to recording the home life of Picasso. He has been shot at by Japanese ack-ack gunners, Korean snipers and Vietnamese rocketeers. All this is documented in a retrospective show now at the Nelson-Atkins Galleries in Kansas City, Mo., which happens to be his home town.

Yankee Boomer. Few living photographers have exposed themselves or their film to such a range of coups, revolts, massacres and civil wars. The man is an anthology of risk (the Yankee boomer from the Midwest, living out his own adventure yarn), and the egotism is as extreme as the bravery. Only Duncan, one feels, could have written a preface to one of his own books, *Picasso's Picassos*, calling it "the most exciting and valuable book in modern art today."

However lush the writings, the photographs are almost invariably lean and telling. Duncan's instinct is for a photographic plain speech that puts all the emphasis where it belongs, on the subject, and almost none on the technique. At its best, this gives his pictures a marvellously laconic poetry, as in the shot



Shooting against the glow of a setting sun, Photographer Duncan makes a memorable image of an Afghan tribesman merely washing his dishes.





Images of Picasso's face and hands lurk among prismatically multiplied profiles from one of his canvases.

Abandoned stone farmhouse confronts the Atlantic on Ireland's west coast, near Connemara, County Mayo.





DUNCAN & PICASSO (1960)
"Have camera, will travel."

of an Afghan tribesman washing his cups by the side of a lake in the Hindu Kush. Or a deserted cottage in Connemara, hemmed and compressed to the edge of survival between two gray bands of sky and tumbled rocks.

Duncan's experimental photos, taken with a prismatic distorting lens that fragments the image and reconstitutes it on the ground glass, are—on the evidence of the work in this show—rather less successful. They are consciously "art" and often end—like the 1963 photograph of Picasso's face melting in facets through one of his canvases—as a surface parody of Cubism.

Men at War. Duncan's best work, however, is his war photography; he operates superbly under stress. "Anyone," he declares, "can take good war pictures provided he's in the right place at the right time." Perhaps. But only a small number of other photographers, such as Britain's Don McCullin or the U.S.'s W. Eugene Smith and Carl Mydans, have equaled Duncan in the dreadful succinctness of their images.

His coverage of Marines in combat in Korea was hailed at the time by Edward Steichen as "the greatest photographic document ever produced showing men at war." But it may well be surpassed by Duncan's later work in Viet Nam. This series of photographs, taken from 1967 onward, represents the end of a trajectory of enthusiasm that began with the gung-ho spirit of his World War II coverage and ended in the bloodied dust of Con Thien and Khe Sanh. It is filled with a gaunt and hopeless veracity; out of the strained faces of the Marines, the huddled dead, the looming black silhouettes of choppers and wrecked transport, the dirty light and the funereal columns of smoke and dust, Duncan has produced something near to a photographic equivalent of Goya's *The Disasters of War*.



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MILESTONES

Died. Dr. Phil Edwards, 64, physician and Canadian Medal-winning runner at three Olympics; of a heart attack; in Montreal. Edwards starred in track at New York University, later became an authority on tropical and chest diseases. At the 1936 Olympics in Munich, he and other black athletes, including Jesse Owens, debunked the Nazi theory of Aryan superiority.

Died. Winston Prouty, 65, maverick Republican Senator from Vermont; of cancer; in Boston. A flinty former small-town mayor, Prouty served for eight years as Vermont's only Congressman before his election to the Senate in 1958. He was a political enigma to most of his colleagues on the Hill. In 1969, for instance, Prouty provided a crucial pro-Administration vote in favor of the anti-ballistic missile system, then defied the White House by opposing the Supreme Court nomination of G. Harrold Carswell the following year. He also advocated a guaranteed annual income.

Died. Bourke Hickenlooper, 75, conservative Republican Senator from Iowa for nearly a quarter-century; of a heart attack; on Shelter Island, N.Y. A one-time Cedar Rapids lawyer, "Hick" Hickenlooper followed a traditional path through the Governor's Mansion before winning a Senate seat in 1944. In Washington, he was known as a consummate skeptic; he voted or argued against many Democratic measures, including the 1964 civil rights bill and Medicare. Until his retirement in 1969, however, he maintained a moderate internationalism as ranking Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee. He also sponsored several major laws, including the Atomic Energy Act of 1954 and the controversial Hickenlooper Amendment to the 1962 foreign aid bill, which suspends assistance to any country that appropriates American property without assuring adequate compensation.

Died. Nikita Khrushchev, 77, deposed Soviet leader (see THE WORLD).

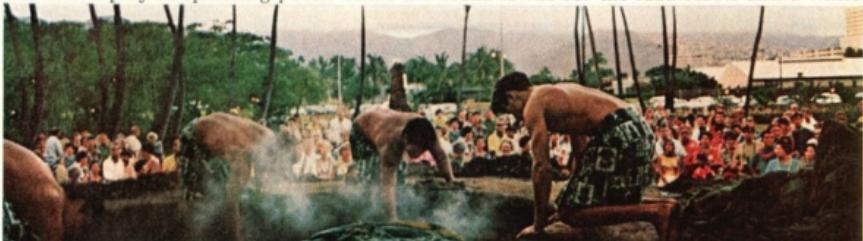
Died. Spring Byington, 84, the durable character actress whose sympathetic screen portrayals contradicted Philip Wylie's image of pernicious momism; of cancer; in Hollywood. "Why should I object to playing mothers all the time on the screen?" Miss Byington once asked. "Mothers scheme and plan and love with all the versatility of a three-ring circus." Though her maternal roles included Marmee in the 1933 screen classic *Little Women* and Mickey Rooney's all-knowing mom in the first *Andy Hardy* film, she reached the zenith of her career in the mid-1950s as the fluttery mother-in-law with the heart of gold on the TV comedy series *December Bride*.

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MEDICINE

Attack on Rubella

Although rubella, or German measles, often passes unnoticed in both children and adults, it is deadly to the unborn. In the winter epidemic of 1964-65, infected mothers miscarried or were delivered of 30,000 stillborn infants; another 20,000 babies had severe defects. The malady runs in cycles, and the coming winter is expected to be another bad one—unless countermeasures are taken.

Public health officials have concentrated their efforts on immunizing schoolchildren, who often transmit the rubella virus to pregnant women. Now the U.S. Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control in Atlanta is urging local authorities to turn their attention to the women themselves.

The CDC recommends immunizing the approximately 5,000,000 women of childbearing age who are considered susceptible to the disease. Blood tests developed recently make it possible to determine whether a woman has antibodies against the disease. If not, and if she is not already pregnant, she can be immunized easily. The CDC is encouraging state health departments to set up premarital and prenatal testing programs for rubella. A number of states have begun extensive testing, but so far, the procedure has been made a legal requirement only in Colorado and Oregon.

The Doctor Deficit

The demand for health care is rising faster than the supply—that has long been obvious. Now the dimensions of the gap have been measured, and found to be immense, by a leading South African medical educator. In a book to be published this week in time for the Ottawa meeting of the World Medical Association, Professor Isador Gordon of the University of Natal concludes that present efforts to meet the crisis merely by training more doctors are likely to fail.

Titled *World Health Manpower Shortage: 1971-2000*, Gordon's report is probably the most exhaustive inventory of global health resources ever undertaken. It is also the most depressing, for it shows that most nations in Asia, Africa and Latin America are capable of providing health care for only a minuscule fraction of their populations. Indonesia, for example, has just one doctor for every 28,000 people. The African continent, which increased its medical manpower by 2% between 1960 and 1967, still has but one physician for every 9,700 individuals. Southeast Asia has a ratio of one to 5,960.

Unemployed Physicians. Nor are the countries that have begun to industrialize able to provide care for all segments of

their population. India has one doctor for every 5,112 people, but this figure is misleading. Indian doctors tend to congregate in the cities and leave rural sections of the country uncovered. Despite India's need, there are 20,000 qualified but unemployed physicians in the country. They lack the funds to establish private practices, and public facilities are too few to employ them all. Their only hope is to get hospital appointments—usually in the cities—or to emigrate. Each year, 10% of India's new medical graduates leave the country to practice elsewhere.

Japan, for all its prosperity, musters only one doctor for 880 people, and there are at least 2,900 *mitison*, or doc-



RUSSIAN FELDSHER & PATIENT
Essential for basic care.

torless villages. Even in the U.S., where there is one doctor for every 650 individuals, there are entire counties without a single physician.

Soviet Approach. Most countries are trying to solve the problem by training more doctors. But, says Gordon, such efforts are both inadequate and impractical; population is increasing faster than doctors can be educated. Therefore Gordon supports the approach that has already been tried and found successful in the Soviet Union—the use of *feldsers*, or medical assistants, to take over many of the doctors' less demanding duties. He believes that such workers are essential to provide basic medical care in doctor-short areas and also to increase the productivity of regular physicians.

Several countries of varying medical affluence apparently agree. The government of Cameroun has established a health institute in Yaoundé to train a variety of nonprofessional practitioners. The U.S. Government is also interested

in the idea. It is sponsoring programs to use former military corpsmen as Medex, or physicians' assistants, and has already put several to work in doctors' offices in the Pacific Northwest.

The Foreskin Saga

Circumcision, the ancient rite of Jews and Moslems, is now performed on 80% of all American male infants. Several doctors have recently revived an old question: Is this snip necessary? In learned articles the skeptics argue that removing the foreskin is neither hygienic nor otherwise helpful. They also claim—but have not proved—that it reduces male sexual pleasure.

Now comes Jack Harnes, a Manhattan internist, who persuaded the staid *Journal of the American Medical Association* to publish what may be the last word on the subject. In "The Foreskin Saga," Harnes puts the "debate" into perspective in a strikingly successful spoof of the ponderous reports that usually appear in medical publications (among earlier titles of serious articles: "The Rape of the Phallus," "Penile Plunder"). Believing that the circumcision controversy is ludicrous and the sensual argument unprovable, Harnes merely concocted some insights and phony research.

Some Kind of Nut. Why, he rummages, did his physician-father have him circumcised? "Did this represent an unconscious attack by my father on my Oedipus complex?" Was he aware of the future decreased pleasure the operation would incur, and did this represent hatred of me? Did he, with my mother's consent, subconsciously want me castrated?" Philosophically, Harnes concludes that "what was done was done." Anyway, he notes, neither plastic surgery nor prosthetic technology can alter matters where he is concerned.

Pressing on in a more empirical manner, Harnes reports that he attempted to "study" men who had been circumcised as adults; the result is that his practice now consists mostly of women and a few men with "certain psychological problems." Harnes claims to have sent questionnaires to 135 urologists explaining the nature of his research and asking for their cooperation. Only 29 replied at all, and of this number, 24 asked: "What are you, some kind of nut or something?"

Next, Harnes imagined trying to determine whether women who had intercourse with both circumcised and uncircumcised partners noted any differences in the men's pleasure. His efforts, which began with questions to his wife and his nurse, once again proved futile. "Readers requesting reprints should note my new address" (Maiden Lane, of course). Nor were "interviews" with prostitutes any more successful. He tells of questioning 15 "experienced prostitutes from all walks of life." Fourteen gave him the same answer as had the majority of urologists. The 15th may have known all, but "did not speak English or French."

THE LAW

Decisions

U.S. justice may be governed by laws rather than men, but statutes and precedents cannot cover every novel situation. It is often a judge ruling on an appeal who decides how the law meshes with the facts. Recent examples:

► Bill Raymond, 12, of Sacramento, Calif., snooped around his father's bedroom and found a leafy substance in a dresser drawer. The boy shared his discovery with a deputy sheriff who told the youth that it was marijuana. Later, while another sheriff's man waited in a nearby car, the youth again searched the bedroom and came up with more pot. The state charged Bill's father, Charles Raymond, with possession of marijuana. Despite defense protests that the evidence was inadmissible because it had been illegally obtained, a superior court judge ruled for the prosecution. Wrong, said a California appellate court. Noting that there was a Fifth Commandment about honoring one's parents, Judge Leonard Friedman nonetheless restricted his decision to a more conventional safeguard: the Fourth Amendment's prohibition against unreasonable searches.

► Calvin Cook of Petersburg, Va., was accidentally killed while on active military duty in Viet Nam. His grandmother, Christine Jackson, who had bought an accident policy on Cook's life, tried to collect the \$1,000, but the North America Assurance Society of Virginia refused to pay. The company cited a clause in the policy barring payment if death occurred "while in military service in time of war." Though a lower court agreed with the insurance company, the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals found that the policy's war clause did not preclude payment. Reason: the Viet Nam conflict is not a war in the legal sense, because Congress never declared it one.

► When New Jersey officials discovered that Wes Outdoor Advertising Co. had erected billboards without getting the required permits, the state ordered the billboards removed. The company did not do so, and the state sued. The court set penalties of \$59,230—\$100 a day for each of 572 days of violation plus twice the cost of removal. Owner Wesley K. Bell argued that under the statute he was entitled to go to jail for 30 days rather than pay. The state met that proposal with its own: Bell should serve 30 days for each day of the offense, amounting to 47 years. The lower court denied both motions, leaving the \$59,230 penalty in effect. Writing for the New Jersey Supreme Court, Justice Worrall Mountain rejected that solution, but concluded that courts, rather than defendants, should decide the punishment when the law provides a choice of penalties. Mountain then settled on a nice round sum: Bell was fined \$10,000 and court costs.



IHLY (LEFT) AT WASHINGTON STATE CAPITOL
Finding a new life.

Jaycees in Prison

Remember the Jaycees, those youngish strivers with Middle American enthusiasm for beauty pageants, Mother's Day corsages and business success? Well, these days one chapter president is serving ten years on a rape conviction and another is doing 20 years for assault and robbery. In all, some 9,000 members of the organization are in prison, and another 8,000 dues-paying boosters are ex-cons.



FRANCIS DIGENNARO
GIBBS & CHRISTENSEN IN CELL BLOCK
Giving up the subculture.

The reason is not that the community pillars have suddenly gone wrong en masse. On the contrary, the Jaycees have never been more responsible or achievement-oriented. In fact, a keen awareness of civic duty has led the organization to focus on new causes. In Philadelphia last month, Jaycees met with Black Panthers to rap on drugs and a sickle-cell anemia testing program; a group in Seattle is hoping to help set up halfway houses for parolees. The most important new approach centers on an aggressive drive to attract members in the nation's prisons. There are now 130 prison chapters, all formed for the same reason as chapters on the outside: to provide community-development and leadership training. While only a tiny minority of convicts participate, those who do bring the fervor of new converts to the organization. Says Luther Gosby, 22, who is serving 20 years for attempted robbery in Washington State Reformatory at Monroe: "I'll never forget what I got from the Jaycees; they taught me that I can better myself by being responsible to others."

Trees and Fire Trucks. With new goals, confidence and valuable contacts with the outside world, inmate Jaycees fight their old self-image. They organize blood drives for leukemia victims, send money to children in underdeveloped countries and plant trees in prison courtyards. One chapter even raised \$2,500 to buy a used fire truck for an impoverished Indian reservation in Nebraska. An Illinois chapter has developed a highly successful ex-offenders employment service. In North Carolina, Jaycee convicts have toured nearby schools to warn students of the dangers of drugs, and inmate Jaycees in Washington State and Maryland have helped push prison-reform bills through the state legislatures.

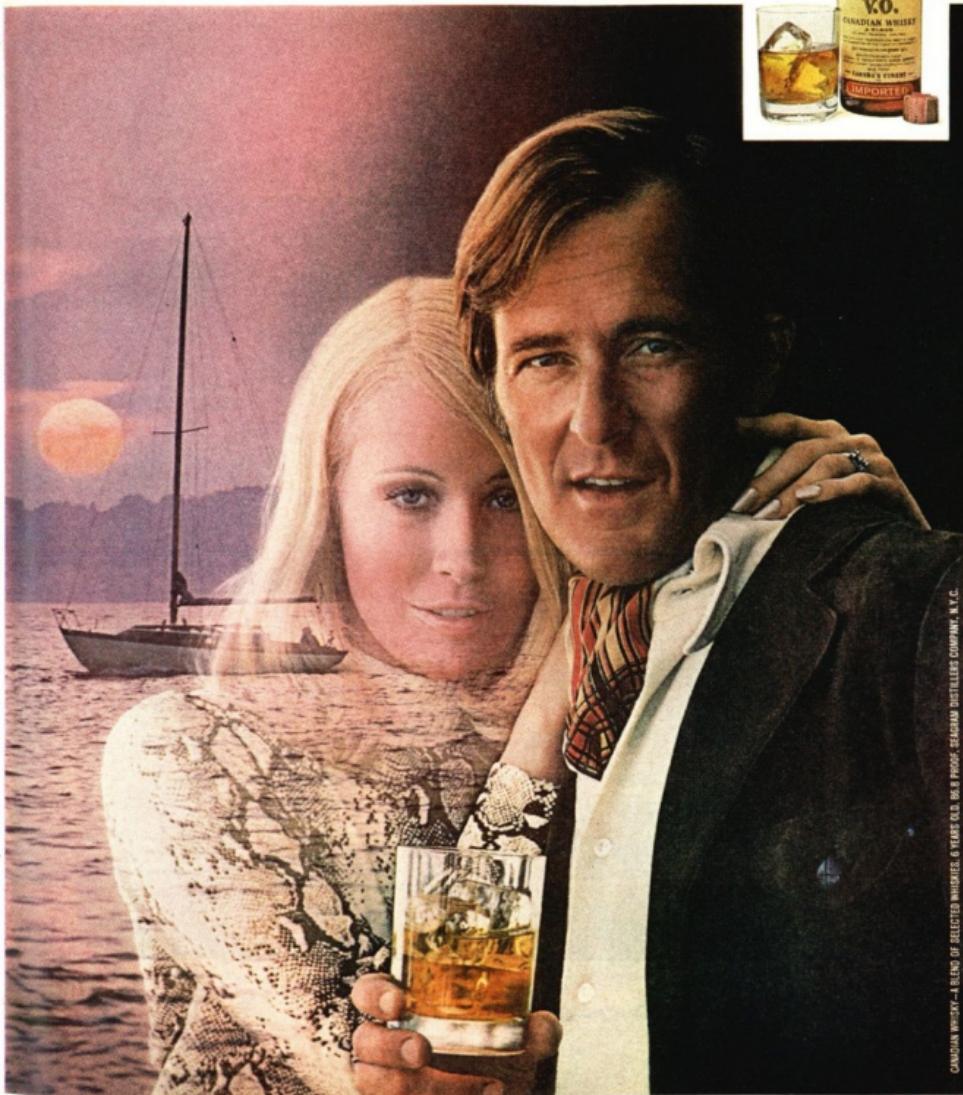
The prison program's main booster is Gary Hill, 31, a Lincoln, Neb., metals-company executive, who took command five years ago, after the first prison chapter was established in West Virginia in 1962. Hill got hooked on the concept after he noticed that ex-convicts, long hired for his family business, made exceptionally good workers. He organized a Jaycee prison chapter and set up a referral service for convicts that now spans the country and guarantees ex-cons assistance with jobs, housing and counseling. Says Hill: "The Jaycees allow inmates, who historically have had all their individuality taken away from them, to look around and make changes instead of bitching."

FBI List. Many convicts who have known only the underside of society most of their lives would greet Hill's statement with instant skepticism. Malcolm Christensen, 35, formerly on the FBI's most-wanted list for crimes in eight states that ranged from kidnaping to assault, had his doubts when he entered the Jaycees. Now he is the president of the chapter in Maryland's maximum-security prison and goes about unguarded on his Jaycee business outside the prison

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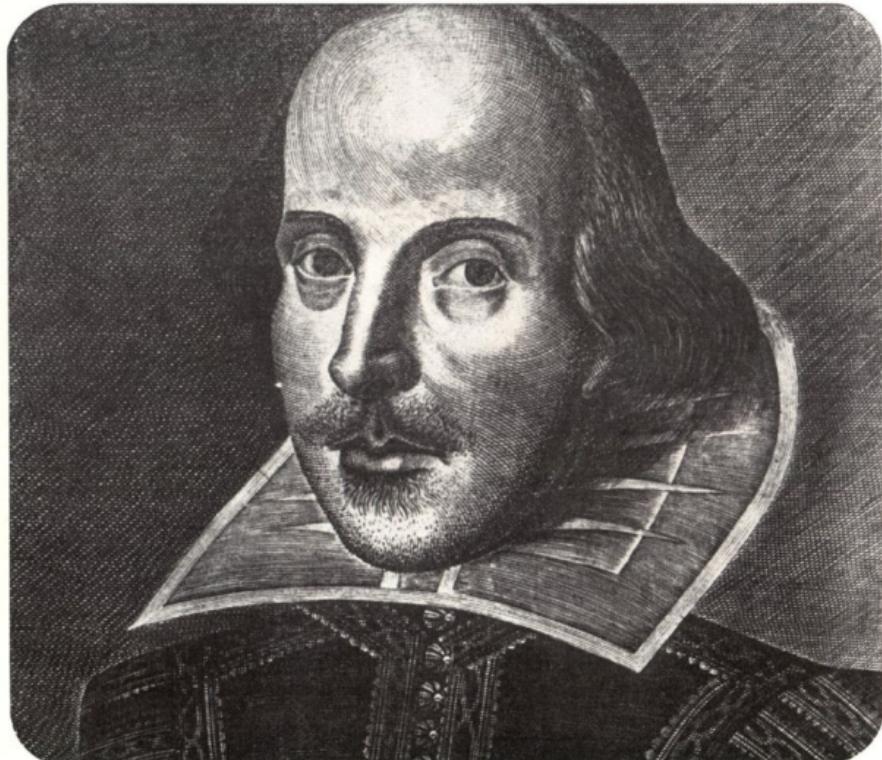
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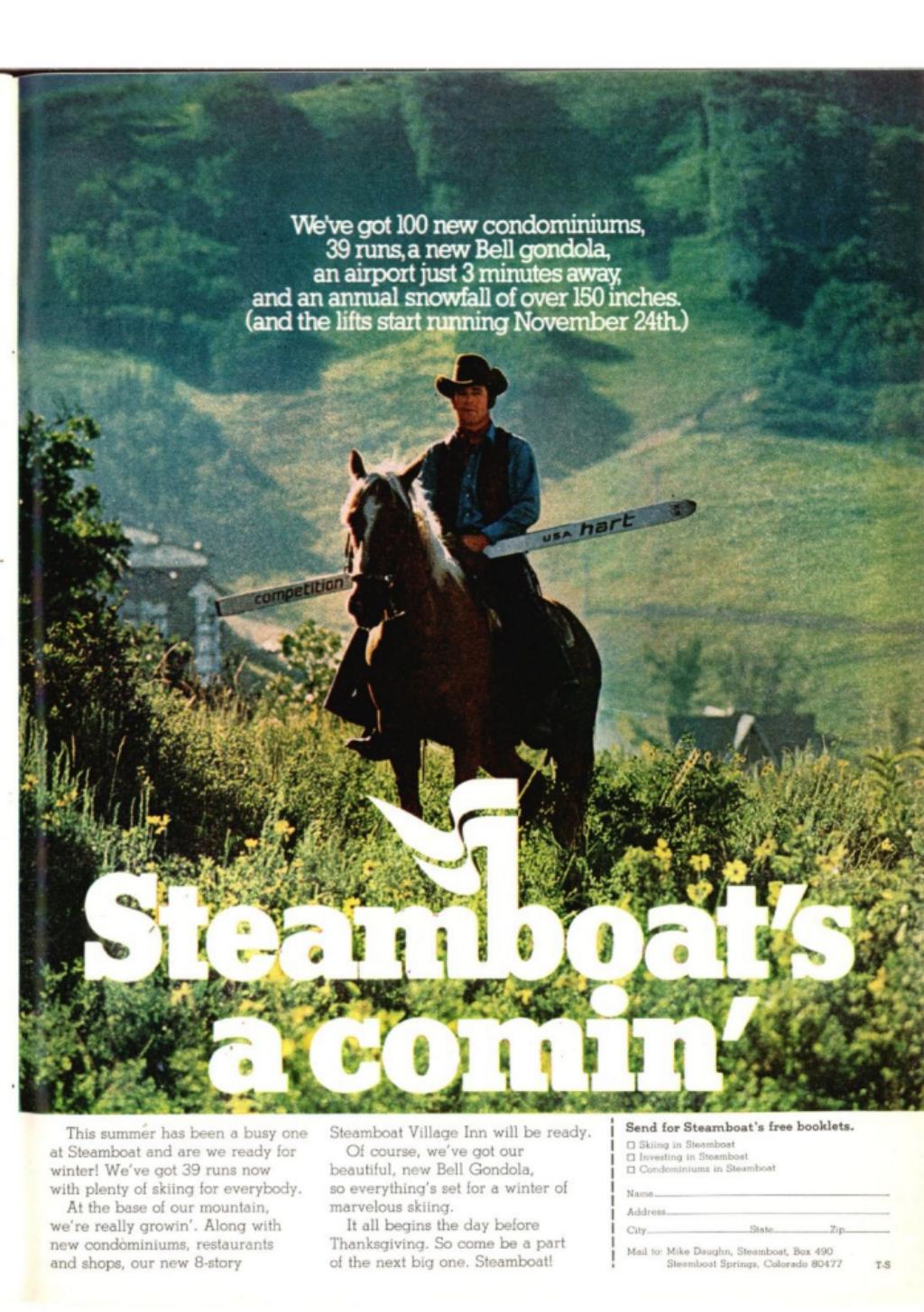
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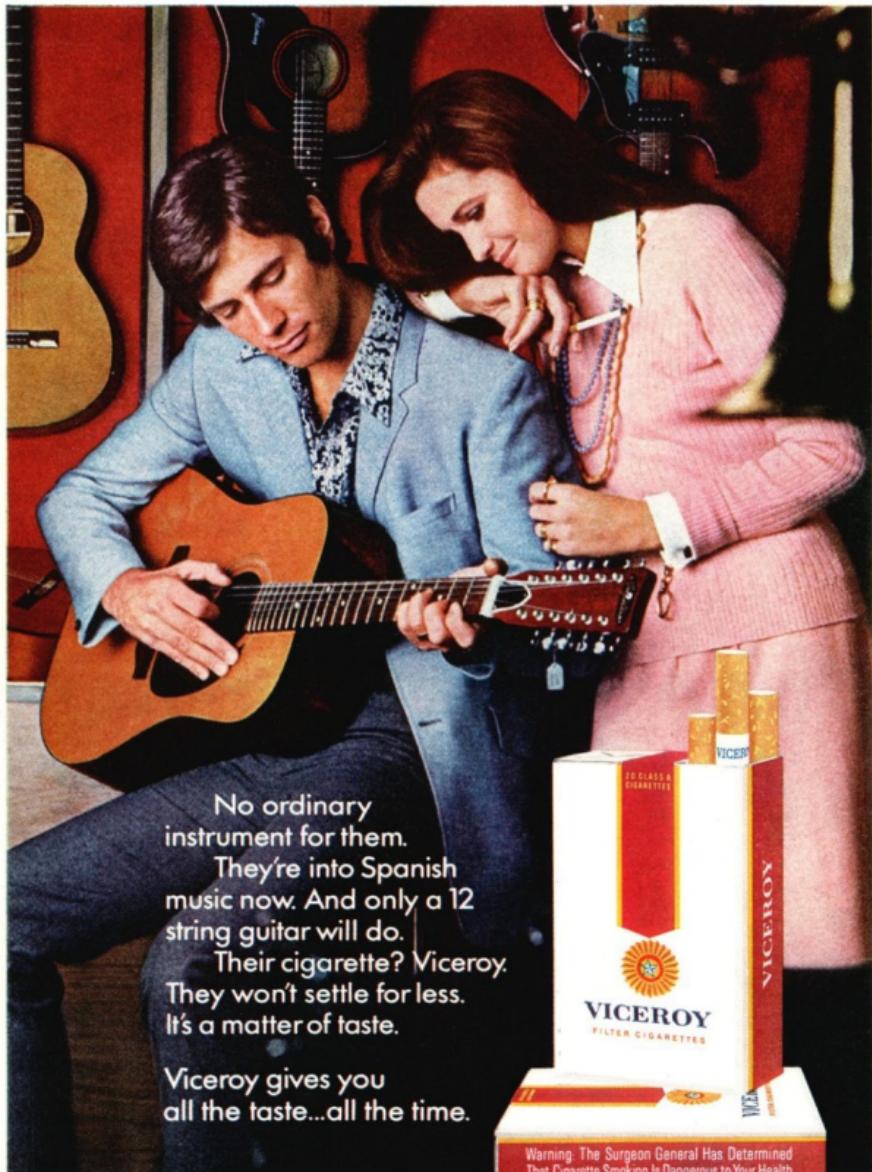
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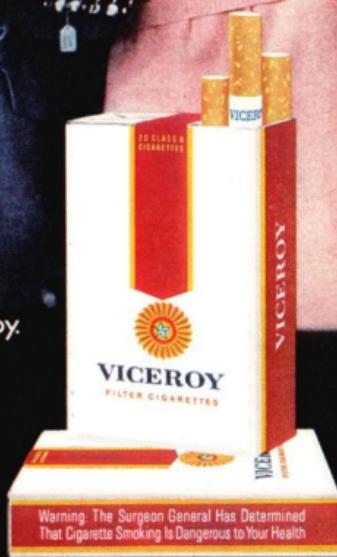


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THE PRESS

walls. Christensen admits that he first became interested in the program three years ago, "just to get out of the cell and drink coffee and have cookies." He soon got serious, and the Jaycees recently awarded him the organization's highest individual honor, an "international senatorship."

Christensen linked up with David Gibbs, 34, a convict who has also been on the FBI's most-wanted list, to push a youth-counseling program outside the prison. Among more than 100 projects that Christensen's chapter has started is a crime seminar inside the prison that brings together inmates, state legislators and university professors. In such gatherings, Christensen and Gibbs discovered, they are accepted as equals. "I even call judges and other prominent men by their first names," says Christensen.

From Prison to Politics. For some convicts, the average \$12 annual dues (the same as on the outside) can buy a ticket to a new life. A prime example is Gary Ihly, 27, who was active in the Happydale Jaycees while serving time for second-degree assault in Washington State's corrections center at Shelton. After his release, Ihly joined the Olympia Jaycees (he is now vice president of the chapter) and worked hard for passage of prison-reform bills that established a convicts' furlough program and increased inmates' pay. For his legislative efforts, Ihly was invited to Governor Dan Evans' office for the bill-signing ceremony. Now a programmer for the state's department of social and health services, Ihly hopes that he will be the first ex-convict elected to the Washington house of representatives. "After all," he says, "when you have gone from prison to the Governor's office in 20 months, anything seems possible." Jaycee involvement often helps in getting a parole—and staying free thereafter. Jaycees estimate that their ex-cons have only a 10% recidivism rate, compared with the more than 50% for alumni of federal prisons.

Frequently, of course, the Jaycees in prison pay a high price for their hard-sought status. They are sometimes considered turncoats by cellmates, fakes by old-line prison officials and hardened criminals by outside community groups. Gibbs' best friend and former accomplice would not speak to him for three months after his induction into the Jaycees. "You have to give up your friends and the prison subculture," says Christensen. "That's tough, and some can't do it." For a black Jaycee like Charles Ivery, 30, president of the chapter at Maryland's correctional center at Jessup, there are added headaches. "You have to convince the whites that we're not trying to create a Black Power situation and convince the blacks that the Jaycees are not a Ku Klux Klan white organization." To do that, and then persuade convicts to ante up the money to join, is no easy job, but the Jaycee record in prisons shows that it can be done.

Getting to the Core

When Convict George Jackson was shot dead in the San Quentin prison yard last month (TIME, Sept. 6), his distraught mother charged that the escape attempt was actually "set up" and amounted to murder by prison authorities. Her accusation was dismissed out of hand by most, but it prompted an emotional piece by Tom Wicker, Washington-based columnist for the New York *Times*. "Many others," Wicker wrote, "mostly black perhaps, but not a few of them white, will not find it hard to agree with his mother."

Wicker praised Jackson as "a talented writer, a sensitive man, a potential leader and political thinker of great persuasiveness." He lamented the "wanton destruction of humanity" by a system that had jailed Jackson for one year to life for a \$70 robbery at age 19 and kept him in prison for nearly twelve years until his death. "For once," wrote Wicker, "this predominantly white society ought not passively to accept the usual assumption that authority is blameless and truthful, and those who defy it are fools or depraved, especially if black."

Senatorial Courtesy. Though Wicker did not specifically subscribe to the "set up" theory of Jackson's death, he found himself rebuked by an editorial in his own paper the next day. The *Times* mentioned no names, but condemned giving "currency to the vague, unsupported and unbelievable charge made by Jackson's mother." Added the editorial: "It is no contribution to the national good . . . to explain away acts of savagery as the inevitable reaction to social inequities."

Wicker has been at odds with *Times* editorial policy before, most notably about campus upheavals. As he puts it,



CONVICT JACKSON
Wanton destruction?

"I tended to write about student grievances, and the editorial page stressed the necessity of maintaining order and academic freedom on the campuses." Never before has one of his columns triggered an opposing *Times* editorial, though no one called him on the carpet and the home office's only communication was to advise him in advance that the editorial would be forthcoming, a move Wicker describes as "sort of like senatorial courtesy."

Apart from the editorial, Wicker also drew strong censure from more than 100 readers. Last week he felt compelled to confront his critics. In another column, he noted that "most letters and even some editorials have accused me of charging that Jackson's death was 'set up' by the authorities. Of course, I did not."

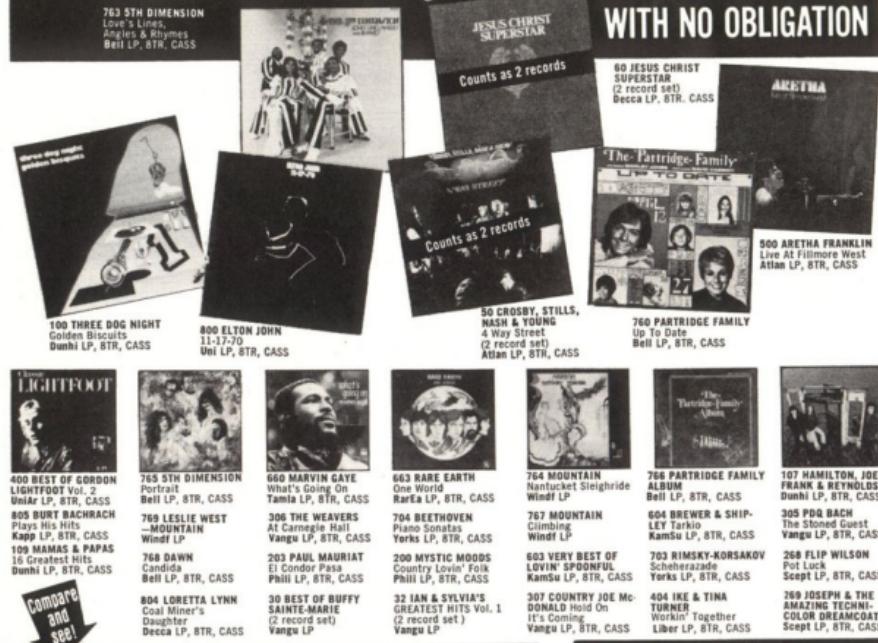
He stuck to his guns on "how senselessly and brutally society reacted at every turn to Jackson's early transgressions; moreover, it is still doing so, every day, in other cases, and turning thousands of young offenders into hardened criminals. If that is not 'wanton destruction of humanity,' what is it?"

Surface Consequences. Many of the letters he received took Wicker to task for not showing enough concern over the death of the three white guards killed in the escape attempt. His column last week offered a reply to one letter-writer: "To grieve for the guards . . . but not to face the truth of what our society does to human beings like George Jackson is to worry about symptoms and surface consequences and not about root causes. So I must tell you that, no, I cannot be more 'even-handed,' as you would wish. I will go on, as long as I can, trying to get to the core of things the best I can."



COLUMNIST WICKER
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Introducing the New Superjet Set

THE era of the superjet has so far been dominated by a single craft, the giant Boeing 747. Some 250 of them are already cruising the skies, carrying an average of 325 seats each. Now a whole new set of superjets is coming into service, a fleet that will introduce the marvels and frustrations of wide-bodied planes to travelers taking much shorter trips than the 747 ordinarily makes. The McDonnell Douglas DC-10 (see color) has just begun commercial flights, and in 1974 U.S. and European airlines plan to start using at least four other superjets.

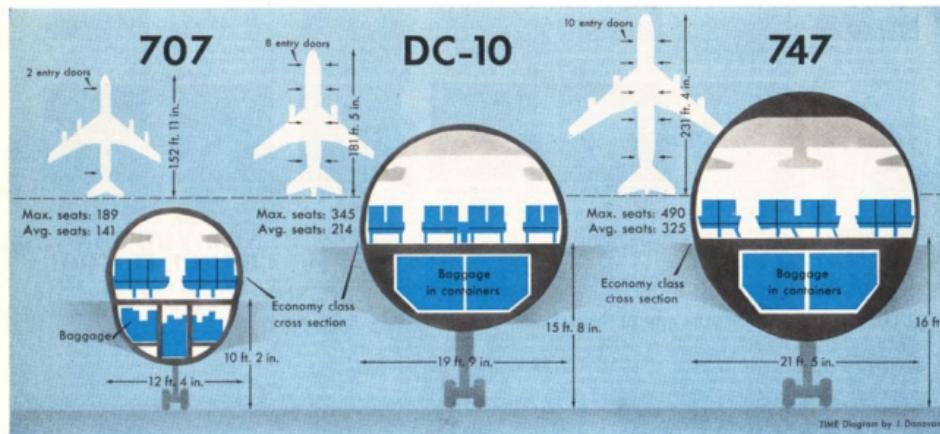
For most passengers, the superjet era

is being procedures by referring to a Honeywell computer on board that shows exactly what the aircraft will do next. Superjet engines, while three times more powerful than those of standard jets, are quieter, more pollution-free, and more efficient. Meals served aboard the DC-10, some 747s and Lockheed's forthcoming L-1011 are stored and warmed in a galley located below the passenger level, in the plane's cargo hold. When the food is ready for serving, a stewardess will put it on electric elevators connecting the two levels. Among the most important new superjets:

THE McDONNELL DOUGLAS DC-10 was put

127 DC-10s, which cost about \$20 million each, including spare parts.

THE LOCKHEED L-1011 is scheduled to begin service with TWA and Eastern next spring. Like the DC-10, with which it will be in direct competition, the three-engine L-1011 holds 250 to 345 passengers and will specialize in runs of 1,000 to 1,500 miles. Last week Lockheed won a major battle in its long fight to keep the L-1011 from being swallowed in the company's financial plight. In Washington, the Emergency Loan Guarantee Board, created by Congress in July, voted to guarantee a \$250 million loan for the L-1011's completion.



will provide a slightly smoother ride and perhaps longer baggage waits, at least until airline unloaders become accustomed to handling the suitcases of hundreds of people at once. The most visible contrast to standard jet-age travel, of course, will be space—the experience of sitting in a cruise-ship cabin, with nearly 300 other passengers and 14 stewardesses. Until the airlines are able to snap out of their current economic doldrums and begin filling their new planes, much of that extra space will be used to pamper the passenger, with roomy lounge and bar areas in economy as well as first-class sections.

One Step Ahead. There will also be innovations in aeronautics and economics. The superjets, including the 747, are equipped with radical new landing systems that will allow virtually fail-safe touchdowns in any weather. The captain of a DC-10 can literally keep one step ahead of himself during land-

into service last month by American and United airlines. By next year, it will also be flying for National, Continental, Northwest and Delta. Designed to carry up to 345 passengers over medium distances (1,000 to 1,500 miles), the three-engine ship is already handling traffic between Chicago and Los Angeles and later this year will make Pittsburgh-to-Miami and Chicago-to-Cleveland runs. On the Chicago-L.A. run, it is giving Boeing's 747 its first superjet competition. Eventually, McDonnell Douglas engineers expect to produce a "stretched" model—a slightly larger and more powerful version—of the DC-10 that will give it a range of as much as 4,000 miles and thus encroach even further on the 747 markets. (Not to be outdone, Boeing designers are also applying the "stretch" principle to the 747; one plane on their drawing boards would carry 1,000 passengers.) McDonnell Douglas currently has firm orders for

Still, its costs are rising: the board demanded a 2% "guaranteed fee." In addition, if the new import surtax is still in effect when its British-built Rolls-Royce engines begin arriving next February, the plane's price might well rise above that of the DC-10. At present, Lockheed has firm orders for 103 models of the L-1011, at \$20 million each.

THE EUROPEAN AIRBUS, known as the A300B, was designed by a consortium of French, British, Dutch and German firms for five European carriers. When it becomes operational in 1973, the two-engine airbus (a term that U.S. planemakers deem unglamorous and seldom used) will have a capacity of 212 to 259 passengers for trips of 1,300 to 1,650 miles—workhorse runs between

A DC-10, newest superjet in service, lifts off runway at Los Angeles International Airport, bound for Chicago.





Eastern Airlines plans to be the first to put the Lockheed L-1011 into scheduled commercial service, probably in April 1972.



Sitting eight across, coach passengers are no more than one seat from the nearest aisle in DC-10.



HOSTESSES USING FOOD ELEVATORS IN AMERICAN'S DC-10
Leftover space to pamper the passengers.

European cities. It will be powered by the same engine used on the DC-10, General Electric's CF6-6, and will contain some other U.S.-built parts. Its customers might well include some U.S. airlines, which will use the Airbus to supplement their longer-range superjets. Cost: \$19 million.

THE SUPERSONICS will soon become a fact of travel. The Anglo-French Concorde is scheduled to be put into regular service by Air France and British Overseas Airways Corp. in 1974. The plane cruises at 1,400 m.p.h., and will cut the present flight time nearly in half; for example, it will travel from New York to Paris in 3 hrs. 20 min. But it has a seating capacity of only about 112, which makes travel aboard the Concorde very expensive (New York to Paris: about \$525 one way). The effects of the SST on the environment are a matter of continuing and unsettled debate. At present, the Concorde exceeds legal noise levels at U.S. airports, but the ultimate question of landing rights is still considered open. Just as severely at question is whether the Concorde, with its small payload and high-priced tickets, will be economically viable. For now, U.S. airlines are playing it safe: every major overseas carrier has taken an option on at least one Concorde, which sells for about \$30 million, but none have made a final commitment to buy it.

The Soviet Union is also deeply involved in the supersonic sweepstakes, and has already flown its Tupolev 144 (with only cargo aboard) on occasional trans-Siberian runs. The TU-144, which cruises at 1,550 m.p.h., is slightly faster than the Concorde but somewhat less sophisticated in prototype design; however, the Soviets plan to change a flat and inefficient wing design and make other cor-

rections in new models. They will undoubtedly make their price competitive with that of the Concorde, and might even cut prices below costs and extend long-term, low-interest financing in order to win the prestige of selling their supersonics in non-Communist countries.

The new superjets, or "metal angels," as Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands calls them, are being introduced at a hard time for most airlines. Having profited from an annual traffic growth averaging over 16% during the last half of the '60s, U.S. airlines had a meager increase of 3.2% in the recession year of 1970. For this year, the outlook is even bleaker—only 3% growth and a disastrous industry-wide loss of \$180 million or so. By adding a total of 8,950 new seats to thousands of already half-empty passenger cabins in this year, superjets have simply compounded an already serious capital problem for the airlines.

South Seas Ventures. Taking a longer view, most airline officials believe that the big planes will prove a wise investment. For one thing, the new subsonic superjets cost an average of \$5,000,000 less per plane than the Boeing 747 and, having shorter ranges, can operate profitably on many more routes. The International Air Transport Association predicts that worldwide passenger travel will grow by more than 300% by 1985—a time well within the life-span of any newly made jet—and that the air-cargo business will go up eightfold. Vacation travelers are venturing farther and farther from home on their trips—Europeans to explore Africa, Americans to visit Hawaii and the South Seas. Even if all of IATA's glowing predictions come true, only 6.5% of the world's population will ever have flown on an airplane by 1985—which leaves a huge potential for further growth.

BUSINESS AND SOCIETY

Xerox Sabbaticals

Though American business loudly proclaims its concern over ecology, pollution, poverty and race, not many companies are willing to subsidize their employees to work on these and other problems outside the factory or office. A few firms, including Cummins Engine and Prudential Insurance, have detached people to do good works not connected with their jobs, but the programs tend to be informal and restricted to projects chosen by management. Employees who want to do something else have to quit or take an unpaid leave.

There are signs that many employees feel a company ought to put its money where its image is. Last week, in response to year of quiet urging by employee groups, Xerox Corp. announced that each year it will select 20 or more of its 38,000 U.S. employees for a year of "social service leave"—at full pay—to do anything they want that might contribute to a better society. The restrictions: the employee must have worked for Xerox at least three years, and the activity that he chooses must be legal, nonpolitical and sponsored by an existing nonprofit organization. For example, he might work in the area of civil rights, parole reform, drug-addiction aid or teaching retarded children. Any pay received will be supplemented by the company up to the level of the employee's normal income. He will continue to receive all company benefits and is guaranteed his old job back.

Dedicated Workers. The first Xerox sabbaticals for 1972 will be awarded in November by a board of seven employees, only one of whom is a company officer. Applicants do not have to have permission from their bosses to



PRESIDENT McCOLOUGH
Time off for good behavior.

apply, and any manager who claims that an employee cannot be spared will have to prove it to Xerox President C. Peter McCollough. He is a socially conscious executive who has led the company into sponsoring controversial TV documentaries (including an eight-part series on blacks in America) and aiding black-owned businesses. McCollough believes that the company's new program will attract more dedicated workers to Xerox. "Many of our best people would not be here today if Xerox stood only for profits," he says. "We've encouraged our people to be involved. We are determined to put something back into society."



FAS INSTRUCTOR AT WORK
Tired of toiling in regimented obscurity.

LABOR Writing Wrongs

FAS International is a company dedicated to making a fortune out of fame. It runs a mail-order education empire, including the Famous Writers, Artists and Photographers schools, that sells about \$90 million yearly in programmed instruction to would-be Hemingways, Picasos and Cartier-Bressons around the world.

Lately, however, FAS has become famous for its misfortune. The firm lost \$2,200,000 in the quarter that ended last December, mostly because of the recession and a few improvident acquisitions. Then FAS executives asked that the company's stock be suspended from trading on the New York Stock Exchange because its books were too fouled up to permit a second-quarter 1971 earnings report. The stock, which hit a high of 62 in 1968, closed at 44 on May 19 and has not yet reopened. Both the Federal Trade Commission and New York City's department of consumer affairs are making inquiries into the selling methods of FAS and other home-learning outfits.

Untimely Clock. FAS now faces trouble from another, unlikely quarter: the teaching faculty at Famous Writers School in Westport, Conn. The faculty

does not consist of Clifton Fadiman, Bruce Catton, Phyllis McGinley or the twelve other literary luminaries who for undisclosed sums have lent their names and faces to the school's familiar ads ("We're looking for people who want to write"). Rather it is made up of 38 nonfamous writers who actually handle the school's mail-order instruction. Dissatisfied with toiling in regimented obscurity, they formed Local 427 of the Office and Professional Employees International Union earlier this year. After nearly three months of desultory negotiations with FAS, they have authorized a strike.

The instructors want a greater voice

DAVID GAINE

of its subsidiaries, among them the Evelyn Wood franchised speed-reading centers. Strike or not, unless Lewis can come up with \$18 million to cover the firm's short-term notes, the nonfamous writers may face the threat of permanent obscurity.

EXECUTIVES New Face on the Tube

With the stunning suddenness of a TV-show cancellation, the management of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., last week reached over the heads of at least two front-running executives to choose a president from outside. The new man is Charles T. Ireland Jr., 50, a Yale-trained lawyer and a senior vice president of ITT, the multibillion-dollar conglomerate. Ireland will rank third at CBS, after Chairman William S. Paley and Frank Stanton, who shifts from president to vice chairman. Stanton will retire in 1973, when Ireland will presumably move up to No. 2.

Why did CBS bring in an outsider? The company has become something of a conglomerate itself—toys, books, guitars—with only 55% of its \$1.2 billion revenues last year coming from broadcasting. Ireland's four years at ITT will thus be useful. Moreover, a slump at CBS—first-half earnings were down from \$28.7 million to \$22.5 million—calls for financial rather than entrepreneurial expertise.

Ireland was a longtime associate of the late financier Robert R. Young. He was president of Young's Alleghany Corp., the holding company that controlled the New York Central Railroad and still controls Investors Diversified Services. In 1967 he moved to ITT as special assistant to Chairman Harold Geneen, but ITT insiders say that he did not cotton to Geneen's authoritarian ways and had been looking around for some time.

BANKING Cool Cash from Coolidge

Still striving to shed their obsolete image of aloofness, bankers have adopted an air of determined bonhomie while courting customers with a full array of services, gifts and favorable interest rates. For bringing a warm touch to cold cash, not many can match Coolidge Bank & Trust Co. of Watertown, Mass., a Boston suburb.* Started by a group of local businessmen in an abandoned store a little more than a decade ago, Coolidge now has nine branches and \$100 million in assets, which puts it among the top 500 of the nation's 14,000 commercial banks.

Though many institutions dangle some of the same lures as Coolidge, few provide as many attractions simul-

in planning the school curriculum.* They also object to the productivity-minded company's plan to install a time clock. As it is, the instructors work a rigid eight-hour schedule in 38 identical soundproofed cubicles, turning out penciled marginal comments and lengthy typewritten critiques on six or seven student assignments a day. "We want to be treated like professionals and less like production-line workers," argues Harmon Strauss, a former Radio Free Europe writer who is Local 427's shop steward.

The teachers are not making any immediate salary demands (present average is about \$225 a week), and have not yet carried out the strike threat. One reason is their understandable fear that the company may go under if they do. Donald A. Lewis, a former senior vice president at Foote, Cone & Belding Communications Inc., who took over as FAS president in mid-May, is trying to rescue the firm by selling off some

* Courses include fiction, nonfiction, business and advertising writing. The student pays \$780 (or up to \$903 on the installment plan) for textbooks and the comments of an instructor on each written assignment that he submits. Each student is asked to write 24 manuscripts of up to 3,000 words each over a three-year period. Sample assignment: a 2,000-word essay on "the art of living."

* The bank was so named because the site of its first office was located on what was once the family farm of President Calvin Coolidge.



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(Over twice as much if you fold down its back seat.)

The Volkswagen Squareback.

Not too small, not too big

Just right.





APPLYING FOR CREDIT AT HARVARD SQUARE BRANCH
Dividends from student interest.

lime and white inside. The bank's interest in students goes deeper than a fresh coat of paint. Since 1968 it has been offering what is probably the most comprehensive student loan program in the U.S. For example, at Coolidge, a graduate student, after a rigorous credit check, can get a \$2,000 unsecured line of credit at a rate of 1% a month on the unpaid balance, along with an American Express executive credit card and a free checking account. So far the default rate has been less than 1%, and Coolidge now has customers in 50 states and 26 countries.

Fuller Brush Banking. Most of these innovations have come from President Adess himself, a lively 59-year-old businessman unencumbered by a banking background. He honed his instinct for pleasing customers as a Fuller Brush salesman during the Depression. From there, he went into retailing, building up his hardware business before selling out to take over as Coolidge's president. Adess believes that helping young people is good business. "We think that aiding them now will bring them back as customers after they graduate," he explains. Basically Adess sees himself as a retailer of money. "We try to offer the best product at the lowest price," he says. "It's the volume that counts." The most concrete result of this strategy can be seen in the bank's four-story headquarters. Only a year old, the building is no longer large enough to contain the ever-expanding business, and plans are now in progress to add another four floors.

GM... X... DD... Hic

MOST men and women standing at a bar have the option of staring at the rows of bottles stacked behind it or craning to watch a TV set in a dim corner. Now Bronwen Corp., a brokerage house in Washington, D.C., has opened a restaurant called the Exchange, where a dedicated drinker can down his martinis while watching stock market quotations flicker past his eyes on an 8-ft.-wide illuminated Ultronic Systems quote board in back of the bar. Says Harry Hagerty, one of three young partners in Bronwen: "I've always felt that the man interested in watching stock prices ought to have a place more convivial for his habit."

The three partners hope to franchise ticker-equipped restaurants patterned after the Exchange. When the trio first asked the New York Stock Exchange to let them have a barroom ticker installed, they were turned down because they wanted instantaneous quotes, and the Big Board restricts that service to brokers or people whose principal business is investment. Eventually the partners agreed that stock prices would appear 15 minutes behind brokerage-house tickers, as they do on television. The time lag has not stopped some cus-

time, and often honors overdrawn checks of up to \$100.

Psychedelic Branch. The bank's most distinctive success was in winning the loyalty and much of the business of Boston area students. It first drew youthful attention in 1967 by setting up a branch in Harvard Square that was the absolute opposite of the banking establishment's marble mausoleums: a crowded trailer in the forecourt of a garage. Recently, the branch moved into the cinder-block garage, which was remodeled and painted a psychedelic red, white and blue on the outside and yellow,

tomers from trading at the bar over the free telephones provided by the house.

While Bronwen tries to launch its ticker-restaurant franchise, Trans-Lux Corp., a manufacturer of ticker display units, has been signing up nonbrokerage-house locations all over North America. Quote boards were recently installed in

the cocktail lounge of the Four Seasons hotel in Toronto and in the lobby of a new office building in Washington's Watergate complex, a development where many Administration officials live. The board was put in by the Watergate management to attract brokerage-house tenants, but they are few. On one recent day, the only tape watchers were two caged red parrots that ate sunflower seeds and squawked as they observed the quotations.



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CINEMA

Blind Fear

Sarah has an air of deceptive fragility, but the English lass is really porcelain on the outside, granite within. The girl is stone blind—the result of an equestrian accident. But she is making a wizard adjustment at her uncle's isolated house in Sussex. Then, rather abruptly, things spiral downward. Her boy friend Steve (Norman Eshley) leaves her alone to take an afternoon nap. She awakes to a house full of death. Some bloody maniac has gone crackers with a shotgun, cutting down everyone in the family. But he has accidentally dropped a clue—a bracelet with his name engraved upon the surface. Sar-

Until Dark, Playwright Frederick Knott used a series of ingenious devices to keep the killer and the audience dangling. In *See No Evil*, Scenarist Brian Clemens offers no motivations and precious few plot twists. Nor is his head-on harum-scarum approach improved by Richard Fleischer's blunt direction, which favors sudden cuts to broken corpses and sado-masochistic closeups of a girl precipitously tumbling into catatonia. Manifestly, Fleischer is out for only one thing: to inspire sudden fear. That he does, but at the expense of taste. The two were not mutually exclusive in two previous Fleischer films of homicidal violence: *Compulsion* (the story of Leopold and Loeb) and *The Boston Strangler* (based on the confessions of Albert DeSalvo). Fleischer, 54, appears to know how to deal with real killers; it is with the make-believe kind that he finds himself ill at ease.

■ Stefan Kanfer

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FARROW IN "SEE NO EVIL"
Spiraling downward.

ah finds it, but of course she cannot read the evidence. The maniac heads back to the house to retrieve the bracelet, and Sarah's only hope of escape is through an invisible maze of doors to the stables and an unsaddled horse.

Such is the warp and woof of *See No Evil*. The notion of any helpless, threatened blind girl kilometers from nowhere would excite empathy and terror. As Sarah, Mia Farrow raises every available hackle as she retrogresses from sunny convalescent to whimpering animal. She has done her homework diligently; the tentative movements, the high querulous voice that reveals her pitiful dependence are convincing attributes of her newly sightless state. If she displays a narrow emotional range, that is less the fault of the actress than of the film makers.

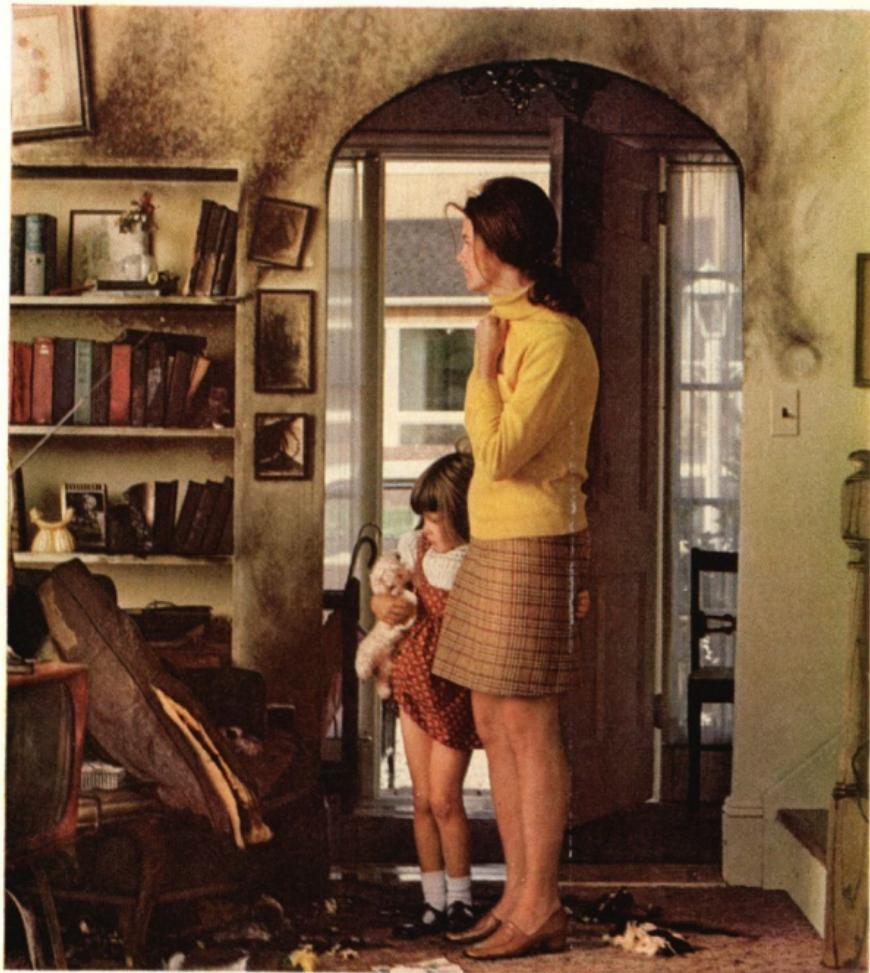
With *Good Reason*, back in 1967, Audrey Hepburn played a blind girl pursued by a homicidal maniac. But in *Wait*

Batgirl

Ever since Bela Lugosi went to bat in *Dracula*, the vampire has been a favorite of American horror-movie cultists. But even they will find little nourishment in *Let's Scare Jessica to Death*. Technology is partly to blame. Once electric lights are substituted for candles, the ghosts no longer hold sway; a car is no proper substitute for the creaky carriage and pair. The plot, however, is a linear descendant of the Bram Stoker original.

Jessica (Zohra Lampert) has just been released from a mental institution. She and her husband Duncan (Barton Heyman) opt out of the New York scene for a creepy Connecticut retreat, and find that they have acquired not only the house but its tenants of yesteryear. Duncan initially dismisses the weird noises and the hostility of the townfolk, every man jack of them with a scar on his neck. And Jessica begins to wonder if isn't all in her mind. That overheated young hippie Emily (Marielare Costello) who was living in the house, for instance. Surely she can't be a hundred years old. And yet the picture of a deceased tenant of 1880 does look like her. Eventually Jessica fights back, regaining her sanity at a dreadful price. But she takes so long to achieve her goal that she wonders whether it was all worthwhile. It was not. With the exception of Zohra Lampert's subtle and knowledgeable performance, no one in the cast has enough substance even to be considered humanoid. And after the first reel, the vampires seem to have lost their bite. Perhaps they, like the viewer, should have been forewarned by James Thurber's celebrated dictum: Don't count your boobies until they are hatched.

■ S.K.



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Ask about the Yamaha Music School, a uniquely rich educational experience for children four to eight.

Wild Blue Yonder

Two items are traditionally absent from the blue movie: clothing and humor. *Cry Uncle* exuberantly rectifies the imbalance. To be sure, the parade of semi- and unclothed ladies seems to have entered from the centerfolds of sex tabloids; but the male star, for once, is neither the nude superman nor the furtive rascal familiar to devotees of Grove Press. Instead he is Jake Masters (Allen Garfield), a very raunchy and extremely paunchy victim of private eyestrain. Masters, whose favorite outfit is a pair of underpants, is the kind of detective who could lose a suspect in a phone booth. He gets out of breath cutting corners, hasn't enough hair to make a wig for a grape, and cowers before any weapon larger than an insult. Nevertheless, in accordance with the rules of soft-core pornography, he attempts to be Casanova in Jockey shorts. On the trail of an anonymous killer, Jake samples a smorgasbord of tarts, including a Lib womannekin (Pamela Gruen) with the voice of a burglar, some spaced-out chippies and hookers of various hues.

Copulation of Clichés. Director John G. Avidsen directs his actors in the same manner that a red light may be said to direct patrons. No matter. Pornography is customarily, in Nabokov's fine phrase, a copulation of clichés. Not here, Garfield takes this insanely, inanely plotted movie and lends each scene a Rabelaisian gusto and surprise. His movements are reminiscent of the hippopotamus in rutting season; his expressions are unique. Who else could register such dismay when he finds that he has been making love to a corpse? Who else could transmit such concern for the girl who replaces her

GARFIELD IN "CRY UNCLE"



STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES—State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company, State Farm Fire and Casualty Company, State Farm Life Insurance Company (In N. Y., Wisc. and Conn., non-participating life insurance is available from State Farm Life and Accident Assurance Company). Home offices: Bloomington, Ill.



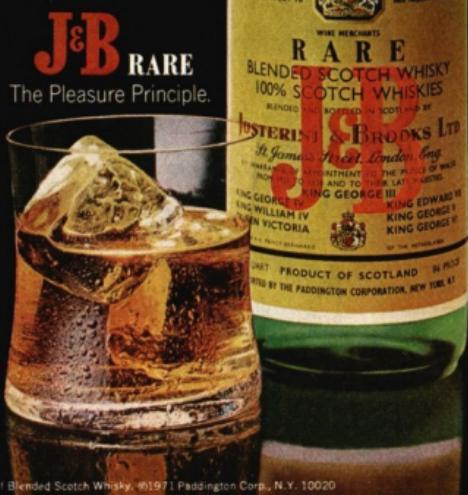
We're there when you need us, insuring your life, your health, your car and your home.

State Farm is
all you need to know
about insurance



The Pleasure Principle

As long as you're going to spend the money for a good scotch, why not spend a little more and get a great scotch.



86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. ©1971 Paddington Corp., N.Y. 10020

JUSTERINI

Founded 1749 by

BROOKS

lover with a personal vibrator? Who else would want to? Garfield's reputation is secure; he is the first blue-movie comedian—a pantie hero funny enough to melt a statue.

■ S.K.

Bad Faith

African Leader Maurice Lalubi (Woody Strode) is a world-famous apostle of nonviolence—what the Italian film makers choose to dub a *Black Jesus*. The fascist regime of his country hurriedly runs him to earth. Brought before the local Pontius Pilate (Jean Servais), Lalubi is cast into jail with a thief (Franco Citti), and tortured with nails driven into his hands. After a series of graphic humiliations, he is stabbed in the side by a soldier and dies. Organ music purrs throughout to underline both the literal symbolism and the unadorned wretchedness of the performances. Two excep-



STRODE & CITTI IN "BLACK JESUS"
Hovering on the periphery.

tions must be noted: Servais as the conscience-haunted functionary, and Strode himself. For years Strode, a former Los Angeles Ram, has hovered on the periphery of films waiting for a movie adequate to his talents. He is still marking time.

■ S.K.

Necrophilic Notes

Sweet Saviour is concerned with the exploits of a deranged preacher named Moon (Troy Donahue) who mesmerizes his hippie followers into slaughtering a houseful of people at the home of a wealthy and pregnant actress. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is clearly and leeringly intentional.

The movie gloats over its scenes of degenerate sex and reaches a climax in human butchery. Thus pornography of sex and violence produces a third type: the pornography of exploitation. *Sweet Saviour* makes a mockery of tragedy. Presented as a movie, it is actually a symptom of a social disease.

■ Jay Cocks

Finally...
First Class Flavor in a
Filter King

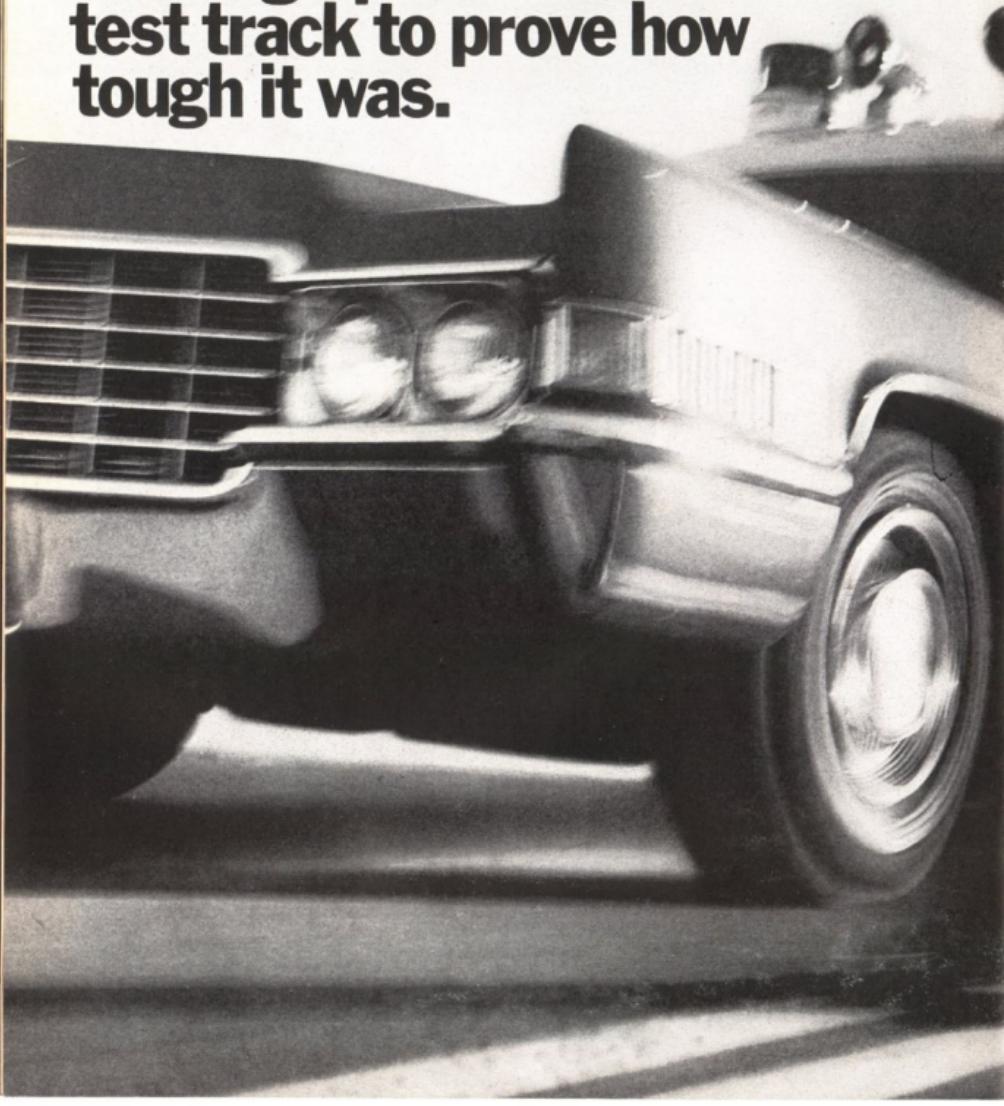


New PALL MALL Filter King.

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

The Sears Dynaglass Tire.

We put this long-mileage tire
on a high-performance
test track to prove how
tough it was.





We knew our Dynaglass Tires would give you great mileage. But we wanted to find out how tough they were.

So we took them to the people who could tell us. The Bob Bondurant School of High-Performance Driving in Ontario, California.



They teach professionals how to handle a car in an emergency.

Ambulance drivers. Policemen. Anybody who drives for a living.

This course is tough on tires.



But that's what Sears Silent Guard Dynaglass Tires were built for. Braced with two fiber glass belts and four tough body plies, to stand up to just about any driving situation.

Wrenching turns. Sudden defensive maneuvers. Scorching stops. Wet skids. High-speed police pursuit. You name it.

And yet, after all that, the Bondurant School still got great high-performance mileage out of Sears Dynaglass Tires.

But maybe that's not so surprising. Because these are the same kind of

tires that we've driven over 40,000 highway miles. Like any tire, the mileage you get depends on how you drive.

It all adds up to more strength and mileage for the money than you're probably used to. And when you buy Sears Dynaglass Tires, you can use Sears Easy-Payment Plan.

If the Sears Dynaglass is tough enough to survive the Bondurant course, it's tough enough for you.

Dynaglass Tires. Only at Sears, Roebuck and Co.



Where you buy tires with confidence.

TELEVISION



CRONKITE (RIGHT) ON "YOU ARE THERE"



HOSTS OF "TAKE A GIANT STEP"



Curiosity Shop, a one-hour show aimed at children aged six to eleven, is purportedly devoted to helping children question and deal with ideas. It is peopled with puppets and three children who ask disarming questions. There are animations, films and music. *Curiosity Shop* is inoffensive and cute, but on the whole trivial. And it is debatable how far a child—or a show—can go with questions like "What would it be like without thumbs?"

A Lot of Bull. In a departure from Saturday morning, ABC has produced a half-hour Sunday show called *Make a Wish*. Its visual effects are the best of any of the junior programs: fast cuts, flashy graphics and clever manipulation of sight and sound. Each program is limited to two subjects and is hosted by Tom Chapin, a personable, hairy chap wearing an embroidered work shirt and bell-bottoms, who sings nicely and plays a good guitar. Last week's première segment dealt with the words bull and fly. The visuals ran rapidly through the various kinds of "bull"—bulldog, bull, Bull Moose Party, rodeo bull, bulldogs. "That is a lot of bull," Chapin remarked inevitably. The segment on flying managed to trace that activity from Icarus to the 747 via *Superman*.

The remainder of the new ABC children's shows are, unfortunately, more like the old ones. *Funky Phantom* is an adventure cartoon centering around three teen-agers, their pet dog and a ghost from the Revolutionary War era. Also new is *Lidsville*. It is a loud and noisy half-hour telling about a kid who took a header into a giant top hat and ended up in a land called Lidsville, inhabited by, of all things, hats. Head bad guy is an inept wizard named Whooodoo, who calls his minions "stupid" and classifies them as "little creeps." *Jackson 5*, still another cartoon offering, features make-believe adventures of a real-life singing group. Not coincidentally, the series is produced in association with Motown Record Corp., which records the real Jackson 5.

Poisonous Stone Fish. NBC's *Barrier Reef* is yet another underwater adventure series. The first installment dealt with an attempted murder involving a poisonous stone fish. Another NBC show, *Mr. Wizard*, is back after a six-year hiatus. The première half-hour was concerned mainly with the elaborate preparations necessary for setting up a color-camera magnifier in order to view underwater life on a giant video screen. Science could be exciting. Not, unfortunately, on this show.

By far the most adventurous idea is NBC's *Take a Giant Step*, which, sadly, stumbles and falls the hardest. It aims at being a spontaneous and live talk show, dealing with specific topics (happy/sad, money, evolution). The three guest hosts, aged 13 to 15, are different for each show. They have six weeks of preparation supervised by *Scholastic Magazine* and four weeks of program briefing by NBC. When they hit something

The Junior Season Opens

The opening of the new season on children's television traditionally coincides with the start of the school year. Last week's curtain-raising on the fall schedule for children was accompanied by a fanfare of advertising promising, as CBS put it, "quality programming for the young." Unfortunately, few of the shows live up to that billing. Though all three networks are preparing occasional specials for other time slots, Saturday morning—the most concentrated stretch of children's television—remains a particularly bleak wasteland, where flashes of wit or originality are rarely seen.

Of a total of 16 hours of Saturday-morning programming on the three networks, 9 hours and 10 minutes are unchanged. CBS offers only 2 hours 20 minutes of new programs, and more than half of that time is given over to cartoons on the order of *Pebbles and Bam Bam* and *Archie's TV Funnies*. NBC offers two hours of new children's programming and ABC 2½ hours, plus one new half-hour on Sunday morning.

Look, No Thumbs. Within that narrow range of new time, there is some evidence that the networks are at least beginning to make an effort—still overly modest—at providing something better, with varied success. CBS has called on Walter Cronkite to lend both maturity and reality to some of its children's programming. He will preside over the revival of a 1950s favorite, now aimed at junior audiences: *You Are There*. This series dramatizes historical events in the form of on-the-spot interviews by television correspondents. The first episode last week, "The Ordeal of a President," dealt—confusingly—with the political maneuverings behind America's entry into World War I. But it is a promising series, and future segments will re-create the stories of Paul Revere, Lewis and Clark, and the defenders of the Alamo. Another noteworthy attempt by CBS at quality programming for youngsters is *In the News*. This series of eight 2½-minute news segments will be dropped into the Saturday-morning schedule at half-hour intervals.

ABC is short on history, but does provide a glimmer of visual originality. *Cu-*

THE SLOWER YOU PUT THEM TOGETHER THE SLOWER THEY FALL APART.

It takes a long time for a Volvo to become a Volvo.

The body is held together with more than 8,000 welds. It takes two hours for the welding itself. And a few minutes more to test the work. A man whacks at the welds with a hammer and chisel. Primitive but effective.

Volvo bodies are so tightly made, it takes less than one pound of body lead to fill in the joints. Two hours of hand grinding and filing insure that there are no rough spots on the body.

After etching in a phosphate bath and dunking in rustproofing, a Volvo is sprayed with primer. Then it's wet-sanded and washed. After a coat of sealer, it's dry-sanded, washed and sprayed with three color coats. In all, a Volvo spends eight hours in the paint shop.

A battery of women, armed with soft flannel gloves, gives every Volvo a thorough rubdown. (Women have a more sensitive touch than men.) If any imperfection comes to hand, the Volvo goes back for a repaint.

It takes a Volvo nine hours to crawl through final assembly. Compared to manufacturers who knock out as many as 90 cars an hour, our assembly line

moves at a snail's pace. You never see a man chasing a car down the line with a part he didn't have time to put on. If at first he doesn't succeed, he has plenty of time to try again.

Speaking of men, at Volvo there are many. Going against the trend, we recently fired a fast machine and hired a slow man who could do the job better.

Volvo is one of the few car makers in the world that takes the time and trouble to hand balance every wheel and tire.

We've found that this lack of haste prevents waste.

It takes a long time for a Volvo to get into a junkyard too.



VOLVO

SEE THE YELLOW PAGES FOR THE DEALER NEAREST YOU. OVERSEAS DELIVERY AVAILABLE. © VOLVO, INC., 1976.

Now. Get behind an A&C Grenadier.

They won...and he scored the winning touchdown. You couldn't be prouder. Now you can relax with an unforgettable cigar—the mild tasting A&C Grenadier. You get real flavor from the Grenadier because it has A&C's unique blend of fine imported and choice domestic tobaccos. And real flavor is the reason so many men are buying so many A&C's. So get behind an A&C Grenadier. Available in light or dark wrapper, it's shown full size on the left. Or try a Panetela, a 'Tony or one of nine other A&C shapes and sizes.



Antonio y Cleopatra

Pack or box, you're ahead behind an A&C.



that needs clarifying, they can order up a film and the problem is explained away on a giant screen over their heads. More confused than spontaneous, the show is a mishmash of interrupted thoughts and half-formed ideas.

Aggressive Behavior. The networks' programming has often been unfavorably compared with the widely acclaimed *Sesame Street*,⁶ and increasingly criticized by parent groups like the Boston-based Action for Children's Television. One study of last spring's programming in the Boston area, commissioned by A.C.T., showed that more than half of all children's programs concerned crime, supernatural situations or characters in strife. One possible insight into the effect of too much video violence on children was more recently provided in a study by Psychologists Robert M. Liebert of the State University of New York and Robert A. Baron of Purdue University. Their conclusion: "The present en-



MR. WIZARD & HELPER
Science could be exciting.

tertainment offerings of the television medium may be contributing, in some measure, to the aggressive behavior of many normal children."

Such jargon-studded studies are admittedly inconclusive and vague, but the networks are eloquent with statements of their good intentions. ABC hosted a two-day conference on children's television. NBC's vice president for children's programming, George Heinemann, declared: "I'm going for the seven- to twelve-year-olds, to broaden their life experience, not just with facts but moral and ethical values too." But the networks have yet to live up to that pledge or to resolve what direction

⁶ The British Broadcasting Corporation last week announced it would not carry *Sesame Street* because of its "authoritarian aims, middle-class attitudes and lack of reality." The program will be broadcast on a 13-week experimental basis by the International Television Authority, the BBC's commercial competitor.



Pictured above is the most tightfisted, thrifty man in America.

He is Ralph Ginzburg, the New York magazine publisher. No one holds on to money more tenaciously than he. Mr. Ginzburg has made a career of perfecting and implementing ingenious money-saving methods and devices. Now he has even launched a publication devoted to that subject. Its name is *Moneysworth*.

Mr. Ginzburg is a man of just phenomenal of Ralph Ginzburg, a personal financial phys. It is a brash, jolly, authoritative Fagin School in the art and science of shrewd investment and saving. It is packed with tips on stocks, investments, consumer affairs (including product ratings), and just about every other facet of money management.

It is a book that is hard to describe. *Moneysworth* is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

The New Japanese Cars: A Rating

At Last, A Proven Method for Beating the Stock Market—How a little-known Government publication has been used by sophisticated investors to quadruple their gains over the last 10 years—coupled with gains of the Dow-Jones average. *Fortune* magazine calls the method "extraordinary."

How Ralph Ginzburg Earns Interest of 50% from the National Savings Bank (Inferred) How to Collect Social Security in Canada and the United States Simultaneously

The Third Most Expensive Item You'll Ever Buy—It's your funeral, and *Moneysworth* tells how to minimize the grief.

Is She or Isn't She?—A little-known, reliable \$2 mail-order self-test kit for pregnancy lets her know if she's pregnant.

"How We Live on Less than \$75 a Month"

Earn Interest on Your Checking Account The Unshrouded Facts About Life Insurance—This article may save you hundreds of dollars.

Sewing Machines that Seam Fine—Why *Moneysworth* chose a \$40 model as its best buy.

Living Afloat without Getting Soaked—By novelist Sloan Wilson.

Freeze-Dried Coffees Rated (and Berated)

Small Bite—How to get dentures from one of America's top dental clinics for only \$40.

Water Beds Are Making a Big Splash Hiring a Lawyer to Avoid the Draft How to Hold onto Your Auto Insurance Food Fit for King: Best Dogs in Dog Food

A Blast at Aerosol Cans—How they threaten your health and pick your pocketbook.

Providing Your Teenager with Contraception The Wisdom of Maintaining a Secret Swiss Bank Account—Half a million Americans can't be wrong.

America's 25 Best Free Colleges—As rated by the students themselves.

The Boom in Going Bust—The growing popularity of personal bankruptcy.

How to Get a Divorce without a Lawyer Air Travel at 50% Off

Ski Areas without Steep Prices Drug Combinations that Can Kill You

The World's 100 Best Free Catalogs

Both a Borrower and Lender Be—Shrewd use of your life insurance's little-known loan feature. How College Students Can Get Food Stamps Undetected Bank Errors—A report on the untold millions of dollars lost each year by consumers who fail to reconcile their monthly bank statements.

The Most Dangerous Car of All

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A Guide to Low-Cost Legal Adoption

Easy-Riding Motorcycles: New Models Rated

The Best of the Good Book—An evaluation of currently-available editions of The Bible.

Safety Bug—A preview of the Volkswagen model being developed to replace the easily crushed "Beetle."

In sum, *Moneysworth* is your own personal consumer crusader, trusted stockbroker, and chancery of the exceptional—all in one. It is a bonanza of unique financial information.

Although launched only a year ago, already *Moneysworth* has become the most widely read publication in the field (with a circulation of 350,000) and readership estimated at 1,000,000.

Every week, *Moneysworth* is inundated with enthusiastic, unsolicited testimonials like the following (which are completely authentic): "I am a widow and up Bayard Pump & Tank's stock. I bought 100 shares at \$44 and some thereafter sold out for 139%. When you came out with James Dole, I bought 500 shares at 7½ and sold them at 100% for 125% profit. Let me profit on the two transactions \$12,996. Let me assure you that I shall be a *Moneysworth* subscriber for life."—Lawrence C. Gray, Ypsilanti, Mich.

"Thanks to the advice in your article 'Inaccurate Billing by the Phone Company,' my own firm, the Bayard Pump & Tank Company, has just reduced our bills by \$1,593 refund."—Armand DiRenzo, Bristol, Pa.

"Moneysworth is to be commended for the superb quality of its merchandise evaluations. I just bought a Cannon 35mm camera—where you recommended as 'First Rate'—and have gotten some beautiful shots with it. Many thanks."—John Moneysworth's having advised I saved over 30% on cost. Robert D. Goodrich, Tucson, Ariz.

"Your article 'How to Fight Traffic Tickets' was excellent. I paid \$200 last year for a ticket. I did exactly as you suggested—taking pictures of the scene and double-checking the

statute book—and came out the winner in court. Many, many thanks."—W.R. Wendel, Hicksville, N.Y.

"Thanks to your article 'How to Buy a New Car for \$125 Above Dealer's Cost,' I have just purchased a Malibu Sport Coupe at a saving that I conservatively estimate at \$350."—Ron Brown, Atlanta, Ga.

"I am grateful for your tip on 'Tax Savings for Teachers'—which saved me the cost of a tax accountant. I got a good high income tax refund."—Charlie Bryson, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Your article on low-cost, unadvertised trans-Atlantic air fares enabled me to save \$108 on a vacation trip to Europe. I also found there I saved \$64 on a car rental, thanks to your advice."—Bernard Bulton, Bronx, N.Y.

"I have deposited \$12,500 in a Mexican bank account. I receive a 10% interest, payable, every month by airmail, interest at 9%. I am grateful to your excellent *Moneysworth* for telling me about this high rate of interest."—Charles T. Farnsworth, New York.

"Due to your information on stocks, I have made over \$2,200 in less than a year. Years ago, one of the most intelligent, down-to-earth to-the-point persons I ever published."

Ruth Pantell, Yonkers, N.Y.

"Upon *Moneysworth's* advice, I asked the phone company for an itemized bill. As a result, I found a \$100 bill that I had been paying for a nonexistent extra line. Result: A \$50 refund. My trial subscription has paid for itself 110 times over!"—George T. Petsche, Washington, D.C.

In short, *Moneysworth* has become an absolutely indispensable financial mentor for many of America's most astute consumers.

The staff of *Moneysworth* consists of several of the most keenly analytical and imaginative minds in the fields of financial and economic research. At the head of course is Ralph Ginzburg himself, as editor-in-chief. The managing editor of *Moneysworth* is Paul A. Riedel, of the Whitney Communications Corporation. Paul is the author of *How to Make Money*, formerly of Scientific American. Herb Lubalin, the world's foremost graphic designer, is *Moneysworth's* art director. Augmenting this team of hard-hitting, hard-working economists, researchers, product-testers, and consultants throughout the United States. Together, they create America's first—and only—financial periodical.

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STT2

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news
from Kodak.



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We've made them quiet by using a new, more efficient quartz-halogen lamp. So the cooling fan can run much slower. And much quieter.

These quiet ones go by the name of Kodak Carousel H projectors. With all the built-in dependability you expect in a Kodak Carousel projector. Give them a look and a listen at your photo dealer's. They start at less than \$80.

Kodak makes your pictures count.

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children's television should take. "We want to cooperate with educators," says ABC's Michael Eisner, 26, "but we do not want to be a school." He adds: "With programs like *Make a Wish* and *You Are There* and *Curiosity Shop*, we are satisfying our own guilt."

■ *Katie Kelly*

Fighting Film Fakery

The cardinal sin of any news correspondent is misrepresentation, and it applies equally to print and electronic journalists. Television newsmen have been understandably touchy about any hint of film fakery ever since CBS had to admit in hearings before the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee last June that one sequence in a controversial documentary, *The Selling of the Pentagon*, had been used out of context. CBS declined to supply its film files to the committee, claiming that unused "outtakes" could be kept as confidential as a reporter's notes under the First Amendment press-freedom guarantees. Congressman Harley Staggers of West Virginia, the committee's chairman, lost out in an effort to have CBS cited for contempt of Congress.

Staggers has not given up. Investigators for his committee have quietly been seeking evidence of other misrepresentations, prompting CBS to undertake its own internal investigation. Last week the network quietly sent Los Angeles Correspondent Terry Drinkwater on a 90-day "leave of absence" without pay. His seemingly innocent offense—which was caught before it was ever screened—was posing a wine-company employee as a satisfied drinker of those carbonated wines. Los Angeles Bureau Chief John Harris was simultaneously dropped to the post of producer, though he insisted the demotion had nothing to do with either Drinkwater's leave or the Staggers probe.

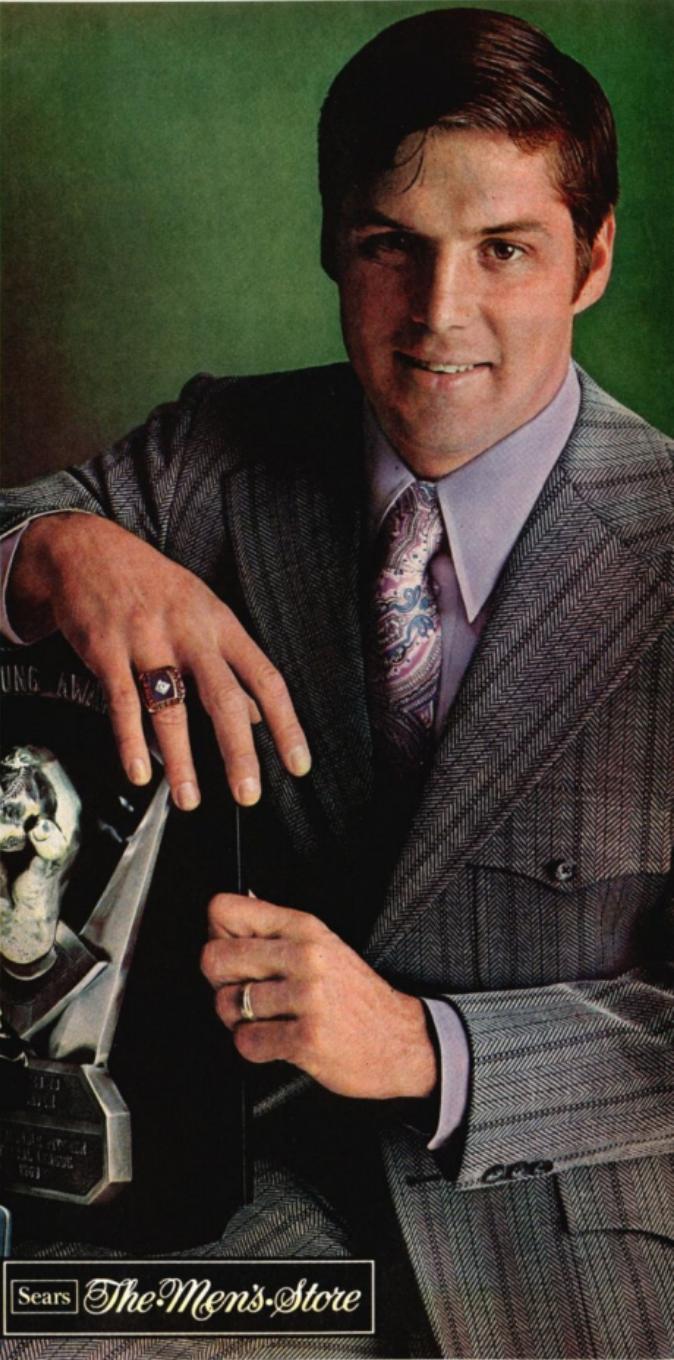
Severe Action. Ironically, network insiders reported that Drinkwater was saved from being fired by more prominent staffers, who argued ground rules on staging had never been defined. In New York, CBS officials would not comment beyond describing the affair as an "internal matter." But the network clearly intends to avoid further fakery of any kind. A recent memo from CBS News President Richard Salant admonished that "staging, or any false depiction, through editing or any other means, is intolerable." He promised severe disciplinary action against violators.

Staggers' investigators have closely questioned some CBS employees about past transgressions on the news. Among the sequences that have drawn the investigators' attention are shots of an Idaho forest blaze that reports say were enhanced by setting afire trees in the foreground. Another: an allegedly staged closeup in Viet Nam where a Marine touched a lighter to a thatched roof for added drama in an already dramatic story on the burning of a village.

**Tom Seaver wears
The Traveller knit
suit from Sears,
because the idea is
to throw wrinkles,
not wear them.**

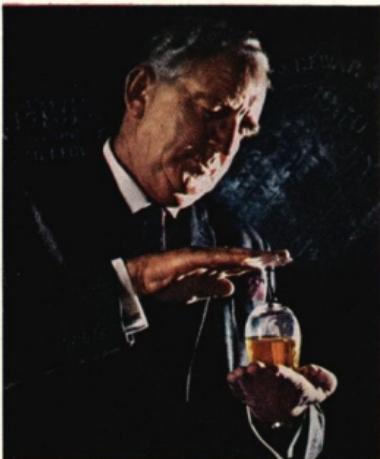
On the field a wrinkle is a curve ball. Off the field it's a no, no. Which is why New York Met pitching ace Tom Seaver wears Sears knit suit ace, The Traveller. It's not that The Traveller won't ever wrinkle. It will after a while. But when it does, you don't press it. You just shake it out and hang it up for a while. And that's a pretty good wrinkle; no wrinkles. The Traveller knit suit from Sears—the suit that was packed and unpacked 12 times in 18 days and never needed pressing. In The Traveller Knit Shop at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores. In year-around polyester. In a wide selection of styles, colors and patterns. And on Tom Seaver.

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He then places his palm on top of the glass and turns the glass upside down. He waits a moment, then reverses it and sniffs again. The finest whisky will have doubled the strength of its scent.

Finally he rubs the one wet palm against his other hand and holds both to his face. And with one long, steady, deep breath, compares the full-flavor bouquet of this whisky to the thousands he has tested before.

This unique combination of skill, instinct, experience, and this authentic ritual is one of the many reasons why Dewar's "White Label" is considered to be the authentic Scotch of today.



Part of the great pleasure one gets from sipping Dewar's "White Label" Scotch is the reassuring knowledge that you have chosen something authentic.

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BOOKS

PIERRE HONNÉGER



JEAN-FRANÇOIS REVEL
A myth-slayer at work.

This Year's Pundit

WITHOUT MARX OR JESUS by Jean-François Revel. 269 pages. Doubleday, \$6.95.

Jean-François Revel has been described by Mary McCarthy as having a "bullish" aspect, a "broad-browed, head-lowered promise of some intransigent charge into the arena." With critical hoofs stamping and literary horns wagging, what Revel gorges are myths. After teaching in Florence, for instance, he wrote a book suggesting, among other heresies, that Italian men are far less virile than popular legend has it.

In France as a columnist for the weekly *L'Express*, Revel cast his beady eye upon a more solid target, sacred, large, fixed as a monument: Charles de Gaulle himself. Then Revel had a splendid idea. As a Frenchman in search of the ultimate heresy, why not—*sacre bleu!*—write a book in praise of the United States?

Without Marx or Jesus is the result. Already a bestseller in France, it promises to be one of those literary *causes célèbres* that Americans like to discuss without necessarily reading. Revel operates from two unprovable premises with a passion for abstract generalization that seems extreme even for a Frenchman. Premise 1: "If mankind is to survive," Revel thunders, the world must have a revolution. Premise 2: Such a revolution can start only in the U.S.

But just what is the "absolutely necessary" and rather total transformation Revel calls for? Little short of utopia. All Revel seems to expect is an end to "the notion of national sovereignty," some sort of "worldwide economic and educational equality," the "abolition of war," an "elimination of the possibility

of internal dictatorship," and worldwide birth control.

His prescribed change, Revel asserts, is already taking place in these United States. As he goes through the motions of proving it, Revel spends a good deal of time trying to destroy myths that cynical Europeans and guilt-ridden natives share about the New World:

Myth No. 1: "Conformity" and "uniformity" are now the chief characteristics of American society. "The truth," Revel writes, "is that American society is torn by too many tensions not to become more and more diversified." He sees the U.S. as a healthy bundle of contradictions, "a diversity of mutually complementary, of alternative subcultures."

Myth No. 2: Americans are slaves to "gadgets," Revel's solemn counterclaim: "The truth is that there is no country in the world where automobiles, for example, are treated more like ordinary tools—or where people drive less like maniacs." Furthermore, making an assertion that will particularly outrage Europeans, he insists that "aesthetic" imagination is "more pronounced in the U.S. than anywhere else in the world."

Opinion v. Opinion. Myth No. 3: America is "the citadel of reaction." Revel's reply: Nothing quite as unreactionary as Ralph Nader or the mass opposition to Viet Nam has ever happened in Europe.

Feed Revel an opinion and he will answer it with an opinion. While putting down Russia, China, the Third World and, above all, France, Revel cannot for the life of him discover significant flaws in the U.S. He likes Andy Warhol movies. He loves *Playboy* ("One of the most progressive magazines in America"). He even recommends American TV (with all those channels "it is more like being turned loose in a library"). What's more, he sees them all as part of the revolution. Not only blacks, Jesus freaks and grape workers but near-Establishment liberals get abstracted into a single morality-play figure, labeled "The Dissenter." "There is more revolutionary spirit in the United States today, even on the Right," cries Revel, "than there is on the Left anywhere else."

Is Revel France's answer to Charles Reich—a 1971 champion of the sweeping statement? Not quite. Beneath the extravagances he is a shrewd polemicist out to score a fair rebuttal point: that America is not as bad as most Europeans—and many Americans—think it is. In other words, the New World is still a source of revolutionary hope. But the modern sin of overstatement runs away with Revel. Before he can stop, he is dreaming of a revolution that will spread from the U.S. by "a sort of political osmosis" until it arrives at its logical conclusion: "world government" and—glory, glory—"Homo novus, a new man very different from other men."

The myth slayer has ended by creating his own myth. Still, Revel's act of provocation works pretty well within its own terms, and his corrective exaggerations should also have their good effects. At the very least, the author will become the pundit of the season. Writing grand-design scenarios of the future is a more popular art now than science fiction, even if less reliable. But how truly has the word expert been defined as "a man away from home!"

* Melvin Maddocks

The Great Generation

GRENDEL by John Gardner. 174 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

Readers who may have wondered ever since freshman English what it feels like to have an arm torn off by Beowulf in Hrothgar's meadhall can now relax. It hurts like the devil. "I bawl like a baby. I am sick with blood," cries Grendel in this splendid fiend's-eye view of an Anglo-Saxon epic. "My heart booms with terror." Yet as Novelist John Gardner retells the story, much of Grendel's pain is pure philosophical chagrin.

The poetic genius who originally shaped *Beowulf* around the monster and the Greatish champion was busy trying to blend heroism and history, pagan myth and Christian message. He had no time to empathize with the devil's henchman. So Beowulf's Grendel is beastly, God-cursed, a conventional scourge to man. Gardner's Grendel may look like a lump of earth with a hairy pelt, but (conveniently, yet convincingly) he throbs with primal rage, despair, collegiate idealism and existential

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BEOWULF v. GRENDEL
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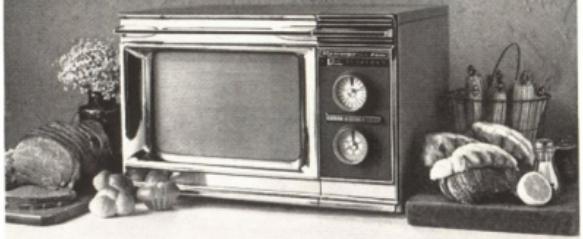
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inquiry. Gardner has also given him a gnawing sense of humor. "I have eaten several priests," Grendel reports. "They sit on the stomach like duck eggs."

Sallying forth from primordial chaos, Grendel watches the beginnings of human society coalesce in the twilit north: after all manner of killing and cruelty, blood feuds and stolen booty, raw power establishes a kind of order and piety around King Hrothgar's great castle, Hroet. Like Shakespeare's Caliban, Grendel has learned to swear from listening to men. But he is no premature ecology freak. It is not the way men ravage the land or each other that enrages him but how artfully and pretentiously they lie about it afterward. When Hrothgar's scop and gleemen sing of the past, quoting liberally from *Beowulf*, all those random bloody deeds are transformed into acts of loyalty, bravery, selflessness, steps to progress, and signs, even, of religious purpose.

Grim Illusion. Listening from outer darkness, poor old Grendel is temporarily taken in, even though in his bones he knows men as murderers, life as meaningless. "It was a cold-blooded lie," he groans, "that a god had lovingly made the world and set out the sun and moon as lights to land dwellers, that brothers had fought, that one of the races was saved, the other cursed. Yet . . . it came to me with a fierce jolt that I wanted it, yes! Even if I must be the outcast, cursed by the rules of his hideous fable." Grendel soon casts off this grim, comforting illusion. Thereafter John Gardner's own fable, by turns grisly, comic and curiously touching, follows Grendel's twelve-year-long crusade against the Danes—to force them into seeing "the mindless, mechanical brutishness of things."

It is doomed to fail. Grendel lays waste to Hroet, carves lines of care in Hrothgar's face. He reveals the priests as fools and hypocrites. He pelts with apples a futile existential hero who vainly keeps asserting that he can lend life meaning through heroic action. Nothing works. Grendel's victims perversely take these random torments as signs of divine and purposeful displeasure. They obstinately go on fooling themselves that man can shape the world. Years pass. Grendel grows bored. When Beowulf comes, powerfully secure in his delusions and with the grip of a steam shovel, it is almost a relief.

Gardner's book gives ample scope to the view that man is more naturally kin to Cain than Abel. Yet it is closer to a more entertaining tradition—the literary monster made real because he has been made so human. Various and happily, Grendel suggests Caliban, grumping around Prospero's island like the first exploited colonial, Milton's Lucifer, that volatile, self-righteous rebel simmering eternally on a lake of fire, even King Kong on the Empire State Building, bemusedly plucking at those 30-cal. holes in his furry chest.

■ Timothy Foote

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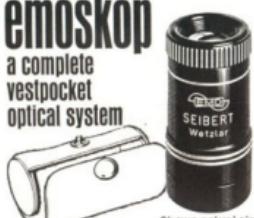
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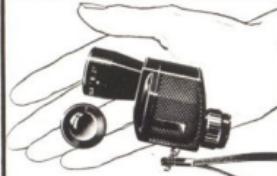
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Barrack-Room Ballad

LIEUTENANT CALLEY/HIS OWN STORY, as told to John Sack. 181 pages. Viking. \$4.95.

The parts of this memoir that deal with My Lai are mainly taken verbatim from Lieut. Calley's trial testimony. Readers who like to see Calley as scapegoat and martyr can read again his claim that the star prosecution witnesses were lying, and reflect on the lieutenant's reassertion that at My Lai he was acting not as a responsible individual but as the blind agent of the American people. What makes the book interesting are Calley's recollections of the months before and after My Lai.

Calley got into the Army in the first place almost by accident, when he ran out of gas and money in Albuquerque and decided to enlist. He talks in a con-



PETER RANGE

SACK & CALLEY
More questions than sentences.

vincing colloquial way about such things as pizza-pie-throwing contests at OCS, a one-day "war-time romance" with a Vietnamese prostitute named Yvonne, and the repeated indoctrination to kill, as well as to serve the almighty body count. According to Calley, almost nothing was said either about protecting civilians or adhering to the Geneva Convention. For three months after arriving in Viet Nam, just after the Tet offensive, Calley's company suffered heavy losses chasing an unseen enemy through mired rice paddies. Calley developed a "mild panic" that grew into hatred of the Vietnamese as Calley's patrols took repeated sniper and mortar fire from villages. The My Lai massacre followed at the height of this confusion and frustration, a sad confluence of bad training, bad leadership, bad intelligence and worse judgment.

It is ironic that the Calley memoir should produce funny and persuasive ac-

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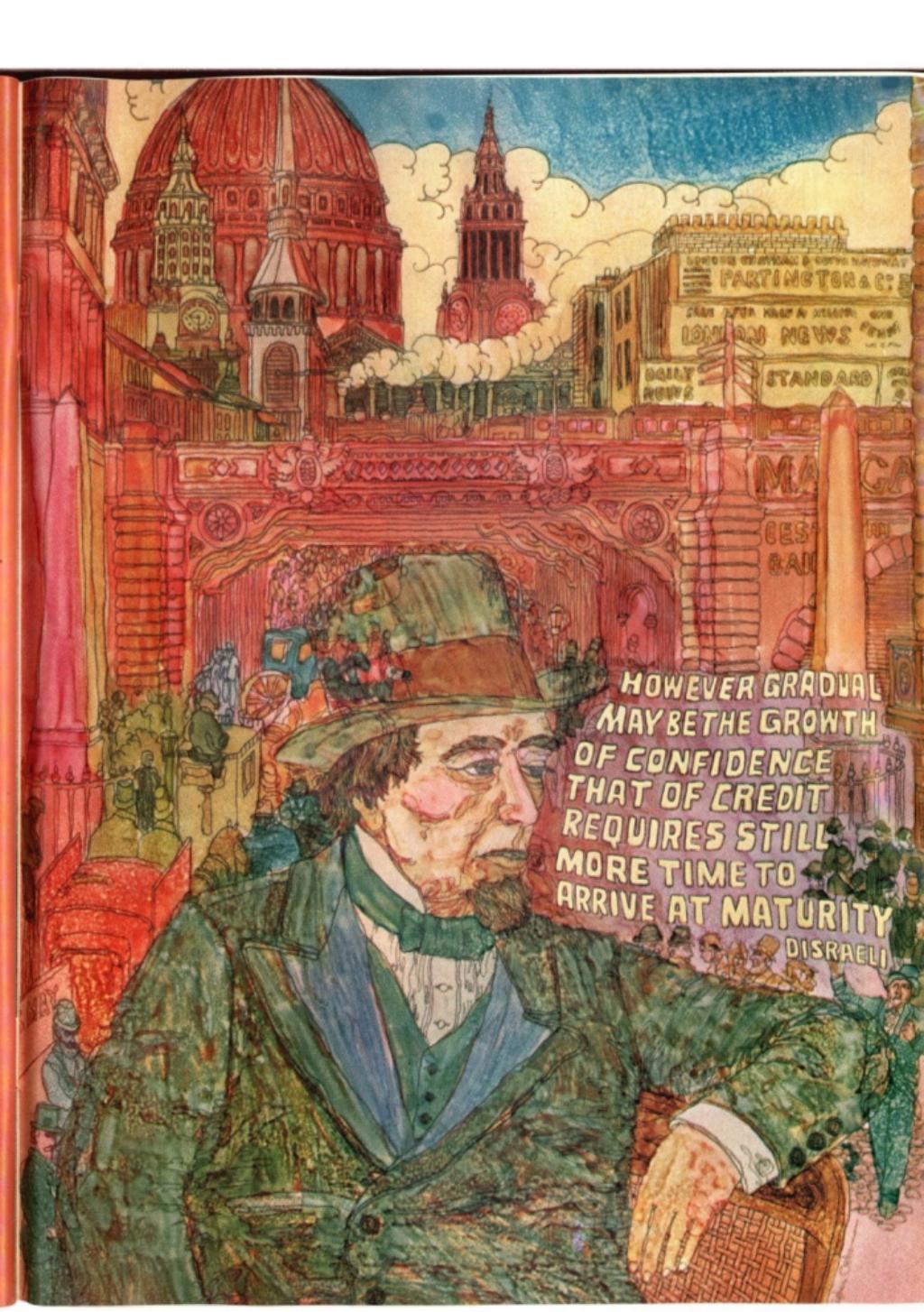
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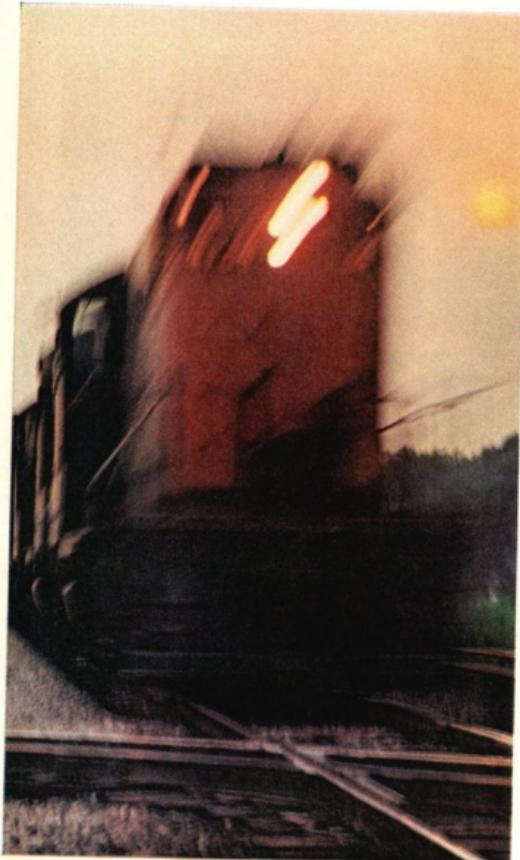
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Not in the least, if the railroads are allowed to die. And right now, some of our railroads are on a fast track to disaster.

The railroads need our help. And we all need the railroads...strong, healthy, and free to retain their vital place in our free enterprise system.

So, let us all do something about it. Write to your senators and congressmen. Tell them how you feel about the importance of keeping our railroads alive.

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counts of the frustrations that came from trooping around the rain forests of Southeast Asia. The first time he called for a full-sized field artillery strike he was bowled over. "BOOMBOOM! BOOMBOOM! And the world lit up; the house, the trees, the world was blowing away. It was a slow-motion movie of some atomic bomb, and I knew everyone in America had heard it. President Johnson! Congress!"

Marriage Proposals. On a night-ambush patrol, he tried to place his men quietly in a cornfield, but "it kept going crunch . . . I dropped my rifle once and I couldn't find it. I realized, God, I'm spooking the water buffalos, and I'll have herds overrunning me. I'm wakin' the V.C. nation up."

My Lai took less than a day. Being "First Lieut. William L. Calley Jr. of the My Lai massacre" is a role that Calley has endured for almost 2½ years. He seems candid enough in his portrayal of the jokes (four marriage proposals by mail) and pains of being alternately public menace or martyr. He conceives of himself now as a reflection of a conscience-stricken nation. "I must be a reflection they'll want to look at." As his trial began, Calley says to himself, "I had a greater responsibility than the prosecutor." Every time television cameras turned on him, Calley thought: "I've got a big piece of spinach between my teeth."

Calley began talking his book to Writer John Sack months before the trial and continued (with military permission) even after his confinement. The rush into print is probably due to the fact that public opinion still can influence Calley's case. Collaborator Sack has an avowed bias in Calley's favor—in fact, he still faces contempt charges for not testifying at the court-martial. Though Sack claims every word in print is Calley's own, he admits, in the introduction, to asking more questions (10,000) than there are sentences in the book. With all its faults, the book was worth producing. It brings together in all too fallible human terms the accumulation of small contingencies that helped make an American war in Viet Nam almost impossible to wage.

* Peter Range

Out on a Limbo

A START IN LIFE by Alan Sillitoe. 352 pages. Scribner. \$6.95.

Thirteen years have passed since Alan Sillitoe burst forth, in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, as one of the angriest of Britain's Angry Young Men. If he is still angry, it may be because of his relative lack of progress in more than a decade of hard work. In all, he has produced six novels, three collections of short stories, three volumes of poetry, a travelogue on Russia, a play, and a children's tale, but the reviews have generally been halfhearted.

This is a pity, for Sillitoe is a writer of considerable talent: an ingenious storyteller, a stylist and, best of all, a gen-

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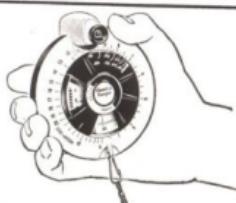
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Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 100,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, or serious illness of one or both parents.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each home is required to submit an annual audited statement.



**HUNGER
IS ALL
SHE HAS
EVER
KNOWN**

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives every day.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only \$12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills	Box 26511
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc. Richmond, Va. 23261	
I wish to sponsor <input type="checkbox"/> boy <input type="checkbox"/> girl in (Country) _____	
<input type="checkbox"/> Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month	
I enclose first payment of \$ _____ Send me child's name, story, address and picture.	
I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$ _____	
<input type="checkbox"/> Please send me more information.	
Name _____	
Address _____	
City _____	
State _____ Zip _____	
Registered (VFA-080) with the U. S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.	

HABAND NEW PRICE SHOES

MAN-MADE
POLYMERIC

Loafer

SAY "the END"
to \$15-\$30 SHOES

CASH IN NOW on these Extraordinary Savings! The day of the high priced shoe is over. Folks are paying many dollars less than ever before, thanks to the miracle new "polymeric" shoe materials. This is no "cheap imitation" shoe. It's the real thing: the New Price Shoe that looks and feels and wears as well as any shoe you have ever worn and yet costs a fraction of the price.

Strap
Loafer

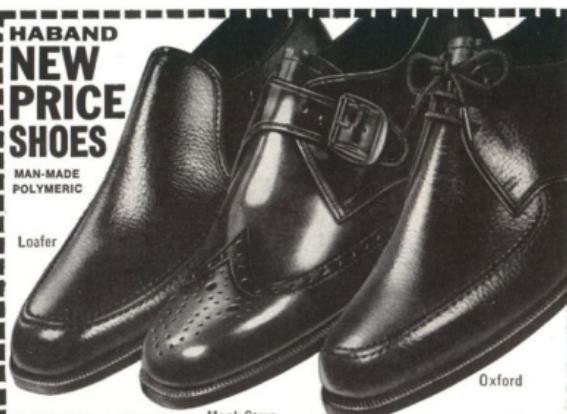
WE CARRY ALL
THESE
SIZES!

Monk
Strap

SOONER OR LATER you'll be wearing The New Price Shoes. Today's new man-made shoe materials are better than our leather, stiffer at scuff, keep better shape, and Never Need a Shine. Why spend even one dollar more for shoes? Here's something NEW. Here's something PROVEN.

NEW PRICE SHOES
Over 1,000,000 pairs
now walking around,

HABAND
PATERSON, NEW JERSEY
operating by U.S. Mail since 1925



2 PAIRS FOR 15⁹⁵

WE PAY
POSTAGE

YOU'LL BE SHOCKED TO SEE OUR SHOES! After what you've paid for shoes, you'll wonder how any such price as ours can be. Well, you get top quality uppers, good lifetime laces, life-of-the-shoe PVC sole and heels, flexible support shank in the arch, gentle foam heel cushions, superior gentleman's detailing. The works! Even the new luxury linings.

IS YOUR SIZE ON THIS CHART?

	5 1/2	6	6 1/2	7	7 1/2	8	8 1/2	9	9 1/2	10	10 1/2	11	11 1/2	12	12 1/2
A															
B															
C															
D															
E															
EEE															

Please note: At the price we sell shoes, we are not allowed to mention the famous brand name of this new shoe material. Suffice it to say it looks like top grain leather, performs even better. Why pay higher and higher prices? Get in on this astounding low price. Send in now: **TWO PAIRS FOR \$15.95**

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to send them to you for
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AT HOME INSPECTION

Order by mail or visit our retail store in Paterson, N.J.
265 N. 9th St. Open daily and Saturday until 5 p.m.

See It Yourself! Use this Coupon!

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FOR \$15.95**

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Paterson, N.J. 07508

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955-41

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Street:

City & State:

Your remittance refunded in full if you do not choose to wear them.

Color & Size	How Many	What Size	What Width
Black Oxford			
Brown Oxford			
Black Loafer			
Black Monk Strap			
Brown Monk Wing			
Brown Strap Loafer			

Special: 3pr.23.45 4pr.30.50

ZIP CODE:

uinely rebellious spirit. Now, with a bow to Defoe and Fielding, he offers a cheerful picaresque novel subtitled "the ordinary and not so ordinary adventures of a bastard and a proletarian . . . when the star of his destiny takes him to London and sundry places . . ."

The hero is a young rascal named Michael Cullen, who lies and steals as a matter of course. Still, he also manages to suggest that these are merely tactics of self-defense in a world ruled by criminals far worse than he. For example: Claud Moggerhanger, a vice lord who employs Michael as his chauffeur, and Jack Leningrad, who recruits Michael to the gold-smuggling ring that he operates from inside his iron lung. Of him Moggerhanger remarks, "I'll smash his lung to pieces and watch him die like a fish on his own floor."

Crooked Dog Race. It is a sinister world, but less sinister than ridiculous. At one point, the hero stumbles through Stonehenge in a torrential downpour pursuing a brace of runaway greyhounds that Moggerhanger has just entered in a crooked dog race. Later he finds himself both proposing marriage and consummating it with Moggerhanger's daughter in the lavatory of an airliner high over France. As for that iron lung, it turns out to be fake.

Such raucous doings deserve something more than the limbo of faint praise. But Sillitoe is still paying the penalty for achieving his first literary triumph as part of a group that has outlived its time. His fate is a little like being known as a former member of the Andrews Sisters or the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame. Even if Sillitoe lives to be 100, his obituary will no doubt say: "Once known as one of Britain's Angry Young Men." Even at his present 43, he merits more than that.

■ Otto Friedrich

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Exorcist*, Blatty (1 last week)
2. *The Other*, Tryon (2)
3. *The Day of the Jackal*, Forsyth (4)
4. *The Shadow of the Lynx*, Holt (6)
5. *The Bell Jar*, Plath (7)
6. *The Drifters*, Michener (3)
7. *The New Centurions*, Wambaugh (5)
8. *The Passions of the Mind*, Stone (8)
9. *QB VII*, Uris (10)
10. *Pennorico*, Howatch

NONFICTION

1. *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, Brown (1)
2. *The Sensuous Man*, "M" (2)
3. *America, Inc.*, Mintz and Cohen (5)
4. *The Gift Horse*, Knef (4)
5. *The Ro Expeditions*, Heyerdahl (6)
6. *The Female Eunuch*, Greer (3)
7. *Any Woman Can*, Reuben
8. *Do You Sincerely Want To Be Rich?*, Raw, Page and Hodgeson (7)
9. *Boss*, Richard J. Daley of Chicago, Rojko (6)
10. *Living Well Is the Best Revenge*, Tompkins



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174 apartments on thirty-two floors

two-, three- and four-bedroom apartments—all with large rooms and walk-in closets

pollution-free air provided by an electrostatic precipitator

individually controlled central air-conditioning and heating system, plus hot water baseboard heating under windows to prevent drafts

eighteen-foot-wide living room bay window with superior view of both city and lake

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floor-to-ceiling kitchen window, double self-cleaning oven, twenty-two cubic-foot self-defrosting refrigerator, disposal, large-capacity dishwasher

extra-long bathtub, one-piece silent water closets, marble vanity tops

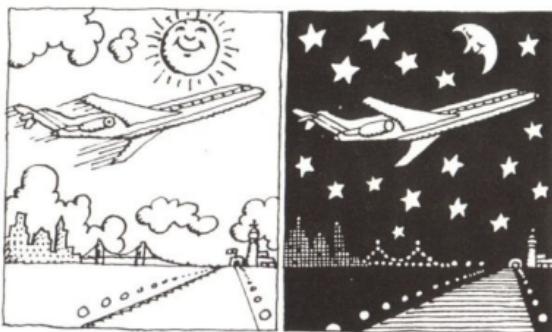
heated swimming pool, rooftop gardens, spacious hospitality room twenty-four hour doorman and attended parking service, heated garage up to a five-year lease

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for rental information/Hogan & Farwell/642-5533/models open daily/Sat.-Sun. 11a.m. to 5 p.m./wkdays. 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

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You pay about 20% less than day coach
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No, you don't get dinner. But you do
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drinks available at a nominal cost.

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steak dinner when
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where you're going, when it leaves, and
exactly how much you'll save.

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where you're going, you can save yourself
a nice piece of change.



EASTERN The Wings of Man.

Introducing a television that's more fun than most of the shows you'll see on it.



We call it the Videosphere.
And it does a lot more than
just look different.

To begin with, it's portable.
So it goes wherever you go.
Even to places that don't have
electrical outlets,
like the beach.

In which case
you can use it
with a battery
pack. (In fact,
with our optional
feature, you can
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cigarette lighter.)

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special swivel base lets you
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sitting instead of the other
way around.

You can even tilt it up or
down. So whether you're lying
on the floor or standing on a
ladder you get a full view of the
screen without any of the neck-
craning that's part of watching
a conventional set.

The Videosphere, with its
37 sq. inch screen, is available
in black, white or orange.

JVC also puts out a square
portable television that also
swivels and tilts like the
Videosphere.

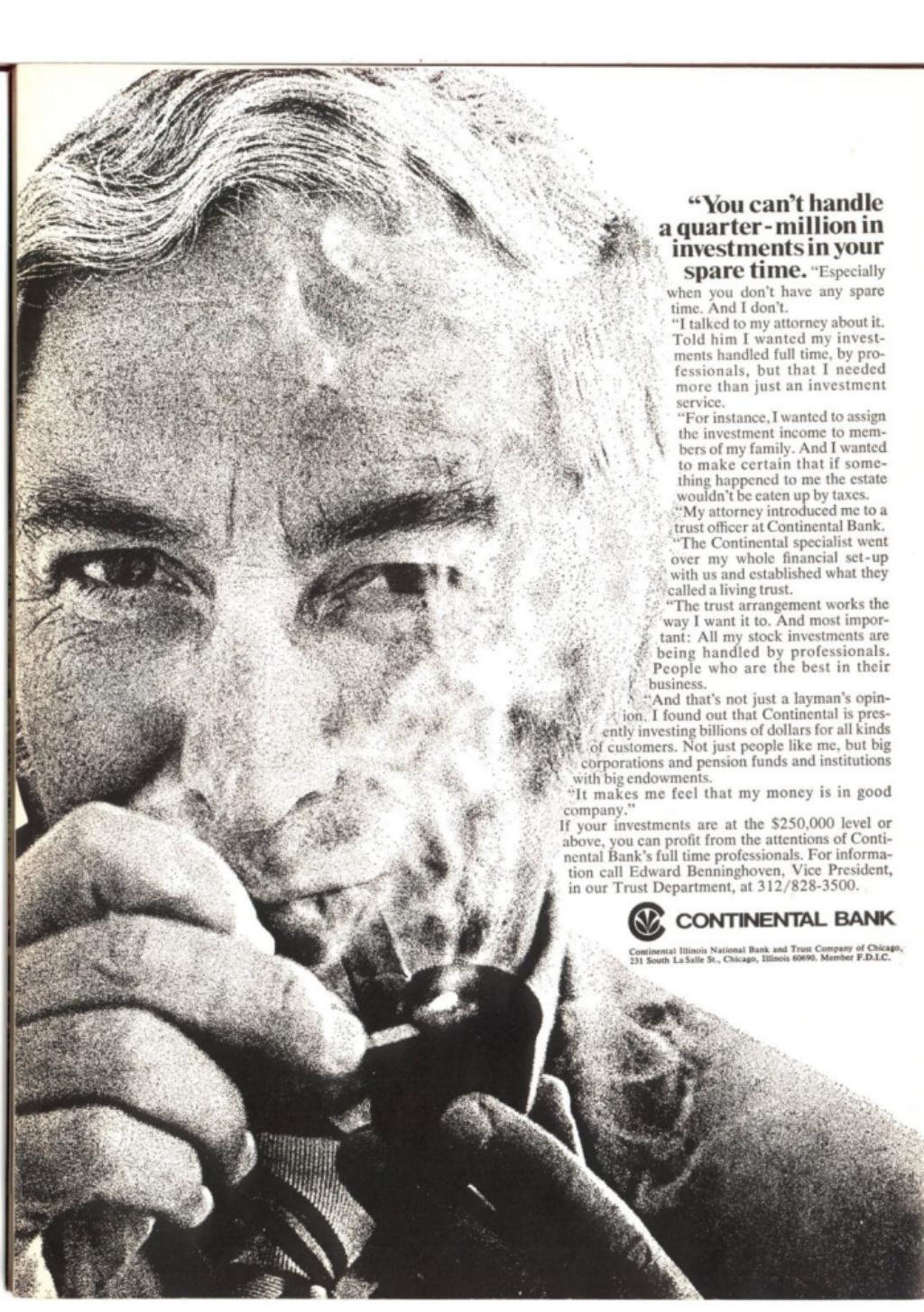
If we can't improve the shows
you see on television, we can at
least improve the television.



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"My attorney introduced me to a trust officer at Continental Bank.

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